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PARADISE IN PICCADILLY

THE STORY OF ALBANY

BY HARRY FURNISS · WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

LONDON: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.
NEW YORK: DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

Change Numbe

First published in 1925

920
F981p
236595

Made and Printed in Great Britain at
The Mayflower Press, Plymouth. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.

3 1223 00616 0502

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

THIS book owes its origin to the enthusiasm and generosity of Mr. William Stone, Chairman of the Trustees of Albany, who commissioned Mr. Harry Furniss to do the drawings and to write the letterpress. Unfortunately Mr. Harry Furniss never lived to see the book in proof, and, while it was going through the press, Mr. John Lane, who had taken a great interest in its production and made himself personally responsible for the chapter dealing with the Bodley Head, also died—on February 2nd. It is believed, however, that both had completed their respective tasks and that the book stands as they would have wished to see it.

The publishers would like to take this opportunity of tendering their grateful thanks to Mr. David Hannay for his assistance in the chapter dealing with the *Saturday Review*, and to Mr. W. H. Manchée for compiling the List of Tenants of Albany.

Their thanks and acknowledgments are also due to Mr. Henry N. Gladstone, for permission to quote from Lord Morley's Life of his father; Mr. Arnold Bennett, for permission to quote from his novel *The Pretty Lady;* the Rt. Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., for permission to quote from one of his *Sunday Times* articles; Messrs. Eveleigh Nash and Grayson, Ltd., for permission to quote from *Things I Shouldn't Tell;* Mr. John Murray,

for permission to quote from G. E. Buckle's *Life of Disraeli*; *The Times* for permission to quote from their obituary notice of R. Seton Graeme; the Executors of the late Sir Walter Besant, for permission to quote from *The Golden Butterfly*; the Executors of the late Mr. E. W. Hornung and Messrs. Eveleigh Nash and Grayson Ltd., for permission to quote from *Raffles*; Mr. John Buchan and Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons, for permission to quote from *The Watcher by the Threshold*; Mr. Compton Mackenzie and Messrs. Martin Secker Ltd., for permission to quote from *Sinister Street*; and the *Morning Post* and Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. Ltd., for permission to quote from *The Farington Diary*. They would like also to mention, in case he should read these pages, that all efforts to trace the name of the "young journalist" mentioned and quoted on pages 127 and 128 have been unsuccessful.

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PARADISE IN PICCADILLY

PARADISE IN PICCADILLY

CHAPTER I

ORIGIN OF ALBANY—ALEXANDER COPLAND—ALBANY IS UNIQUE—EARLY TRANSACTIONS—PICCADILLY—THE DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY

IN the good old days when George III was King there lived a builder of St. Martin's Lane, a shrewd, level-headed man of business, one Alexander Copland, who finding that the spendthrift Duke of York's mansion in Piccadilly was to be sold bought it for thirty-seven thousand pounds and, paying off the mortgages, converted the mansion into apartments. In order to accommodate more tenants, he erected substantial buildings on the spacious long garden that extended behind the house between Piccadilly and Burlington Gardens.

Copland appears to have provided for the mansion a common dining-room, cellars, baths, and proper offices for the use of a *maître d'hôtel* or tavern keeper. Sold to several persons were certain sets of apartments "in fee simple to be conveyed and vested in trustees not exceeding seven with a view to general regulation, so as to give each proprietor a freehold estate therein in equity." So it was to the enterprise and foresight of Copland, with the financial aid of Thomas Coutts,

Banker, that this remarkable and unique place, "not merely a wonder of London, but of the world," originated. Coutts, according to a letter written from Clifton in October, 1802, to his architect and schoolfellow, to whom he left the selection of the best chambers, besides subscribing for two sets himself, introduced Mr. Greenwood, General Bude, and several of his own connections.

"Now all my view is," he wrote,

"to take two setts as will be most readily let or (what I should prefer even with some loss) will be most readily sold—for I have no use for them and only subscribed to encourage the finishing of the transaction proposed, and to oblige His R.Hs."

It comprises sixty-two suites of apartments, occupied almost entirely by bachelors, or widowers, and none may carry on a business or profession within its walls. Each suite is a little kingdom of its own, lorded over by its own freeholder. Albany, indeed, has its own laws, its own standards of life and living, its own rate, and its own wonderful traditions.

It is to-day precisely as it was when Copland converted it at the beginning of the last century, for there is an unalterable law which decrees that no material change can be made in Albany unless and until the consent of all the freeholders is obtained—and there are about fifty of them. Then the official historian of Albany pertinently adds: "As the practice is continued of selling freeholds only to men, there is reasonable ground for the belief that unanimity has been reached on at least one very important point—the determination that, come what may, Albany shall go on for ever in its appointed way."

About Albany there is a light that is more than glamour : it is the beacon of romance that burns steadily about the places where great figures flitted in the years that are gone. This light is, the Secretary informs us, "carefully fed and tended to-day, so that Albany can go on making history. Residence in Albany gives a social *cachet* that no other set of chambers in London can. What a position for a town residence! In the heart of the West End it is an oasis, and incomparable. I know of no other European capital that can boast quite such a possession as Albany."

Strange to say, this historical, romantic and profoundly interesting spot, right in the centre of Piccadilly, has been ignored by practically all the historians and descriptive writers of London. I have searched in vain in all the books of reference, and, with the exception of a brief notice in *Old and New London*, it is ignored.

I am indebted to Mr. Leopold Charles Stewart—who has been for twenty-one years Secretary—for allowing me to draw some interesting details from his authentic history of Albany—a pamphlet he compiled for private circulation among its residents, the perusal of which inspired me to write this volume. In that booklet, *A History of Albany*, apart from the historical items respecting its formation and subsequent career, may be read the names of the most important residents associated with it.

In this remarkable list are so many names with whom I associate points of interest that I have ventured to attempt something more elaborate, and with the aid of my pencil to conjure up some of these famous people, and those connected with them.

Mr. Stewart has much to say that is of great value, he has diligently searched the archives in his keeping; but he does not pretend to do more than state the facts and present them in as interesting a light as possible. These facts, in lieu of a preface, I am kindly permitted to utilize in the opening pages:

Peeping out on Piccadilly through a courtyard as old as itself is a dignified Mansion whose red-brick and stone front is as much a landmark as the Circus close by. Albany is its name, and it might be Arcady for all that the countless thousands who daily pass it a few yards distant know. Challenging, but reserved, it invites questions without answering them. People look on its impassive front wonderingly; then journey on, their curiosity unsatisfied.

They may be sure it is a residence of some kind, but few have the courage to enter the courtyard and ask of the uniformed porter who lives there. It is one of those things seldom done except by Americans.

Vaguely the Londoner eyes the fine old building and, like his father and grandfather before him, thinks that some lucky people claim it for an address. They do—and more: the fortunate ones in residence here find a peaceful Paradise on the shores of surging Piccadilly, and, truly, they may count themselves favoured of the gods. For here is quietude where London's heart throbs loudest; here is the capital's romantic past garnered with the historic present, and both are guarded for the future. . . .

Not one of Albany's proprietors, nourished in the undefinable atmosphere of the place, and responsive to all the secret chords it plays upon the heart and mind, would bring himself to think of a new and glorified Albany rising on the old. There is sacrilege in the suggestion, and ghosts of great residents of the dim

past would congregate in protest and march down the slate-covered way from the Piccadilly entrance to Burlington Gardens.

Devonshire House, that other great landmark of Piccadilly, may disappear to make room for a princely hotel, of which we have so many nowadays, but Albany is threatened with no scheme of reconstruction. We may rejoice that a body of men should associate themselves to perpetuate so much that is delightful and pleasant in our midst. Would that other of our historic institutions had such saviours!

No change, indeed, could possibly be welcomed in Albany by those who revere the sanctity of old places. Albany is idyllic; Albany is rich in countless ways, and to be a resident is a thing devoutly to be wished. The experience comes to few, although sought by many. . . .

The mansion, whose front can be seen through the courtyard on the north side of Piccadilly, was designed by the famous architect, Sir William Chambers, and originally it was called Piccadilly House. Stephen Fox, the second Lord Holland, sold it in 1770 to the first Viscount Melbourne.

"Lord Holland has sold Piccadilly House to Lord Melbourne," wrote Rigby to Lord Ossory, on December 6th, 1770, "and it is to be called Melbourne House."

Lord Melbourne afterwards exchanged it with Frederick, Duke of York and Albany—hence the name Albany—son of George III, for Melbourne House (now Dover House, the Scottish Office) in Whitehall.

According to Pennant there stood on or near the site of the mansion designed by Chambers, Sunderland House, the residence of "that monster of treachery, that profligate Minister, Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, who, by his destructive advice, premeditatedly brought ruin on his unsuspecting master, James II. . . . At the very time he sold him to the Prince of Orange, he

encouraged His Majesty in every step which was certain of involving him and his family in utter ruin."

Another house on the site of Albany was that of Sir Thomas Clarges, which, in 1675, is described as being "near Burlington House, above Piccadilly."

There was a great ballroom in Melbourne House—it is still called the Mansion House—which to-day forms the central part of Albany. The idea of altering the mansion and turning it into suites of chambers for bachelors was carried into effect in 1804, and the gardens at the back, as far as Vigo Street and Burlington Gardens, were built over at the same time. The suites of apartments then erected remain exactly the same to-day. To those in the Mansion House the letter A and numbers 1 to 14 were allotted. The distinguishing letters of the remainder, on either side of the famous covered way, ran from B to L, with numerals for each suite. As they were in 1804, so they are to-day.

This is not to say that individual occupants have not made their suites comfortable in the modern sense. The chambers lack nothing in the shape of up-to-date fittings, but their old-world beauty has been carefully preserved by a succession of freeholders, and good taste and harmony prevail.

One must go a long way back to find out how Piccadilly leased a small portion of Paradise in the shape of Albany—those chambers *de luxe* of the bachelor and the widower—and hedged it about with safeguards that its peacefulness might never be disturbed.

It is a case of dipping into the centuries and holding with careful hands some frayed and mildewed documents that bear the impress of 1668 upon them. So far back, indeed, does the title to this property of properties go.

And after its quaint antiquity one is most impressed by the penetrating quality of its cloistered quietude. It is withdrawn from the hurly-burly which continues

unceasingly outside its doors. Piccadilly is the most delightful thoroughfare in the world to many.

> "Piccadilly!—shops, palaces, bustle, and breeze,
> The whirring of wheels, and the murmur of trees;
> By daylight, or nightlight, or noisy, or stilly,
> Whatever my mood is, *I* love Piccadilly!"

Yes, we "love Piccadilly," but we are so occupied observing the people, we forget to observe the place. The ceaseless traffic which a writer of the Victorian era called the "Roar of Piccadilly" also distracts one.

The passing carriages in Piccadilly itself and the adjacent streets furnish really, I suppose, all the sound; but, in listening, one can hardly believe this, so unbroken is the roar, so equable, and seeming to consist of such a complex amalgam of noises gathered far and near over an area of unknown miles.

That "roar" has ceased for ever since David Masson penned the above. The Stage Coaches, the heavy waggons on wheels and numerous hackney coaches and other horse-drawn vehicles have nearly all disappeared. There is no "roar," but a continual "quack-quack" along a polished asphalted thoroughfare; if there is any combination of noise to which it can be likened it surely resembles the echo of a huge farmyard. With a little stretch of the imagination Albany might therefore be in the country and not in London at all!

First of all in the list of the residents in Albany is he who lent it its name—Frederic Augustus, Duke of York and Albany, second son of George III and Queen Charlotte, who afterwards became the constant companion of his elder brother when George IV. His

Royal Highness never interfered with politics, but was an important personage chiefly by reason of the very real affection entertained for him by George IV, of whom Thackeray, in his *Four Georges*, remarks :

It is the Duke of York, the blundering general, the beloved commander-in-chief of the army. The brother with whom George IV had had many a midnight carouse, and who continued his habits of pleasure almost till death seized his stout body.

According to the *Dictionary of National Biography* he was good-tempered and affable ; he was a sportsman, and kept a racing stable, which was superintended by Greville, the diarist, and he possessed the open if unintellectual features common to his brothers. His name is better commemorated by his foundation of the Duke of York's School for the Sons of Soldiers, Chelsea, than by the column which bears his name at the end of Waterloo Place.

Although his father, George III, promoted his favourite son to be a Field-Marshal (1795) and made him Commander-in-Chief of the Army three years later, the least said about his unfortunate military career the better. Gillray's Caricatures and Peter Pindar's Squibs showed up his dissipation and military importance.

In 1809 he was forced to retire from the post of Commander-in-Chief through becoming entangled with a handsome adventuress, Mary Anne Clarke, who made money out of her intimacy with the Commander-in-Chief by promising promotion to officers, who paid her for her recommendations. This was brought before Parliament. A select committee sat on it, and the

THE DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY

House of Commons acquitted him of any corrupt practices by two hundred and seventy-eight votes to one hundred and ninety-six.

He was separated soon after his marriage to the eldest daughter of Frederick William II, King of Prussia. The Duchess of York retired to Oatlands Park, Weybridge, Surrey, where she amused herself with her pet dogs until her death in 1820.

The Duke of York was at first Bishop of Osnaburg, through the influence of his father as Elector of Hanover, but eighteen years afterwards he relinquished the Church and entered the Army.

CHAPTER II

LORD BYRON—"LARA"—SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON—LYTTON ATTACKS TENNYSON—TENNYSON'S RETORT—LADY LYTTON—"THE LADY OF LYONS"—"RICHELIEU"

LORD BYRON in his "Journal," written in Albany under date March 28th, 1814, has the following:

This night got into my new apartments, rented of Lord Althorp, on a lease of seven years. Spacious, and room for my books and sabres. In the house, too, another advantage.

Writing to Thomas Moore a month later he says:

Viscount Althorp is about to be married and I have gotten his spacious bachelor apartments in Albany to which you will, I hope, address a speedy answer to this mine epistle.

Byron was evidently well pleased with his bachelor chambers. There he wrote his "Ode to Napoleon," and "Lara," beginning:

"The serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain,
And Slavery half forgets her feudal chain;
He, their unhoped, but unforgotten lord,
The long self-exiled chieftain is restored:
There be bright faces in the busy hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall;
Far chequering o'er the pictured window, plays
The unwonted fagots' hospitable blaze;
And gay retainers gather round the hearth,
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth."

LORD BYRON

This—and much more—he penned during his seclusion in Albany, where there were no " bright faces in the busy hall " except his own handsome features, and no " banners on the wall," no " gay retainers " and no loud talkers. The very contrary surroundings existed and consequently we may suppose the poet worked the better. But his restless nature did not permit him to settle down for long in this delightful retreat, surrounded though he was by his " books " and his " sabres."

After writing " Lara " we hear that he went to Hastings for a month, then he returned to Albany for a short space of time; and off he went to Newstead for another four weeks; to return again to Albany. Cambridge was his next visiting place; and yet again Albany. And that is the last time Byron can be claimed by Albany as a resident, for in 1815 he married and moved to 13 Piccadilly Terrace; which number did indeed prove to be an unlucky number, for his domestic troubles began almost immediately.

John Galt, who wrote *The Life of Lord Byron* (acknowledged to be " the best and most honest history of the wayward course of that illustrious childe "), describes the poet distracting the melancholy of his thoughts on the funeral day of her whom he called his " one friend in the world " by a sparring bout with his servant. It is consolatory to learn from the domestic that his master " hit harder than was his habit." Grief evidently accelerated his action.

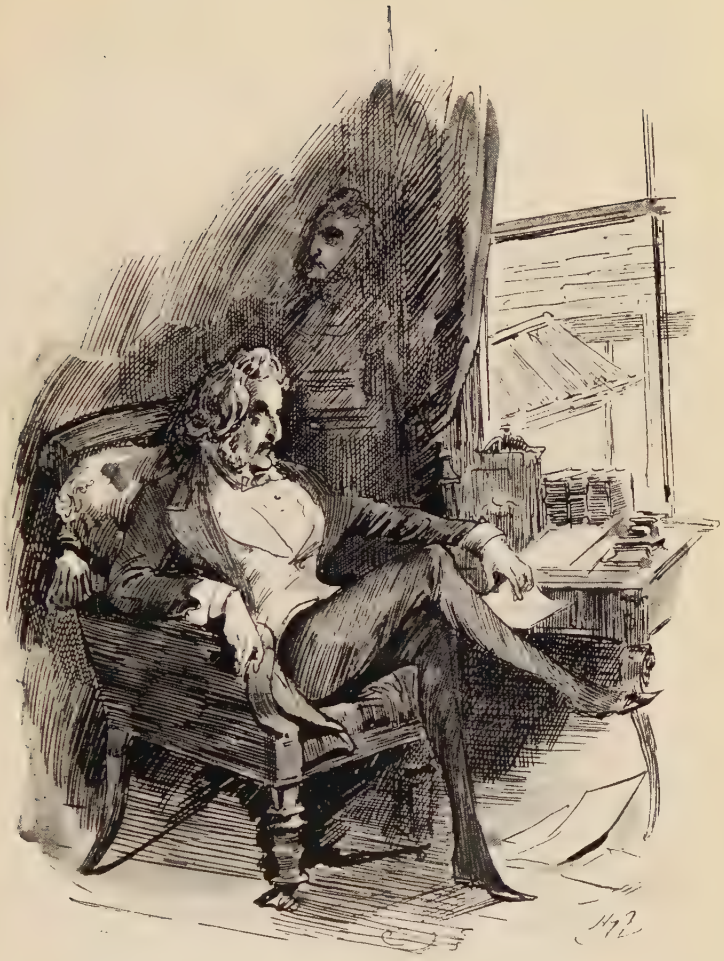
Truly no resident of Albany had such a romantic career or made a briefer stay. Certainly no one was more idolized in his lifetime than the eccentric Byron, or has been more vilified since.

Byron's chambers were, after the lapse of a few years, occupied by Lord Lytton, then Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. And here he wrote some of his most famous contributions to literature, including his first novel, *Pelham*.

A first work is always most characteristic of the mind of its author; and this, which at once raised its youthful author to a high rank among living writers of fiction, is a witty, smart, epigrammatic novel, exciting wonder as to how its precocious knowledge of men and manners had been come at, and delighting by its thrilling incident, powerful descriptions, and the vividness of its dramatic situations. What more picturesque than the ride home from the races, and the finding of the body of the murdered Tyrrell? What more pathetically humorous than the visit to the old college chum, Christopher Clutterbuck? What more graphic than the visit to the flash crib, and the escape with the repentant accomplice from the clutches of Brimstone Bess? One often hears the assertion that Bulwer has written nothing better than *Pelham;* and this may be accepted as a truth.

But he had departed from the sedate environment of Albany before he descended to throw mud on his brother poets. Stepping down from his gilded pedestal, he attacked Tennyson in his (then) most important work in rhyme, entitled, *The New Timon: A Romance of London*. This appeared anonymously, and in it he taunted Tennyson with his acceptance of the pension of £200 lately conferred on the Laureate.

> "Not mine, not mine—O Muse, forbid!—the boon
> Of borrow'd notes, the mock-bird's modish tune,



EDWARD BULWER LYTTON IN ALBANY

The jingling medley of purloin'd conceits,
Outbabying Wordsworth, and outglittering Keats;
Where all the airs of patchwork pastoral chime,
To drown the ears in Tennysonian rhyme!

. . . . .

Let school-miss Alfred vent her chaste delight
On 'darling little rooms, so warm and light';
Chant 'I'm a-weary' in infectious strain,
And catch the 'blue fly singing i' the pane';
Though prais'd by critics and ador'd by Blues,
Though Peel with pudding plump the puling Muse
Though Theban taste the Saxon purse controls,
And pensions Tennyson while starves a Knowles."

This cut Tennyson to the quick; and as *Punch* had made a butt of Lytton for years the Laureate wrote and despatched his "retort courteous" to Tom Taylor—who personally disliked and frequently satirized Lytton—requesting him to hand it to the editor.

It is interesting to note that it was the first and last appearance of Tennyson in the pages of *Punch*.

M. H. Spielmann in his *History of "Punch"* refers to the publication: "*Punch's* sensation of the year was the fierce revenge taken by Tennyson in its pages on Bulwer Lytton . . . and when Tennyson's sledge-hammer onslaught was brought to them . . . they rejoiced exceedingly."

I quote the first two and the last four verses. As they have been considered by literary men, "Poor stuff, weak, washy and diffuse; much of it mere abuse, and the rest obscure and meaningless," I will spare my reader.

THE NEW TIMON AND THE POET

"We know him, out of Shakespeare's art,
And those full curses which he spoke—
The old Timon, with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, gently broke.

So died the *Old;* here comes the *New,*
Regard him: a familiar face—
I thought we knew him. What! it's you—
The padded man that wears the stays;

. . . . .

And what with spites, and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be;
It's always ringing in your ears
'They call this man as great as me!'

What profits how to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot, a little hand,
If half the little soul is dirt?

You talk of tinsel! Why, we see
Old marks of rouge upon your cheeks!
You prate of nature! *You* are he
That split his life upon the cliques.

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame—
It looks too arrogant a jest,
The fierce old man, to take *his* name!
You band-box, off, and let him rest!"

I quote the verses because they give the great Poet Laureate's pen portrait of this distinguished resident of Albany. Others have pictured the talented, if affected, Lytton in much the same way. Gosse, in his *History of English Literature*, thus sums him up:

Bulwer Lytton was a man of unbounded energy and versatility, who cultivated in public the langour of a dandy and the affectations of a fop to conceal the intensity with which he pursued his professional career. He lived with wasteful violence, and long before his death he suffered from a physical decay which his mental vigour belied. On other men of letters, such as Tennyson

THE CARICATURE WHICH ANNOYED LYTTON

and Thackeray, his airs and graces, his schemes to "Aristocratize the Community," and the amazing oddities of his garb and speech, produced an effect that was almost maddening.

Lytton seems to have resented caricature.

In writing up *The Maclise Portrait Gallery*, which consists of a series of good-natured character drawings of contributors to *Fraser's Magazine* and apropos of this inoffensive sketch of Lytton, the editor says:

The sketch by Maclise before us may be regarded as another attack upon the author of *The Siamese Twins*. At least, Bulwer himself always regarded and spoke of it as such; considering it as part of the system of abuse and misrepresentation of which he was the subject in the pages of *Fraser*. In a letter to myself—one of the last he ever wrote—he alludes in a tone of sadness to these early satires upon his writings and his person. "There seldom at that time appeared," writes he, "a number of *Fraser's Magazine* which did not contain some notice of myself or my writings couched in language more scurrilous than has ever in my experience been applied to any other author by contributors to the Periodical Press, and the portrait you refer to was intended to be an offensive caricature by the artist, Maclise, with whom I was then unacquainted, though many years later we became friends. I have no feeling of soreness left for the uncivil notices, and whether the portrait be a caricature or not, matters very little now."

I must admit, however, that Lytton was not more foolishly sensitive than authors of my day. I lost the companionship of some of my best friends by my good-natured character portraits of them in the Garrick Club Gallery. I lost the friendship of many through putting

them in my "gallery," and I lost the friendship of many more for *not* including them!

Lytton, like his predecessor Byron, left Albany to enter into a union which proved unhappy.

He unfortunately married Rosina Wheeler, the daughter of an Irish gentleman of property; she was very beautiful, witty, and intelligent, but capricious and self-willed. Bulwer would have done well had he listened to the advice of his best friends—Disraeli was among the number—who endeavoured to convince him how unfit she was to be the wife of a man of his exacting disposition, and nervous, sensitive temperament. Separation and scandal soon ensued. His wife possessed an unrivalled power of virulent and incisive satire, and wrote a book entitled *Cheveley; or, the Man of Honour*, dedicated to "No One Nobody, Esq., of No Hall, No Where," of which her husband is the hero.

When he stood for Parliament she followed him down to Hereford, and mounting the platform on which he was speaking drowned his voice by haranguing the crowd in the market-place, enlarging on her husband's faults. Shouting that he was a bold, bad, wicked man, she made her oratorical pace so hot that Lytton had to jump off the platform and disappear. How he must have sighed for his dear peaceful Albany once more!

Eight years after Lord Lytton's death his widow produced a remarkable book entitled *A Blighted Life, by the Right Hon. Lady Lytton: a True Story*—a most amazing production of 110 pages, containing one hundred and ten libels. It was immediately suppressed; very few copies circulated. Possibly only one or two exist.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

I have however been fortunate in reading this unique volume.

It details, in a highly graphic manner, a narrative of persecution of the most base and unmanly kind, practised by a Wicked Man of great talent and resources, upon a Noble Lady, who had hardly anything to defend her but a high spirit, a consciousness of innocence, and a resolve not to be crushed.

She was very sarcastic about many things, especially his personal appearance.

Lord Lytton the first hid his mouth with his moustache and beard, because he was too conscious of its frightful expression to let it be seen.

Remarkably true as far as that loathsome brute Sir E. —— is concerned, is Jean Paul's assertion, that the past and the future are written in every face, for what a fiendish past and what a hellish future are written in that worst bad man's face. Hatton wrote me the other day saying that in the memoir of Thackeray he is bringing out, Thackeray's feud with Sir L. —— is alluded to, but it is stated it was subsequently arranged; but it is not all clearly told *how*, and could I give him any particulars on the subject? I said I could not, and that I had always respected Thackeray's loathing of and utter contempt for the charlatan and arch-hypocrite, as he had never personally injured or offended Thackeray, who only honestly detested him for his unredeemedly infamous life, and the intense meanness of his nature. I had never heard of any intercourse being effected between them.

And then she goes for Dickens:

But if there had been any such jobbed up, no doubt the *vaurien* venal literary clique to which he belonged had concocted it (most likely that blackguard Dickens).

Which proves how unfortunate was Lord Lytton not to have taken Disraeli's advice.

However, it cannot be denied that Lady Lytton was very badly treated. Lytton launched himself on a public career by means of his wife's money. Yet, when he was at the height of his fame, he allowed his wife and children but a few paltry pounds.

His treatment made Lady Lytton frantic. She averred that it nearly drove her mad, and some people declared that she actually became insane. It was certainly true that she was put away for a time, and only obtained her release by reason of very peculiar circumstances.

The *Daily Telegraph* was then on its last legs. It had hardly a circulation of 3000 a day. As each new morning dawned we expected to hear of its death. In a happy moment for the Levy-Lawson-Levis, Lady Lytton was betrayed, seized and immured. The editor saw his chance, and made the metropolis ring with the outrage. Levi was saved; so also was Lady Lytton. She was released.

Whatever opinion the present generation may have of Lytton, his own held him in far greater favour than has been accorded to any writer of to-day. His novels are not read much; but his plays crop up now and then and always hold the Stage. Surely *The Lady of Lyons* will be for ever young so long as we have charming actresses to play the part (second only to Juliet) of Pauline.

Indeed, it must be confessed that there are few plays we should be less inclined to part with than this hackneyed and well-worn drama. The "casual sight" of that familiar title on the red-brick corner wall in some

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON AND HIS SON THE EARL OF LYTTON
("OWEN MEREDITH")

country or manufacturing town, it may be weeks old—the old paper flapping flag-like—always touches a welcome note, and the names of the characters have a romantic sound. In the story there is the charm of simple effects and primitive emotion; the story is worked out without violence or straining, and all through the ordinary sympathies are firmly struck, and in the most touching way. Tinselly or superficial as many have pronounced the piece, there is depth in it. So artfully is it compounded that it is possible to play the two characters in half a dozen different ways; and clever actors have exerted themselves to gloss over the weak spot in Melnotte's character—the one unworthy deception, which involves loss of respect. Pauline, however, is a most charming character, from the mixture of emotions; if played, that is, in a tender, impulsive way, and not made a vehicle for elocutionary display. The gracious, engaging part of the heroine has been essayed by our most graceful actresses, after being created by the once irresistible Miss Helen Faucit. For over fifty years this drama has held its ground, and is always being performed. . . . Every one of the characters is good and actable, and, though we may have seen it fifty times, as most playgoers have, there is always a reserve of novelty and attraction left which is certain to interest.

In Irving's Claude there was a sincerity and earnestness which went far to neutralize these highly artificial, not to say "high-flown," passages which have so often excited merriment. Miss Terry, as may be conceived, was perfectly suited in her character—the ever-charming Pauline; and displayed an abundance of spontaneousness, sympathy, and tenderness.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in writing of Irving and the Lyceum, observes with truth:

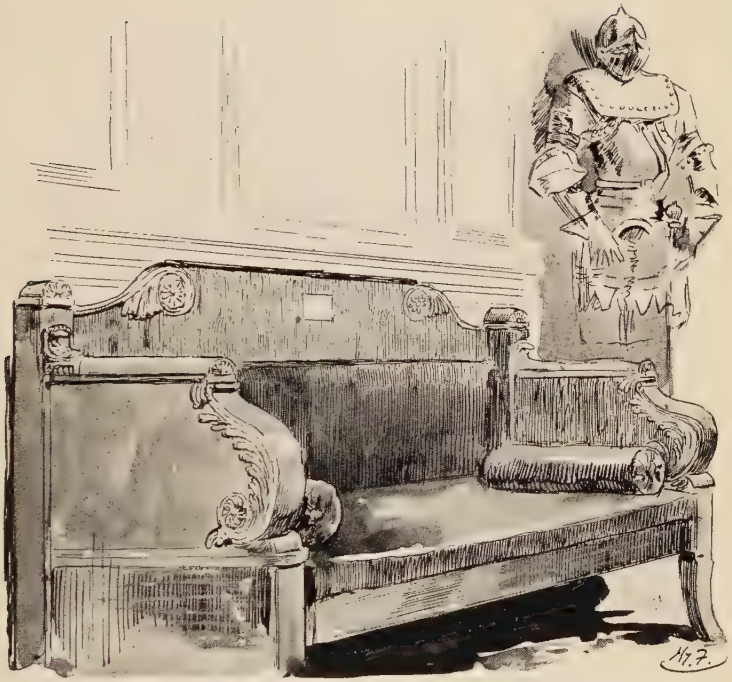
The new season of 1873 began on September 27, with

Lord Lytton's "Richelieu." It is a tribute to the prowess of that gifted man that his three pieces—the ever-fresh and fair "Lady of Lyons," "Money," and "Richelieu"—should be really the only genuine stock-pieces of the modern stage. They never seem out of fashion, and are always welcomed. It might be said, indeed, that there is hardly a night on which the "Lady of Lyons" was not *somewhere* acted. In "Richelieu" the actor presented a truly picturesque figure—he was aged, tottering, nervous, but rallying to full vigour when the occasion called.

The production Fitzgerald refers to took place at the Lyceum a few months after my first arrival in London—at the age of nineteen. I have seen Edwin Booth and other great actors in the part, but the greatest of all was my friend Irving.

Lytton's son—it was only natural, being the product of such a famous father and such a remarkably clever mother—was himself literary. As Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, 1st Earl of Lytton, he made quite a reputation under the *nom de plume* "Owen Meredith." This poet was also a diplomatist, and became Viceroy of India. Strange to say, the personalities indulged in by Tennyson apropos of the father's foppishness might well have been applied to the son; though it is interesting to note the great dissimilarity of their features.

He died in 1891 at the age of sixty.



BYRON'S SOFA FROM ALBANY, NOW IN THE GARRICK CLUB

CHAPTER III

SIR WILLIAM FRASER—LORD BYRON'S SOFA—THE HON. SIR HARRY KEPPEL—HIS "STORY OF HIS LIFE"—HIS LADY AMANUENSIS—LORD BYRON'S DRINKING-CUP—MR. H. SHAND

SIR WILLIAM FRASER, Disraeli's friend and oft-time adviser, lived in Albany. He was the elder brother of the distinguished soldier, Lieut.-General C. C. Fraser, V.C., C.B., M.P.; but no two brothers were more unlike.

The General was a fine set-up, typical cavalry officer. Sir William, as I remember him, was the type of the old roué about town; small and bent, a veritable night bird, invariably in evening dress and wearing a gibus.

As a young man he was a personal friend of Lord Byron, and later on purchased the sofa Lord Byron is reported to have died on. Sir William carried this off to his chambers in Albany and eventually bequeathed it to the Garrick Club. It is now in the Strangers' room, seemingly guarded by a figure in armour; the sofa is a very large one and the armour is very small, for it is the suit worn by Patti when she sang in Opera as Joan of Arc.

I have been at times a Special Correspondent. One of my first experiences, interesting though it proved,

was anything but lively. It was the sale of Cremorne Gardens, and all the properties contained in it, which took place in the seventies.

Old Alfred Paget and natty little Sir George Wombwell and other young-old men, who in those days of Cremorne's glory were probably sowing their wild oats, were also present. Sir George Wombwell had some ladies in tow. It was quite a safe place under the dull funereal pall, and no doubt the gallant soldier who had fought in the Crimea was re-creating himself as a far more daring youth about town than his wonderfully preserved figure warranted. It was, I think, Sir William who, watching me sketching, remarked :

" What, may I ask, are you doing ? "

" Oh, just sketching the place, and the various points of interest before they are carried away."

" Ah, I thought you were sketching Wombwell's menagerie."

I remember sketching—it is much easier to draw than to write—some faded beauties who were sadly wandering about their old campaigning ground, and I fear, like all young, inexperienced journalists, I moralized, for my article was severely sub-edited and cut down to a paragraph or two as being too Bohemian. I have no doubt Sir William Fraser accompanied his remarks with many oaths. He was *facile princeps* the greatest swearer in Society I ever met.

On one occasion he had taken a seat in St. James's Theatre, and when he arrived and found it occupied he went for the box-keeper and hurled at him such a string of epithets that the whole of London forgot the Tichborne Trial for a day, and eventually the Court

SIR WILLIAM FRASER—A CARICATURE

of Common Pleas had the matter brought before it by the dismissed box-keeper, who sought to recover damages for the strong language of Sir William. But the Court of Common Go-as-you-please, as either Burnand or Reece would have called it, returned a verdict for Sir William.

Admiral of the Fleet Hon. Sir Harry Keppel, G.C.B., O.M., was one of the most distinguished residents of later years. "The Little Admiral," as he was called, was a great personality. He died in Albany at the advanced age of ninety-five. Having been born in 1809, the same year as Tennyson, Gladstone, Professor Blackie, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, he outlived them all and enjoyed his faculties to the end. To show the wonderful graphology of this Grand Old Sailor I am permitted to publish the facsimile of a letter he wrote at Albany when close on ninety years of age.

He wrote the story of his life, which was published when he was ninety and the "Father of the Navy"; and no doubt the "Nursery of the Navy" will find it one of the most entertaining and delightful reminiscences ever written, or rather dictated. Keppel had more than one lady amanuensis when compiling his three bulky volumes.

Young ladies who become secretaries or amanuenses frequently have anything but an easy life. I recollect Henry James, the author, introduced me to his one day when I was visiting him at Rye. I took off my hat to her, almost to the ground, as I gazed with sincere admiration, for I felt that anyone capable of transferring to paper the involved dictation of that wizard of words must be no ordinary woman. Henry James assured me

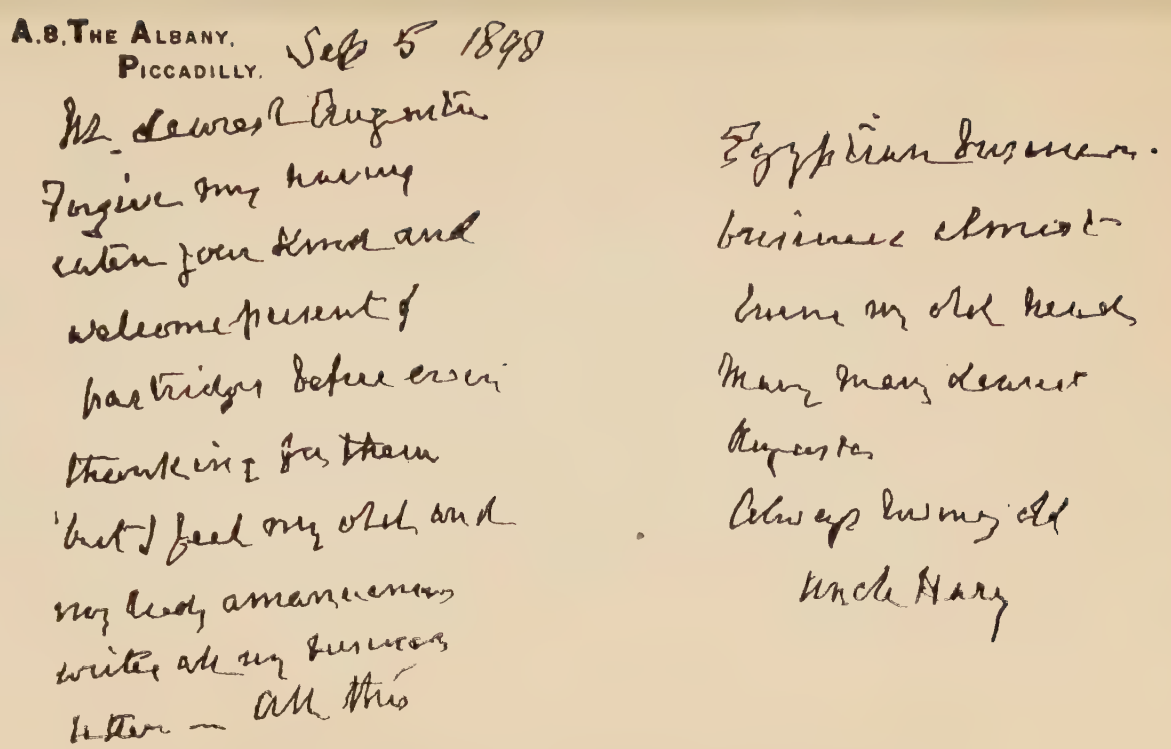
she was not, and that she was the daughter of a distinguished father. I quite believed it.

When one reflects on the amateur author the difficulties increase. Dear old Admiral Keppel, so popular with every one, found the exception in the lady who acted as his amanuensis.

Perhaps it is carrying coals to Newcastle to tell a good story at the expense of the best of naval raconteurs —the late Admiral Keppel. When visiting the Royal Yacht at Cowes the Prince of Wales informed Queen Victoria that "The Little Admiral" was about to publish his reminiscences. Her Majesty called him up and said: "I hear, Sir Harry, you are going to publish your recollections. I shall be glad to read them." "No, your Majesty," he said; "I fear they will not be fit reading for a lady."

Appreciations of the late "Father of the Fleet" are many, and in all those I have read the friendship of Queen Alexandra for the popular old sailor is referred to; but in not one do I find recorded the following interesting fact in connection with the many visits Her Majesty paid to the Admiral at his rooms in Albany.

Those old delightful residences in Albany have nothing to say to modern improvements. There, lifts are unknown, so that the tenants and their friends have to trudge up flight after flight of stairs. But, strange to say, a hoist is provided for carrying coal, at least that accommodation existed in the house in which Keppel lived, high up aloft. I cannot say if others had their coaling so accelerated. It was a long journey up to his quarters, and so as to save Her Gracious Majesty un-


A.B. THE ALBANY, PICCADILLY.

Sept 5 1898

My dearest Augusta

Forgive my having
taken your kind and
welcome present of
partridges before even
thanking you for them
but I feel my old and
my busy avocations
writing all my business
letters — all this

Egyptian business.
business almost
burns my old hands
Many many dearest
Augusta
Ever your loving old
Uncle Harry

FACSIMILE OF LETTER WRITTEN BY "THE LITTLE ADMIRAL" AT THE AGE OF 90

necessary exertion Keppel actually suggested that the dirty coal-lift should be lined with baize, of royal red; and in this coal-lift the Queen could be easily raised and lowered!

Well, we all know that the reminiscences of sailors, from Marryat to Keppel and his contemporaries, are interesting; but, at the same time, it is evident to all who knew them personally that their published reminiscences are shorn of their best stories. This is, perhaps, truer of Keppel than of any other; with, it may be, one exception, that of an Admiral I knew who had fought side by side with the better-known Keppel.

This Admiral published his reminiscences a few years ago; and having assisted him, inasmuch as I re-drew some of his illustrations, designed others and superintended the remainder, I was in a position to know that as the work progressed it underwent a bowdlerization that completely deleted the raciest anecdotes. His censor was his wife, a lady unfortunately endowed more with the spirit of Mrs. Grundy than with a broad view of the sailor's life, as Marryat saw it.

"I want you to illustrate a capital story—eh, one of the best I know, of the time Keppel and I were in China; eh, it will be one of the best chapters in my book." And his fine handsome face beamed with anticipatory satisfaction.

When next he called his round smiling face was solemn and long, and the chapter of his book was solemn and short.

"Her ladyship has cut it out. Dear me, the world

will never know what a funny dog Keppel is if some one does not relate his stories."

When it came to Admiral Keppel's turn to write his autobiography, he, like the younger sea dog, lost many of his best stories in his first engagement with the enemy, the critic in his case one of his own crew, a young lady amanuensis, recommended to him to take down his reminiscences. It so happened that a friend of mine, for a long time a neighbour—in fact I think the landlord of Keppel in Albany—was on the best of terms with the doyen of the Fleet, and, like all others who knew him, found his visits most entertaining. One day when Keppel was compiling his book with the assistance of his amanuensis, my friend looked in about one o'clock and discovered the little Admiral pacing up and down his sitting-room as furious as he must have looked on the quarter-deck when anything had gone wrong with the Fleet.

The amanuensis was evidently also much upset. She was putting on her hat and gloves, preparatory, perhaps, to leaving for lunch. As soon as she had left the Admiral's apartments my friend said:

"What's up, Admiral? Cannot she get your technical, nautical terms right? Shies at those word twisters, eh?"

"Technical terms be blowed! She *won't* type some of my best stories; that's what has upset me!"

As my friend listened to the story the lady would not type, his face assumed the colour of the baize which on occasions might have lined the coal lift.

"The Little Admiral" in his reminiscences mentions two residents of Albany, Lord Byron and Lord Brougham,

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY KEPPEL AND HIS AMANUENSIS IN ALBANY

in connection with a curiously gruesome story, during a journey made by him in 1821. He writes:

Newstead Abbey was the object of our journey. It belonged to His Royal Highness's equerry, Colonel Wildman, a dapper little Hussar, who had served through the Peninsular War, and had recently bought the place of Lord Byron. The workmen were still engaged in restoring the beautiful Gothic building, on which the Colonel was expending £200,000. The work was being done with taste and care; none of the traits of its former owner had been obliterated. Side by side with the arms of Lord Byron were carved the heraldic device of the Wildman family. Indeed, it was a source of consolation to Lord Byron that the one spot in England dear to him had fallen into the hands of his old friend and schoolfellow.

The famous drinking-cup, which Byron made out of a skull found in the Abbey Cloister, was mounted on a gold stand, with the famous lines engraved; and, in accordance with the tradition of the house, when a visitor arrived, a bottle of wine was poured into the skull, which the guest was expected to empty.

While we were there, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Brougham arrived from an election tour. I saw him empty his share of the claret at one draught, and he was unusually pleasant afterwards.

Admiral Keppel owed his popularity to his charming personality, for he never got the chance of distinguishing himself in any great war or gaining laurels by any important naval engagement. He did useful and daring work at times and showed that he might have been distinguished as a fighting admiral had his chance come along. His life as a sailor, varied and strenuous as it was, would never have got him talked about. He owed much

of the unique position he held to his charm of manner, his unconventional humour and his diminutive stature. He was a typical sailor and up to all kinds of daring exploits, a good sportsman and an entertaining friend.

As time went on, even his age became an asset to his popularity. Full of vim and vitality, his buoyant temperament was proverbial; he was easily the most interesting personage in Court functions, where his bent bow-legged figure and merry face were the centre of attraction. Every one was familiar with the genial "Little Admiral," who was never at loss for a quip or a story.

He was fond of relating an incident that happened one day at a Levee. He dropped his sword, and Lord Rosebery, picking it up for him, presented it to him, saying, "Let me be the first man that has ever given you back your unsurrendered sword."

One gathers from the stories related of him by his intimates that he possessed a remarkable facility for direct action, an audacious boldness to grapple with everything that came his way even to the last. He was ninety-one years of age when, for the first time in his life, he was bothered by a tooth; his daughter—Sir Algernon West tells us—took him to a dentist, who pronounced the tooth to be so sound and so firmly fixed that he declined to pull it out. "The Little Admiral" was annoyed at his fruitless journey and his fruitless fee; when his daughter came to dinner he told her that he was not going to be dictated to by a dentist, and that he had himself extracted the sound tooth.

On one occasion he met his doctor, a celebrated London physician, who naturally inquired after the

"THE LITTLE ADMIRAL" LEAVING ALBANY FOR SOME FUNCTION AT COURT

health of "The Little Admiral." Not recognizing the physician, he immediately replied: "Quite well, and all the better for not having seen that beast of a doctor of mine for some time."

The Admiral was a very keen sportsman, and West relates that to hunt or shoot he would often get secretly away in the mornings, before his secretary, with despatches from the Admiralty, could catch him. One day the secretary pursued the Admiral and after a long chase, at Colonel Coryton's place, Pentillie, ran him to ground, with the result that his back had to serve as a writing-table, on which many signatures were written. West adds:

He would often hunt with Admiral Parker, Master of the Dartmoor Hounds, and an old coachman there remembered Harry's dancing a hornpipe on the ice on the occasion of a frost. He was a careless shot, and one day he came back to Mrs. Parker, saying, "I have had an excellent day's sport. I have shot two woodcock, ten pheasants, a rabbit, and your son!"

Keppel was of such a merry nature that melancholy functions were absolute anathema to him. He loathed attending funerals—even for those most dear to him. Once, when a military service took place at Westminster Abbey and the cortège with mounted escort reached Trafalgar Square, he said to his grandson, who was seated with him in the mourning coach: "Look here, Bury; I can't stand any more of this. Let us bring up at my club." So the whole cortège was stopped until the Admiral got out and entered his club, and then went on to the Abbey without him.

When his old friend, Sir George King, died, he

expressed his determination to attend his funeral, notwithstanding all the persuasions of his daughter. The next day he was much annoyed to discover that the funeral was fixed for the day of the Stockbridge Races. "I think," he said, "that I could go to the funeral and get on in time for the races; but perhaps people would not think that very nice of me, so I have made up my mind to give up—the funeral!"

Sir Algernon West, in his memoir of Sir Harry Keppel, refers to the Admiral's chambers in Albany, which adjoined those of his nephew, Admiral Stephenson:

In these rooms he collected the pictures and photographs of all his friends, which I can see before me still: The simple bed, with his earliest commission, signed by Nelson's flag-captain, Hardy, framed, over his head; engravings of Nelson's victories; photographs of the King and Queen, given "to her beloved Little Admiral"; portraits of Coke of Norfolk and Sir Francis Burdett; Sir Dighton Probyn charging at the head of his splendid Lancers in the Indian Mutiny, and a hundred others

He led a hardy life. Meeting me in a bitter east wind one day in Piccadilly, on his way to church, he asked how Mr. Gladstone was. I told him he was very ill. "Ah!" he said, "he is over-nursed. If he would do as I do—climb up eighty steps, have a cold bath every day, and sleep with his window always open—he would never be ill."

Sir Algernon West was one of the then private secretaries to W. E. Gladstone long after "The Grand Old Man" lived in Albany. Another of his Secretaries, Mr. Shand, resides to-day in the house in which Macaulay lived. Surrounded with his books and delighting in

the peace and solitude of Albany he—the most charming and courteous of men—told me that at one time he suffered horribly from insomnia, until he decided to settle in Albany and was cured in its cloistered seclusion.

He remembers one day at a lunch at which Sir Harry Keppel was present some discussion taking place about a trivial matter concerning Lord Nelson, " when Keppel made a remark which swept me back one hundred years. ' Hardy,' he said, ' never told me that.' " " The Little Admiral " was indeed a link with the long past.

CHAPTER IV

LORD BROUGHAM, THE MOST CARICATURED MAN OF HIS TIME—HIS UNFORTUNATE NOSE—VISCOUNT ALTHORP —LORD MELBOURNE—LORD WILLIAM PAULET

SURELY in appearance as well as in performances the great Lord Brougham and Vaux was the most eccentric and versatile resident in the history of Albany. Of him it has been written: "The ordinary intellect that seeks repose in inactivity stands amazed at the productiveness of those rarer minds which find their needful rest in change of action." So that one must believe this remarkable man did not seek the sanctuary of Albany for rest, as did Byron and other men of brains. Byron wrote "Hours of Idleness," which Brougham satirized in the *Edinburgh Review*. Brougham never rested, he was a prodigious worker from boyhood, "impulsive as a woman, hasty and wayward as a child made up of inconsistencies and contradictions." Sydney Smith summed up this wonderful man thus:

Look at the gigantic Brougham, sworn in at twelve o'clock, and before six p.m. he has a bill on the table abolishing the abuses of a court which has been the curse of England for centuries. For twenty-five years did Lord Eldon sit in that court, surrounded with misery and sorrow, which he never held up a finger to alleviate; the widow and the orphan cried to him as vainly as the town-crier, when he offers a small reward for a full

purse! The bankrupt of the court became the lunatic of the court. Estates mouldered away, and mansions fell down, but the fees came in and all was well; but in an instant the iron mace of Brougham shivered to atoms the House of Fraud and Delay. And this is the man who will help to govern you, who bottoms his reputation on doing good to you, who knows that to reform abuses is the safest base of fame, and the surest instrument of power, who uses the highest gift of reason and the most splendid efforts of genius to rectify all those abuses which all the genius and talent of this profession have hitherto been employed to justify and protect. Look you to Brougham, and turn you to that side where he waves his long and lean finger, and mark well that face which nature has marked so forcibly, which dissolves pensions, turns jobbers into honest men, scares away the plunderer of the public, and is a terror to him that does evil to the people!

Apropos of the part he played as legal Hercules cleansing the Augean Stable of abuse it was written of Lord Brougham and Vaux:

> "Why is Lord Brougham like a sweeping-man,
> That close by the pavement walks?
> Because when he's done all the sweep that he can,
> He takes up his Broom and Valks!"

The tenacity with which he championed Queen Caroline is one of the most famous legal efforts on record. This trait made him famous early in life and was typical of him to the end. There was nothing he did not know, or thought he did not know, and he never hesitated to tackle any subject. Of course his Lord Chancellorship, unconventional and erratic as it was, stands out in his varied career as something to be remembered. One has only to turn to the early volumes of

Punch to realize what a combination of legal genius and buffoon he must have been! Maginn wrote of him:

On the woolsack, leaping through cases, as Harlequin does through a hoop, without touching them; wonderful in agility, and most dexterous in despatch; exciting the astonishment of the audience, and winning the tribute of a clap from the upper gallery of the Press; in the House of Lords, as droll as Punchinello, and about as dignified; in the *Edinburgh Review* as airy as Jeffrey, and as deep as Mackintosh; in *The Times* as oracular as a Stock Exchange reporter on the evening before settling day; in the Beefsteak Club as comical as he is in the House of Lords—great over a bottle, over a case, over a debate, over an article, it is impossible to say in which he is greatest; but truth compels us to lament that he had not originally turned his talents to the stage, for he certainly would have beaten Mathews out of the field in the versatility of the characters he could perform, and driven Yates into despair by the rapidity with which he altered his dresses!

It is therefore not to be wondered that Lord Brougham was the most caricatured man of his time or of any time. He was a splendid subject for the satirist, both of pen and pencil: he was a living caricature.

William Jerdan gives a remarkable pen portrait:

The features of Brougham were harsh in the extreme, while his forehead shot up to a great elevation; his chin was very long and square; his mouth, nose, and eyes seemed huddled together in the centre of his face—the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward, or to be veiled by a flimsy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare which shot away from them when

LORD BROUGHAM

he was aroused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man.

"Your nose of all noses the nose is,
Tremendous Lord Brougham and V.;
To you all the way down from Moses,
Such an organ who ever did see?
In character truly Protean,
'Tis a snorter—a snout—a proboscis—
Now African, now European,
The classificator it poses."

Motley, the American Minister, declared, after an official meeting with the grim old lord, "He is exactly like the pictures in *Punch*, only *Punch* flatters him." Lord Brougham himself admitted to Lord Carlisle that the *Punch* likenesses of him were the best. "Of course, they are a little exaggerated, but not so much so as many with whom I have chatted on the subject are apt to suppose."

But it was not only that *Punch* delighted in toying with Lord Brougham's cantankerousness and his peculiarities of manner and diction—but he steadily carried into execution his threat of earlier days, to drag Lord Brougham "in the mire." He has been as good as his word ever since the day when Dicky Doyle drew the famous cover which is familiar to us all—that is to say, in 1849—for, as you will see if you will refer to last week's *Punch*, a young faun in the grand procession that appears as a *relievo* upon the podium or base draws along the mask of Brougham by a string.[1]

Not only his extraordinary features but Brougham's check trousers were ever conspicuous. Still he is, I venture to say, the only man whose caricature has been published

[1] M. H. Spielmann's *History of "Punch."*

every week for seventy-three years and likely to continue *for many years to come.*

By looking over old illustrated papers, it is clearly shown that John Leech, in his early cartoons, "Dicky" Doyle, and other Victorian lampoonists, all dearly loved Lord Brougham's nose. Apropos of the eccentric Lord Chancellor, George Augustus Sala, in his "Life," says:

When Harry Brougham was quite a little boy his mother had a careless servant who was continually breaking glasses and crockery-ware, and her apology after the commission of one of these acts was invariably the plea, in the local dialect, that the broken article was "crackit" before. One day little boy Harry, who was a frolicsome urchin, managed to tumble downstairs from the first-floor landing into the hall. Mrs. Brougham, in an agony of anxiety, rushed from the parlour to the succour of her son, ejaculating: "Harry, my darling Harry, you must have broken your head." "Nay, mother," replied the future Chancellor, "it was crackit before."

Viscount Althorp, who resided in Albany and let his chambers to Lord Byron, became third Earl Spencer. A Harrow boy of the sporting class, devotedly attached to field sports, he got rapidly into debt, and that fact and his natural clumsy manners made him "a source of embarassment to his parents, who tried in vain to interest him in foreign art and manners"—at least so the *Dictionary of National Biography* informs us.

He was M.P. for Okehampton in 1804—a Pittite—and sat for St. Albans two years later, but the same year was returned for Northamptonshire (1806–34). The Pytchley Hunt Races and prize-fights, however, suited his taste better, and his voice was seldom heard in

Parliament. He studied national questions, particularly the economic history and working-class grievances, so that had he been alive to-day he would certainly have been heard in Parliament with effect. He was anything but a failure in Parliament, for he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, but eventually returned to his early love of country sport, throwing up the leadership of the House of Commons—where he was admired by his opponents as well as his friends alike for his integrity.

His neighbour in Albany, Macaulay, said of him that he had "the temper of Lord North with the principles of Romilly."

Another celebrity living here, the second Viscount Melbourne (1835), was Prime Minister for six years, and when Queen Victoria came to the throne he acted as Her Majesty's adviser, resigning in 1841. "Universally approved as the political instructor of his young sovereign."

He had been Irish Secretary under Canning, 1837, and Home Secretary under Grey.

Lord William Paulet also lived in Albany when serving in the Army, and rose from being a lieutenant in the 8th Fusiliers to be Lieutenant-Colonel. Subsequently he became reattached as Brevet-Colonel and went to the Crimea as Assistant Adjutant-General of the Cavalry Division, under Lord Lucan, and was present at the Alma, Balaclava (where he was with Lord Lucan all day, and had his hat carried off by a shot), Inkerman, and before Sebastopol.

Then Lord Raglan appointed him to command on the Bosphorus, at Gallipoli, and the Dardanelles, just three weeks after Florence Nightingale had arrived on

the scene, and when he was much in need of an experienced officer in chief command. This post he held until after the fall of Sebastopol, when he succeeded to the command of the Light Division in the Crimea.

He was one of the first officers appointed to a command at Aldershot, and after filling many important military posts returned to his old regiment, in the welfare and interests of which he never ceased to exert his active influence. He died in 1893.

CHAPTER V

THE ELDER GLADSTONE—THE SLAVE TRADE—HIS FORTUNE—W. E. GLADSTONE—HIS FIRST SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT—HIS LETTER TO HIS FATHER ABOUT ALBANY—WORDSWORTH—GLADSTONE'S COLLARS—"THE OLD PARLIAMENTARY HAND"—HIS ORATORY

THE elder Gladstone, the great Premier's father, was probably a younger man when he lived in Albany than he is depicted in my sketch. But it is the only portrait procurable. I do not altogether regret this, as it shows the extraordinary resemblance between the father and his more famous son. The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone had, as every one knows, a very marked individuality. This portrait shows it to be hereditary. Both in father and son we find the same wonderful penetrating eyes, the same firm mouth and square determined jaw, the same lines from the nose to the mouth. The latter features were in the case of the son larger and more finely developed, otherwise the similarity is wonderful, extending—if I may be pardoned mentioning it—even to his collar. The great Gladstone's collars were not held in check by the stock as in the father's case—that is the only difference. Politicians were larger in those days, they carried more sail, and everything connected with the more famous Gladstone was proportionately bigger.

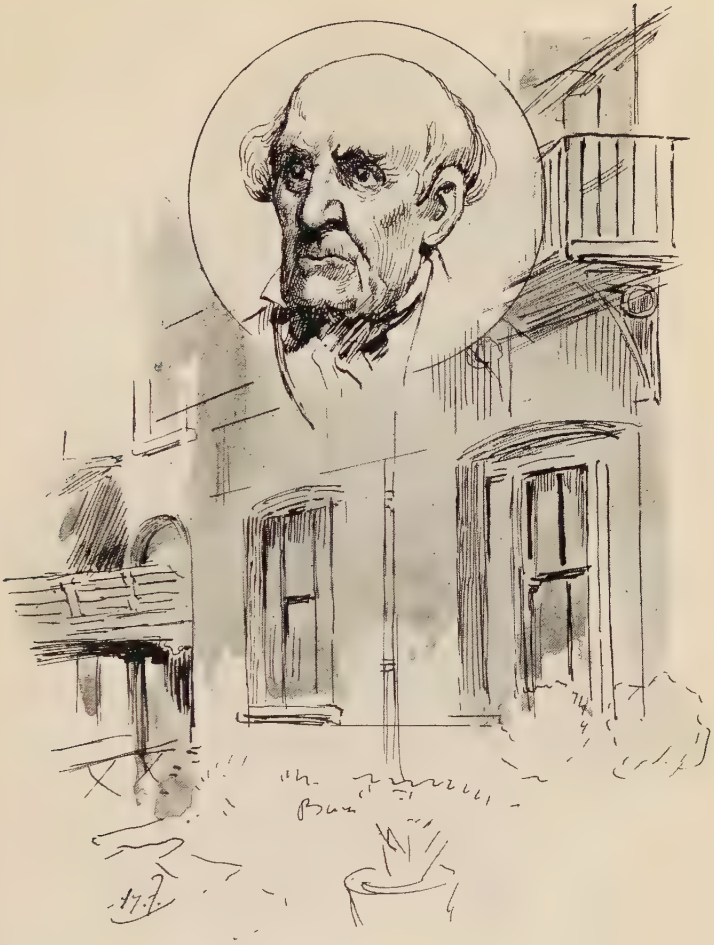
Gladstone's father was a man of great vigour and

character. Lord Morley writes of him: "He had something of his descendant's inextinguishable passion for pamphleteering, and the copious effusion of public letters and articles."[1] He had one attribute lacked by his son—he had humour.

Sir John Gladstone was a partner with his father in the corn trade at Leith and removed to Liverpool in the same line of business, but being a man of exceptional energy and resource he continued business on his own account. He made a large fortune by developing his business into an East India house and became the owner of extensive plantations of sugar and coffee in the West Indies, thereby getting mixed up rather prominently with the slavery question. Lord Morley referred to this:

The Gladstone firm was mainly an East India house, but in the last ten years of his mercantile course John Gladstone became the owner of extensive plantations of sugar and coffee in the West Indies, some in Jamaica, others in British Guiana or Demerara. The infamy of the slave-trade had been abolished in 1807, but slave labour remained, and the Liverpool merchant, like a host of other men of equal respectability and higher dignity, including many peers and even some bishops, was a slave-holder. . . . John Gladstone became involved in a heated and prolonged controversy as to the management of his plantations . . . it did not finally die down till 1841. He was an indomitable man. In a newspaper discussion through a long series of letters, he did not defend slavery in the abstract, but protested against the abuse levelled at the planters by all "the intemperate, credulous, designing or interested individuals who followed the lead of that well-meaning but mistaken

[1] *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone*, by John Morley.



W. E. GLADSTONE'S FATHER AND THE CHAMBERS HE OCCUPIED IN ALBANY

man, Mr. Wilberforce." He denounced the missionaries as hired emissaries, whose object seemed to be rather to revolutionize the colonies than to diffuse religion among people.

In 1830 he published a pamphlet, in the form of a letter to Sir Robert Peel, to explain that negroes were happier when forced to work; that, as their labour was essential to the welfare of the colonies, he considered the difficulties in the way of emancipation insurmountable; that it was not for him to seek to destroy a system that an overruling Providence had seen fit to permit in certain climates since the very formation of society; and finally with a Parthian bolt, he hinted that the public would be better to look to the condition of the lower classes at home than to the negroes in the colonies.

A few years after writing this letter emancipation came. Twenty million pounds of compensation were distributed; John Gladstone, according to his biographer, "appears to have received, individually and apart from his partnerships, a little over seventy-five thousand pounds for 1609 slaves."

W. E. Gladstone's maiden speech in the House of Commons (3rd of June, 1833) was a defence of his father from a charge brought by Viscount Howick, afterwards third Earl Grey, against the management of an estate of his in Demerara called Vreedeuhoop, and expressed approval of the principle of compensation to the planters.

According to the *Dictionary of National Biography*: "The first vessel which went from Liverpool to Calcutta after the trade of the East had been thrown open was despatched by him."

With characteristic care for others John Gladstone drafted over from Leith his six brothers, one by one,

in order to provide them with careers. While still young he was sent out to buy corn in America on account of a European scarcity. He was unable to procure it, as the American crops had suffered, and meanwhile twenty-four vessels had been engaged to convey to Europe the grain he was despatched to purchase. The prospect of sending them back in ballast was ruinous, but by a singular display of energy he managed to stock the holds of every one of the vessels with commodities, which were sold in Britain subsequently at a very trifling loss.

John Gladstone took at all times a prominent part in the support of charitable and religious institutions at Liverpool, and his native town of Leith, and built and endowed churches in both places.

His son has written of him: "No one, except those who have known him with the close intimacy of family connection, could properly appreciate the greatness of that truly remarkable man."

He was in Parliament for many years, first elected member for Lancaster (1818), when his Liverpool friends subscribed £6000 towards his election expenses, which amounted to £6000 more. What would be said if an election to-day cost the candidate £12,000 in hard cash?

Subsequently he was elected for Woodstock (1820). The same constituency Lord Randolph Churchill represented sixty years later when the bitter opponent in Parliament of his son, W. E. Gladstone, then Premier. Six years later he changed his favour to Berwick, but a year after he was unseated on petition. He was never a great personality in Parliament; he seldom spoke, and when he did it was on commercial subjects.

YOUNG W. E. GLADSTONE

He was in his early days under the influence of Canning; his political allegiance and his admiration for him was very staunch. He induced Canning to contest Liverpool, and was at first sole guarantor of that statesman's election expenses.

John Gladstone at first rented chambers A 6, but soon bought a suite on the ground floor, L 2, the first on the right as one enters the covered way from the Piccadilly end.

His famous son when a young man often visited his father. As the Grand Old Man he was frequently to be seen walking about this part of London; no doubt he sometimes turned into Albany and passed by the chambers—as I have shown in my drawing—so long associated with his remarkable father.

The great William Ewart Gladstone became a resident of Albany in 1835, in the same chambers, I am informed, that his father occupied. These became his London home for six years and from there he wrote to his father:

I am getting on rapidly with my furnishing, and I shall be able, I feel confident, to do it all, including plate, within the liberal limits which you allow. I cannot warmly enough thank you for the terms and footing on which you propose to place me in the chambers, but I really fear that after this year my allowance in all will be greater not only than I have any title to, but than I ought to accept without blushing.

Among the celebrities young Gladstone entertained in Albany was the poet Wordsworth, for whom he seems to have had a great liking. Lord Morley gives the extract from Gladstone's diary referring to his new acquaintance:

Wordsworth, since he has been in town, has break-

fasted twice and dined once with me. Intercourse with him is, upon the whole, extremely pleasing. I was sorry to hear Sydney Smith say that he did not see very much in him, nor greatly admire his poems. . . . Wordsworth came in to breakfast the other day before his time. I asked him to excuse me while I had my servant to prayers; but he expressed a *hearty* wish to be present, which was delightful. He has laboured long; if for himself, yet more for men, and over all I trust for God. Will he ever be the bearer of evil thoughts to any mind? Glory is gathering round his later years on earth, and his later works especially indicate the spiritual ripening of his noble soul. I heard but few of his opinions; but these are some. He was charmed with Trench's poems; liked Alford; thought Shelley had the greatest native powers in poetry of all the men of this age. In reading *Die Braut von Korinth* translated, was more horrified than enchanted, or rather altogether the first. Wondered how anyone could translate it or the *Faust*, but spoke as knowing the original. Thought little of Murillo as to the mind of painting; said he could not have painted Paul Veronese's "Marriage of Cana." Considered that old age in great measure disqualified him by its rigid fixity of habits from judging of the works of young poets—I must say that he was here even over liberal in self-depreciation. He defended the make of the steamboat as more poetical than otherwise to the eye (see Sonnets[1]). Thought Coleridge admired Ossian only in youth, and himself admired the spirit which Macpherson *professes* to embody.

Sergeant Talfourd dined here to meet Wordsworth yesterday. Wordsworth is vehement against Byron. Saw in Shelley the lowest form of irreligion, but a later progress towards better things. Named the discrepancy between his creed and his imagination as the marring

[1] *Motions and Means on Land and Sea at War*, v. 248. Steamboats, viaducts, and railways.

idea of his works, in which description I could not concur. Spoke of the *entire* revolution in his own poetical taste. We were agreed that a man's personal character ought to be the basis of his politics. He quoted his sonnet on the contested election [what sonnet is this?], from which I ventured to differ as regards its assuming nutriment for the heart to be inherent in politics. He described to me his views; that the Reform Act had, as it were, brought out too prominently a particular muscle of the national frame: the strength of the towns; that the cure was to be found in a large further enfranchisement, I fancy, of the country chiefly; that you would thus extend the base of your pyramid and so give it strength. He wished the old institutions of the country preserved, and thought this the way to preserve them.

Wordsworth turned up at Albany to dinner in a curious garb. Mortimer Collins described him as "Speaking as if he were an old Roman Senator dressed like an English farmer." It is not surprising that Gladstone was struck by the coarse grey stockings and thick shoes peeping from under his long cloak.

Wordsworth before entering the dining-room removed these coarse stockings and revealed black silk ones, an incident his host did not forget, for we find in Morley's *Life* recorded: "I remember W. when he dined with me used on leaving to change his silk stockings in the ante-room and put on grey worsted."

Gladstone spent six years in retirement in Albany, the most momentous period of his life, for it was there he debated within himself the line of life he should adopt, whether he should follow law, for which he was studying, or whether he should enter the Church, for which he was undoubtedly fitted. He would have made

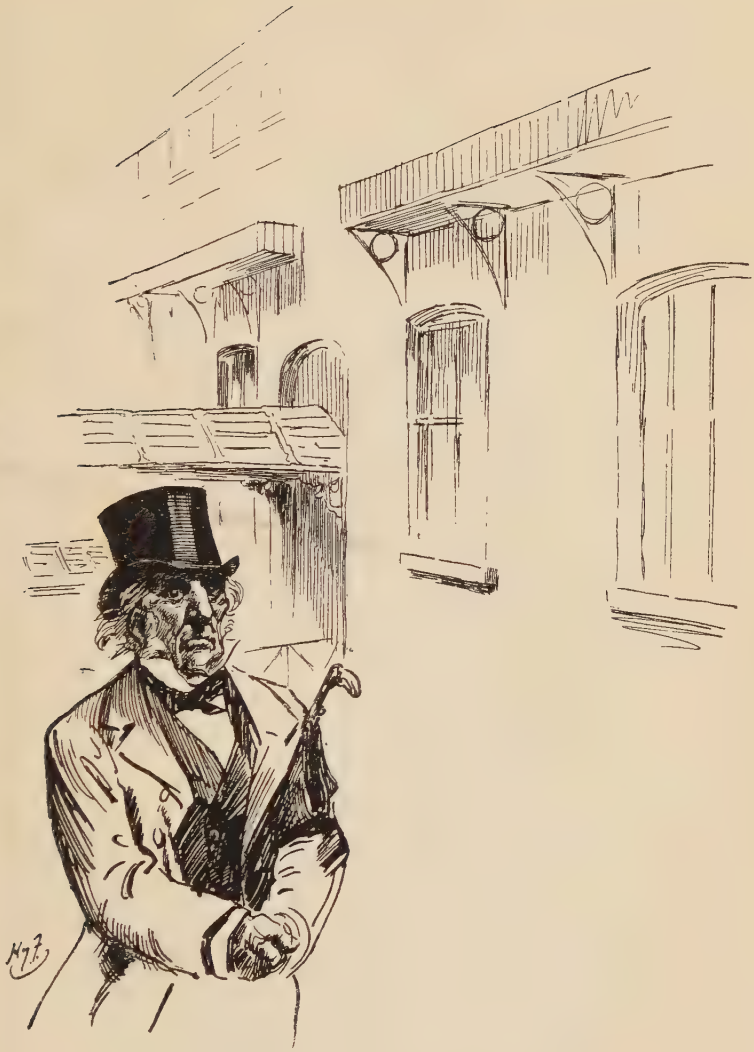
a splendid cleric; his sympathies all lay in that direction and his appearance—we have the words of those who knew him at the time—resembled a Roman Catholic priest.

I am popularly supposed to have invented Gladstone's collars. I believe I discovered them. Many members wore collars as large as Gladstone did—even larger—but they were not so evident, for the reason that when he sat down it was his habit to place himself well forward upon the bench, with body bent, arms folded, and his head so buried in his coat that his collar was bound to rise, and I have frequently seen it looking quite as conspicuous as any that I show in my caricatures.

Upon great occasions Gladstone's dress was worthy of notice. His free and easy grey clothes were then discarded, and he came to the House looking quite spruce. Although no doubt he could have written volumes on "How to Dress" from the days of Trojan homespun to those of Irish frieze, he was not regarded in usual circumstances as a model for the cut of his clothes.

But a black coat, light trousers, and a flower in his buttonhole were indicative of a great speech, and when the historical pomatum pot—which contained, I believe, a mixture of egg-flip and honey—was produced from his coat pocket and placed by the despatch-box, reporters sharpened their pencils, sent for more "flimsy," and prepared for a long speech.

He was a great walker, and, so far as I knew, always took his exercise alone. With an old "Topper" well on his head, his umbrella tight under his arm, his shabby coat-tails flying, and his low shoes, well worn at the heels, he presented a remarkable appearance. Sometimes his dress was more than peculiar.



W. E. GLADSTONE IN ALBANY

It appears that Mrs. Gladstone was of a frugal nature, nd when her husband went visiting in out-of-the-way ountry places she packed up all his old clothes and her wn discarded furs, etc., and decked him out in anything hat came to hand. So he started off for a walk one day n Dalmeny in a slouch hat, tight-fitting blue coat, lating back many years, old check trousers and a moth-aten fur tippet cast off by his wife. I gather, from hose who saw him in that walk, that the Grand Old Man ather fancied himself than otherwise in that get-up.

It cannot be said that Gladstone leaves any school f politicians behind him. All other leaders have mpressed younger statesmen to such an extent that hey have either consciously or unconsciously imitated hem. . . . Gladstone had too strong an individuality or anyone to attempt to imitate. He prided himself n being reticent and keeping his own counsel in his arliamentary work, and, although he would willingly eply to any correspondent on any subject he might vrite to him about, when it came to his tactics in arliament he was a sphinx. In fact, on the memorable ccasion in 1889, when flung back into Opposition, he ose in the House, and, turning round to the younger Members sitting behind, who had just been returned o support him in opposition, he held up his hand and sked them, as an old Parliamentary hand, to take his dvice and follow his example in keeping their own ounsel until the occasion when it would be profitable o make public their intentions. It was then the phrase an old Parliamentary hand" originated; and I may e pardoned for repeating here that it was I who, propos of this remark, drew public attention for the

first time to the fact that, although Gladstone used the expression "an old Parliamentary hand" figuratively, in reality the left hand he held up while he spoke those words had but four fingers.

I happened that evening to be the guest of a club of journalists, and, speaking of English caricaturists as compared with those of other countries, I said it was to the credit of those in this country that they did not seize upon the deformities of public men for ridicule. For instance, Gladstone had that afternoon spoken of the old Parliamentary hand. Were I a foreigner, I should at once have utilized that remark by drawing the hand of Gladstone, showing it as it was, with one finger gone (he had for years worn a black patch on the left hand to conceal the loss of the finger), and might have been tempted to show that the finger missing had something to do with Home Rule. Now this comment of mine made public for the first time, as I say, that Gladstone was deficient of a finger; and members who had sat in the House with him for twenty years had never noticed it! So much for observation. After this, of course, every artist all but labelled the black patch on Gladstone's left hand.

Although Gladstone had neither the beautiful voice of Bright, nor the epigram and sarcasm of Disraeli, nor the clearness and directness of Chamberlain, he had other qualities which, for a public speaker, were perhaps more valuable than these. He had a little impressive figure, a perfect mastery of gesture, a fine flashing eye, an earnestness of manner impregnated with that indescribable electricity, which—to use a theatrical phrase—never fails to "get over the footlights" and touch the heart of his listeners.

He was pre-eminently an actor, he played the part of the orator to perfection, and it is admitted even by Lord Rosebery (his staunch supporter and greatest admirer) that—as in the case of the actor whose effect is purely one of presence and personal attraction—the rising generation are in the danger of belittling his rightful place among the great public men of England. His place will be decided by future historians. He was a man of words more than deeds, which no one—no matter what their view of his political deeds—will deny, and no one who did not hear him make a public speech can possibly conceive his wonderful power over the English people.

Another difference between Gladstone and other public speakers was his preference for making speeches to anything else. He was a perfect glutton for oratory, and thoroughly enjoyed it, which delighted his supporters but stunned his reporters. Perhaps no orator has ever used such long sentences as did Gladstone ; the reporters, rightly or wrongly, believed the Grand Old Man was playing with them more than with the public ; in strong contrast, the business-like Joseph Chamberlain used sentences perfectly constructed for the facile pen of the stenographer. Yet Gladstone, who delighted the masses with his big speeches on special occasions, and who was seldom silent in the House of Commons, was really more appreciated by his fellow legislators when he dropped the studied rhetorical style and delivered non-political, impromptu speeches, reminiscent of some procedure in Parliament in a conversational manner, for, in this respect, he was, to use his own pet word, " absolutely " *irreproachable*.

CHAPTER VI

THEATRICAL RESIDENTS—SIR HERBERT TREE—TREE AND IRVING—TREE AND KEAN—TREE AND MYSELF—HIS ABSENT-MINDEDNESS—HIS EPIGRAMS—LEWIS WALLER—HENRY ARTHUR JONES—COSMO HAMILTON—CLAUDE LOWTHER—EDWARD KNOBLOCK—"THE PRETTY LADY"—"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES"—T. P. O'CONNOR ON ALBANY

SIR HERBERT TREE, the versatile actor-manager, lived for a time in Albany. Tree was a genius in the fullest sense of the word, and if that state be correctly diagnosed as the "capacity for taking pains," he certainly was a very great genius. He never spared himself, he acted off the Stage as well as on it. He worked hard to cultivate the art of epigrammatic speech—in which he excelled—and what is more, he did not throw these pearls of wit before swine, but kept his humour for the opportune moment.

Humour is the onion of the human salad; and like the onion it should only be half-suspected. The very possession of this quality will prevent its too frequent use. Good wine should not be wasted—it should not be uncorked for those who gulp it down unthinkingly. In the same way it is dangerous to tell a story against yourself to those who have not humour, for they will always use it as evidence against you.

He often said in my company, when comparing his

career with Sir Henry Irving's, that he had a contempt for the Press and a horror of flattery. That, of course, was his humour, which he thus publicly stated.

In life humour enables us to rate ourselves and our own acts at their true value; it helps us to discount flattery. Flattery makes the great little, the little never great. "Oh, that men should be to counsel deaf, but not to flattery." We are none of us entirely proof against flattery, which is the cheapest form of bribery; it is largely employed by lower organisms as a means of self-propulsion. Flattery is a passport to the human heart; few of us can resist its gilded key. I have known people of quite mediocre intelligence who have managed to succeed in life by judicious flattery.

Tree's attempt to extract even the smallest grain of flattery from his rival—Sir Henry Irving—is amusing and always worth re-telling.

Irving, so the story runs, went to see Tree's *Hamlet*—though it is significant to note not before the performance had been running a long time. Between the acts, and after the play scene, Irving made his way to Tree's dressing-room and there he stayed, saying nothing. Tree's dresser was rubbing him down after the exertions of the part he had just played. "Well, Irving," he said, "do you like me in it?" No reply. Tree looked at him pleadingly. "What do you think of it, eh?" Irving broke the silence at last. "Er—my dear fellow—etc!" and then after a pause—"I see your *skin* acts very well."

I have related many stories of Beerbohm Tree, whom I had known all his life, but I do not think I have ever touched upon his absent-mindedness. When he first

went on the stage, he received his modest salary in cash, wrapped up in paper. He was dining out with me before going back to the theatre, the day the Ghost walked at the Savage Club, but he seemed so upset and worried, searching his pockets over and over again, that I asked him what he had lost.

"My salary, my dear fellow—and I have not a penny to carry me on for the week. It has gone! I have been robbed on my way here—that's plain!"

"Have you an overcoat?"

"Yes, hanging in the hall—I never thought of that!"

He ran out and returned, triumphantly holding his "screw" between his fingers.

The last instance of his forgetfulness was just before the War. Tree was then at the height of his success and a man of great importance. So much so, that he had been invited down to the town where I live to unveil a tablet in memory of Kean, the actor. On his return to the station, Tree called a porter and gave him some gold in a lordly manner and bade him buy his ticket for London and bring it to the carriage as time was short. When the porter handed the money, minus half a sovereign, Tree wanted to know why it was so much cheaper to go to London from Hastings than it was to go to Hastings from London—"half the amount, in fact."

The whistle sounded.

"You must have bought a return ticket," I remarked. "Search your pockets." Just as the train started he discovered his return half ticket. "Throw out the ticket you have bought," I cried to him, as the train left the platform.

I explained my friend's absent-mindedness to the ticket clerk, who eventually refunded Tree's fare.

Mr. Macfall, in an appreciation of Tree written in his life-time, gives a very interesting word-portrait of him, and also touches upon his eccentric absent-mindedness :

A paradox of a man, he is a dreamer who compels his wits to the realizing of his dreams—something, therefore, of the conqueror. He has a way of soaring off into the clouds, but he stands the while rooted to earth ; and a phrase, a witticism, or an inanity, a piece of chopped logic, a wisdom or a foolishness, brings him down with a swoop to earth. He picks it up, plays with it, turns it round and about and upside down—and utters a drollery or pungent criticism upon it in swift, neat epigram. He is not furthest away when his eyes are dreaming—his hearing is tense and keen. This makes for the baffling thing in Tree. He never speaks except to say the illuminating something—he never babbles nothings. It is almost a vice that he cannot say empty things—it compels attention.

His absent-mindedness is the peg for many tales, as when he went to pay a call, got reading his letters in the hansom, stepped out when the cabby drew up at the door, rang the bell, still reading letters, and, on the servant opening the door, said " Come in ! come in ! " walked down the steps into the hansom and drove home again, still reading letters. . . .

On one occasion Tree and I were leaving the Garrick Club in the early hours of the morning, and as only one hansom-cab was available Tree said, " I'll drop you on my way to Hampstead, old fellow—so jump in."

Tree lived then in Albany, but I chuckled inwardly

and said nothing—another proof of the actor's absent-mindedness! for he had lived in a house in Hampstead a few years previously. It so happened the streets were being washed down at the time. Our cabman did not perceive the street cleaners had left an iron pipe sticking up in the middle of the thoroughfare, and drove right into it. The horse came to grief, and Tree and I were thrown out of the vehicle—luckily unhurt. The shock evidently cleared Tree's mind, for when we got into another hansom he directed the driver correctly: "Albany, Piccadilly, you know."

A few epigrams of Tree's, a past-master of the art, may not be out of place in these pages.

"In America I should loathe to put out a fire, for fear that the Fireman's Union should say I was interfering with their prerogative."

"Not all people who are gifted with intellect have the saving grace of intelligence."

A beautiful woman once said to Tree: "What would you do if I threw myself into your arms?" He replied: "Madam, courtesy would forbid what gallantry would demand."

"Every man has the God he deserves."

"There are people who are too ready to treat God as if He were a minor Royalty."

Being of German parents, and unmistakably German in appearance and voice, and having been to Germany and claimed it as his natural home, etc., it was very awkward for him when shortly afterwards the Great War broke out. He therefore went to America, and carried on a clever epigrammatic propaganda of his own, to encourage the sympathies of Americans for the British

SIR HERBERT TREE

manager. Tree, with Teutonic thoroughness and overbearing ambition, irritated Irving, who, although aware that his star was declining, still continued to reign at the Head of the Theatrical profession, a fact that irritated Tree. Over and over again he pointed out to me that Irving's popularity was purely a Press popularity —" Irving has nobbled the Press. It has cost him a lot, but he's got it. Now I, my dear Furniss, spurn the critics. I glory in my magnificent independence; my success has been made in spite of the Press, and that is why the Press does not like me."

Tree certainly went one better than Irving in his entertaining. At the Lyceum, Irving's " Chicken and Champagne " suppers on the first night were simply supplied on tables hastily put round the stage, much like a beanfeast. His private suppers in his Beefsteak room were, of course, different, but they were small. I am speaking of stage effects, and nothing in that way ever approached Tree's magnificence the first night of *Ulysses*. The scene—an interior, one of the play—was a gorgeous setting.

Lewis Waller also lived in Albany. Waller was a fine, but not a great, actor. He had a good stage presence and a splendid voice, in that particular very different from Tree, who had an exhausted, ineffective voice and a decidedly Teutonic accent. There was no love lost between those two actors; in fact, they were at daggers drawn—so it is, perhaps, strange that they both lived in Albany.

I shall never forget the first night at His Majesty's Theatre when Tree produced *The Three Musketeers*. It so happened Waller had another version of the same

LEWIS WALLER

play and a theatre to produce it in, and a company rehearsed at the same time as Tree, but Tree held a contract with Waller to give his services to him, and this Tree stoutly refused to forgo. Public excitement ran high, the Press was flooded with letters and articles and objections. Tree was obdurate, Waller had to cancel his company and line up with Tree's. The sympathy was all with Waller, and on the first night his friends rallied to show it, and when Waller appeared the whole house rose and cheered. I never witnessed such a scene, it must have lasted several minutes. Tree turned his back on the audience and never moved. Whatever he felt under the ordeal he never showed his feelings ; there was no doubt he asked for trouble, and he certainly got it.

Dramatic authors have, from time to time, found sanctuary in Albany, Henry Arthur Jones among others. It was in Albany that versatile dramatist read his plays to Frohman. I have known Henry Arthur for years and followed his career with interest ; he lived in Regent's Park, not far from where I did ; his house had been the abode of Sir Alma Tadema, and Jones wrote in the same beautiful room that Tadema had as a studio, in which many of his most famous pictures were painted and in which he received the most celebrated musicians and others from all parts of the world.

Henry Arthur Jones and I often rode together to Finchley and round Harrow Weald, between which were training establishments and fields for exercising horses, and right merrily did the hard-working dramatist test the jumps therein. It was in one of these liver-shaking jaunts Jones told me of a new play he was writing,

I gave him the title for it. It was *The Middleman*, in which poor Willard made a tremendous success. Jones was not always treated fairly by the critics; one of his plays, *Judah*, produced at the Haymarket was universally condemned on the first night. I was in my cab with my wife, just leaving the theatre when Jones came out. I called him and heartily congratulated him; he was so delighted he begged me to get out and tell the other fellows what I thought; he said they had not a good word for it. I am glad to say, however, that my opinion proved the right one.

Henry Arthur Jones has had a varied and interesting career and deserves his great success, due to the fact that his work is always human. A brief authentic sketch of him is worth referring to.

At the age of thirteen an opening was found for him with a commercial firm in Bradford. But for commercial life he had no great inclination. Even before he had entered on his apprenticeship, his literary abilities had begun to assert themselves. Stern necessity, however, bound him down for five years without any definite hope. During the whole time he never ceased to occupy his leisure with literary composition, which he continued to send regularly to the editors of various magazines and other periodicals. When he was eighteen, the business of the firm took him to London, and in the course of this visit he for the first time saw the inside of a theatre, witnessing the performance of *Leah*, by Miss Bateman. This proved the turning-point in his career. He formed the aspiration to become a dramatist, and to be the author of a good play became his chief ambition. It was at the Haymarket, a little over twenty

years afterwards, that Henry Arthur Jones's most successful play, *The Dancing Girl*, was produced. But a period of nine years of constant, unsuccessful effort was still to lapse before he was to feel that he had achieved a step on the road to emancipation from the slavery commercial life appeared to him.

During the greater part of that time he was at Bradford, but constantly on the move through the Midlands and the West of England, and frequently to London. His leisure time was always devoted either to attempts at literary composition or to visiting the theatre with a view to studying dramatic construction. When in London it was his habit, after spending the day at a warehouse in the city, to devote every evening to the theatre, often witnessing the same play five or six times a week till he almost knew it by heart, and so had leisure to analyse its structure, without having his attention diverted by the incidents of the drama he was watching. Still no tangible results were obtained from all this patient and persistent effort. The managers remained as obdurate as the publishers, though in business he had succeeded well enough to be able to marry in September, 1872. In addition to the plays that he had written during this period, he had devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for three years to writing a three-volume novel. But this, too, failed to find its way into print. This novel, it is interesting to notice, was subsequently incorporated with *The Silver King*. At last his patience was rewarded. A one-act play by him was accepted by Mr. Rousby, the manager of the Exeter Theatre, and produced there on the 11th December, 1878. *Only Round the Corner* did not secure immediate recognition

for its author as a dramatist, or bring him at once into repute. But the mere fact of its presentation was a foretaste of success, and it was soon followed by a more substantial one. In the summer of 1879 a comedietta, entitled *A Clerical Error*, which had been submitted to almost every one of the London theatrical managers in turn, and rejected by them, was sent to Mr. Wilson Barrett, who was then managing the Grand Theatre at Leeds; and he received a letter from Mr. Barrett to say not only that the piece was accepted, but also that it would be produced in London at the Court Theatre in the ensuing season. Mr. Wilson Barrett's judgment of *A Clerical Error* was fully endorsed by the playgoing public. It ran for a considerable time, and has been frequently revived. His next essay in dramatic work was a play entitled *His Wife*, which was written for and produced by Miss Bateman at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, and also ran for a time in the provinces. It was three years later, however, that Mr. Jones sprang into fame with the melodrama *The Silver King*, produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's Theatre in November, 1882. This play took the town by storm, and ran for over a year. Since then it has been continuously played all over America, in Australia, and the English provinces, and indeed its success seems of a perennial nature.

In 1884 Mr. Jones entered upon a fresh departure in play-writing. Tired of the conventionality of melodrama, he resolved to write a play of character, in which mere situation and mechanical ingenuity should hold a subservient place. On September 25th of that year *Saints and Sinners*, the first of the series of studies of modern English life with which his name has since become so

closely identified, was produced at the Vaudeville. It provoked at the outset a great deal of adverse criticism, the propriety of religious matters being treated on the stage being severely questioned in certain quarters. But the play ultimately became a success, and ran for two hundred nights.

At this time Henry Arthur Jones removed into the country, and resided with his family at Hill House, Chalfont St. Peter, where for a time he reverted to melodrama, and wrote, amongst other plays, *Hoodman Blind*, *The Noble Vagabond*, *The Lord Harry*, *Heart of Hearts*, *Hard Hit*, etc. But feeling that such work was not really his *métier*, he made another attempt in his favourite line, and on August 27th, 1889, *The Middleman* was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, with Mr. Willard in the leading rôle. This proved a success both with the Press and with the public, and ran for over two hundred nights. *Judah*, a play of still more daring originality, and of strong psychological interest, followed on May 21st, 1890, and this, too, at once caught the public taste. On January 15th, 1891, *The Dancing Girl* was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, with Beerbohm Tree in the leading part. This proved in many respects the most successful of all Mr. Jones's plays, and filled the Haymarket Theatre for nearly twelve months. The discussion which was raised over the production of *The Crusaders* at the Avenue Theatre last November is fresh in the public mind. But although this comedy was not accorded the same measure of success as Henry Arthur Jones's previous work, it ran for one hundred nights. Henry Arthur Jones's work is well known on the Continental stage. *The Middleman*,

Judah, and *Wealth* have been played all over Germany, Austria, Holland, Belgium, and Denmark, an honour which has never before been accorded to an English dramatist.

Another dramatist who lived in Albany is Cosmo Hamilton; he is also a novelist and was at one time editor of the *World*. I must also add to the list of dramatists who have resided in Albany the name of Claude Lowther. Sir Herbert Tree produced a play by Claude Lowther entitled *The Gordian Knot*, written, I believe, at the time Mr. Lowther was a resident in Albany. Mr. Lowther was a figure in Parliament for some years, and became noted during the War for his praiseworthy energy in raising a fighting contingent known as "Lowther's Lambs." He now resides at the beautiful, picturesque Hurstmonceux Castle in Sussex.

Edward Knoblock, the celebrated playwright, has delightful chambers in Albany. He was educated at Harvard University, and afterwards resided in Paris to study playwriting, subsequently settling in London, where he became naturalized.

His first production was an adaptation from the French entitled *The Partikler Pet*, in which Cyril Maude made a hit as the "Pet," a sort of tramp made up exactly like my *Punch* drawing of the "dirty man" writing a testimonial, "I used your soap two years ago, since when I have used no other," which *Punch* drawing was improperly utilized as an advertisement for Pears' soap with a success no other drawing ever attained! Though the manufacturer made many many thousands by adopting my "Partikler Pet" design, I personally never received even a single cake of soap!

COSMO HAMILTON

Edward Knoblock's most charming and successful play is *Milestones*, written in conjunction with Arnold Bennett. I am not sure if it was written in Albany; anyway Arnold Bennett's *The Pretty Lady* was written in Knoblock's chambers, G 2, which he occupied when his friend Knoblock was away, and he thus describes them:

He inhabited one of the three flats at the extreme northern end of the Albany, Piccadilly, W.1. The flat was strangely planned. Its shape as a whole was that of a cube. Imagine the cube to be divided perpendicularly into two very unequal parts. The larger part, occupying two-thirds of the entire cubic space, was the drawing-room, a noble chamber, large and lofty. The smaller part was cut horizontally into two stories. The lower story comprised a very small hall, a fair bathroom, the tiniest staircase in London, and G. J.'s very small bedroom. The upper story comprised a very small dining-room, the kitchen, and servants' quarters. . . .

He had furnished his flat in the Regency style of the first decade of the nineteenth century, as matured by George Smith, "upholder extraordinary to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." The Pavilion at Brighton had given the original idea to G. J., who saw in it the solution of the problem of combining the somewhat massive dignity suitable to a bachelor of middling age with the bright, unconquerable colours which the eternal twilight of London demands.

His dome bed was yellow as to its upper works, with crimson valances above and yellow valances below. The yellow-lined crimson curtains (of course, never closed) had green cords and tassels, and the counterpane was yellow. This bed was a modest sample of the careful and uncompromising reconstitution of a period which he had everywhere carried out in his abode.

The drawing-room, with its moulded ceiling and huge

recessed window, had presented an admirable field for connoisseurship. Here the clash of rich primary colours, the perpendiculars which began with bronze girls' heads and ended with bronze girls' feet or animals' claws, the vast flat surfaces of furniture, the stiff curves of wood and of drapery, the morbid rage for solidity which would employ a candelabrum weighing five hundredweight to hold a single wax candle, produced a real and imposing effect of style; it was a style debased, a style which was shedding the last graces of French Empire in order soon to appeal to a Victoria determined to be utterly English and good; but it was a style. And G. J. had scamped no detail. Even the pictures were hung with thick tasselled cords of the Regency. The drawing-room was a triumph.

Do not conceive that G. J. had lost his head about furniture and that his notion of paradise was an endless series of second-hand shops. He had an admirable balance; and he held that a man might make a faultless interior for himself and yet not necessarily lose his balance. He resented being called a specialist in furniture. He regarded himself as an amateur of life, and, if a specialist in anything, as a specialist in friendships. Yet he was a solitary man (liking solitude without knowing that he liked it), and in the midst of the perfections which he had created he sometimes gloomily thought: "What in the name of God am I doing on this earth?"

He went into the drawing-room, and there, by the fire and in front of a formidable blue chair whose arms developed into the grinning heads of bronze lions, stood the lacquered table consecrated to his breakfast tray; and his breakfast tray, with newspaper and correspondence, had been magically placed thereon as though by invisible hands. And on one arm of the easy-chair lay the rug which, because a dressing-gown does not button all the way down, he put over his knees while

breakfasting in winter. Yes, he admitted with pleasure that he was "well served." Before eating he opened the piano—a modern instrument concealed in an ingeniously confected Regency case—and played with taste a Bach prelude and fugue.

"The Pretty Lady," by the way, is not the class of woman one finds in Albany. In days gone by lower creatures of her calling stepped out of the Piccadilly pavement into the courtyard of Albany.

In the "good old days" night life in the West End of London was very different from what it is to-day. So it is not surprising that the courtyard of Albany was a kind of pocket for that "life," and serious protests were made by residents of Albany. In 1814 a Mr. Mortimer took up the matter and wrote to the Secretary:

I have understood from you that the narrowness of the entrance would render gates inconvenient, and that, if erected, they would require an additional porter, bringing upon the trust a considerable expense. It has occurred to me, however, that a watchman might be established, particularly during the winter months, to protect the inhabitants passing to and from Albany from the lower orders of passengers through Piccadilly who constantly intrude.

It seldom happens that I return to my chambers in the evening that I am not obliged to pass the entrance to get rid of unfortunate females rather than allow them to follow me to my door, even after I have submitted to the contributions which the lower orders invariably levy, and a close pursuit has compelled me sometimes to knock at the front door of the Great House rather than my own in order to deceive them as to my residence.

A watchman was therefore placed there at a guinea a week from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m.

The name of "John Oliver Hobbes," novelist and dramatist, is associated with Albany as a resident.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in his interesting *Men, Women and Memories*, which he contributes to a Sunday paper, writes an appreciation of John Oliver Hobbes, and refers to her when she was living in Albany:

It was my business some years ago to write weekly a review of a book; I shall be resuming that work again soon. The difficulty was not in writing the review, but in reading the book, and when I was hard-driven I chose my book largely because it was of a measurable size and could be read in a short time. This was the only reason why one hurried Saturday—my paper appeared on Sunday—I took up a curious-looking little book in yellow-paper binding, very long and very slim. Its title rather repelled than attracted me, and the name of the author was quite unknown to me. The book was *Some Emotions and a Moral*, and the name of the author was given as "John Oliver Hobbes."

I had not read more than a few pages of the book when I realized that I was in the presence of a great new writer, with enormous possibilities; I wrote in hot haste an enthusiastic review of the book; the review appeared duly on Sunday morning; and by the first post on Monday morning I received a letter from John Morgan Richards thanking me effusively for the magnificent review I had given of the book of his daughter. So John Oliver Hobbes was not a man, but a woman, and she was the daughter—of all people in the world—of one of my oldest friends.

I came to know her very well after this. She continued to write, and one or two of her other novels had the fire, the keen observation, the cynical wit of her first

book. Then she took a turn to the very serious novel—with a good deal of religion mixed up. This epoch came when she became an ardent Roman Catholic. Somehow or other, I thought she grew less lively, less hopeful, and certainly less witty as the years went on. I knew she had had a great sorrow early in her life; but I hoped that a woman so young, so beautiful, so brilliant would in time forget events that belonged almost to her teens, and would start life again. But she didn't; and though one met her out at all the rendezvous of social or literary life, she no longer seemed or looked the bright, triumphant young woman who had once all the world at her feet, but a rather tired, a rather disillusioned woman. "One spends the first half of one's life getting into Society," she said to me one evening, when she looked very tired and very despondent, "and the second in trying to keep out of it."

And then one morning came the shocking news that she had been found dead in her bed; and it came to be understood that she had had much mental suffering; insomnia was the result, which, like a hound not of heaven but of hell, haunts and pursues the nervous literary temperament; that she had resorted to narcotics, and that she had died from an accidental overdose. And now twenty years after this beautiful, bright, glorious spirit disappeared almost furtively into such black night of disappointment, ill-health, premature death—she was only thirty-nine when she died—up she comes to take the stage as the foremost figure in a weird and mysterious tragedy.

I know the house very well in St. Lawrence where the bones of those mysterious corpses have been found. Mrs. Craigie took me one day to pay it a visit. It was not yet completed; but it looked a delightful resort—in one of the loveliest and most silent spots of the Isle of Wight, just the asylum for hard work and for jaded nerves. But the fact was she rarely if ever lived in it;

her son puts down her occupancy of it to six months. Her father had a splendid and spacious, as well as historical, residence close by, known as Steephill Castle ; there was no reason why she should live anywhere else. But she was one of the writers who require quiet and solitude to work, which is the explanation why she had a flat in Albany in London and this small cottage in Ventnor.

It is interesting to note that Mr. O'Connor does not speak of Albany as he did in writing of the Marquess of Clanricarde ; it would not be consistent with the fact that Mrs. Craigie divided her time between the picturesque Isle of Wight and the quietude of Albany.

John Morgan Richards, her father, made his fortune out of "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Strange to say, the father of another celebrity of Albany, that is, Sir Thomas Beecham, made his fortune also out of pills. Literature and music both owe much to the manufacture of pills.

CHAPTER VII

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS—"THE MONK"—LORD MACAULAY—HIS CHAMBERS IN ALBANY—HIS APPEARANCE—HIS GUESTS—LORD HOUGHTON—HIS LYCEUM SPEECH—HENRY HALLAM—THE STORY OF THE GATES OF ALBANY

CONSIDERING the delightful seclusion of Albany, its central position and its quietude, it is curious how few literary men have been resident in it. Those celebrities who have been associated with it in the past, however, show extraordinary variety. Lord Byron, the Romantic Poet; Lord Macaulay, the historian and essayist.

Matthew Gregory Lewis, who was neither poet nor historian, but a popular, sensational, literary revolutionist, a mixer of romance and superficial stories, had apartments in Albany in its early days.

He was a prominent figure in the theatrical and social life of his time, was the author of numerous plays, and of the too scandalously famous romance of *The Monk*, published anonymously in 1796. . . . One of the founders of what has been called the School of Terror, in the form of romantic novels in which fear was treated as the dominant passion. These "bogy" stories were very widely appreciated, and they served both to free the public mind from the fetters of conventional classic

imagery and to prepare it to receive impressions of enthusiasm and wonder. After having been shut up for more than a hundred years in the cage of a sort of sceptical indifferentism, the nature of man was blinded by the light of liberty, and staggered about, bewildered by very strange phenomena. These crude romance-writers had a definite and immediate influence on the poets . . . but they also affected the whole future of English prose romance.

The Revolutionists created, mainly in order to impress their ideas more easily upon the public, a school of fiction which is interesting as leading in the opposite direction from Mrs. Radcliffe and Maturin, namely, towards the realistic and philosophical novel as we know it to-day. . . . When the age was suddenly given over to sliding panels and echoing vaults, and the touch in the dark of " the mealy and carious bones of a skeleton," these humdrum novelists restored the balance of common-sense and waited for a return to sanity.[1]

I can conceive no better environment for these bogy stories of Lewis than his chambers in Albany.

It is somewhat curious that of all the celebrated persons who have been residents only one has a tablet to his memory. This is conspicuously placed outside the entrance to some of the chambers situated on the left side of the covered way from Piccadilly. It was presented by Mr. William Stone, present chairman of the trustees, in memory of Lord Macaulay, sixty-five years after the historian's death.

Macaulay occupied E 1, the ground floor, and wrote to a friend in July, 1841 :

I have taken a very comfortable suite of chambers

[1] Gosse and Garnett's *English Literature.*

"MONK" LEWIS

in Albany, and I hope to lead, during some years, a sort of life particularly suited to my taste—a college life at the West End of London. I have an entrance hall, two sitting-rooms, a bedroom, a kitchen, cellars, and two rooms for servants—all for ninety guineas a year; and this in a situation which no younger son of a duke need be ashamed to put on his card.

Macaulay lived here for fifteen years; here he wrote the first volumes of his *History of England*. According to Trevelyan:

His chambers, every corner of which was library, were comfortably, though not very brightly, furnished. The ornaments were few, but choice—half a dozen fine Italian engravings from his favourite great masters; a handsome French clock, provided with a singularly melodious set of chimes, the gift of his friend and publisher, Mr. Thomas Longman; and the well-known bronze statuettes of Voltaire and Rousseau (neither of them heroes of his own), which had been presented to him by Lady Holland as a remembrance of her husband.

Two years before Macaulay was resident in Albany, that is in 1837, he was made Secretary for War, with a seat in the Government. In addressing his constituents upon his re-election, he dated his letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. This incident provoked an amount of ridicule which is now rather difficult to understand, and to which Thackeray refers in *Roundabout Papers*:

Years ago there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal gods! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world? or a fit companion for any man or woman in it? I daresay, after Austerlitz,

the old K. K. court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dating from Schönbrunn. But that miserable "Windsor Castle" outcry is an echo out of fast-retreating old-world remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was amongst the first of the land; and that country is best, according to our British notion, at least, where the man of eminence has the best chance of investing his genius and intellect.

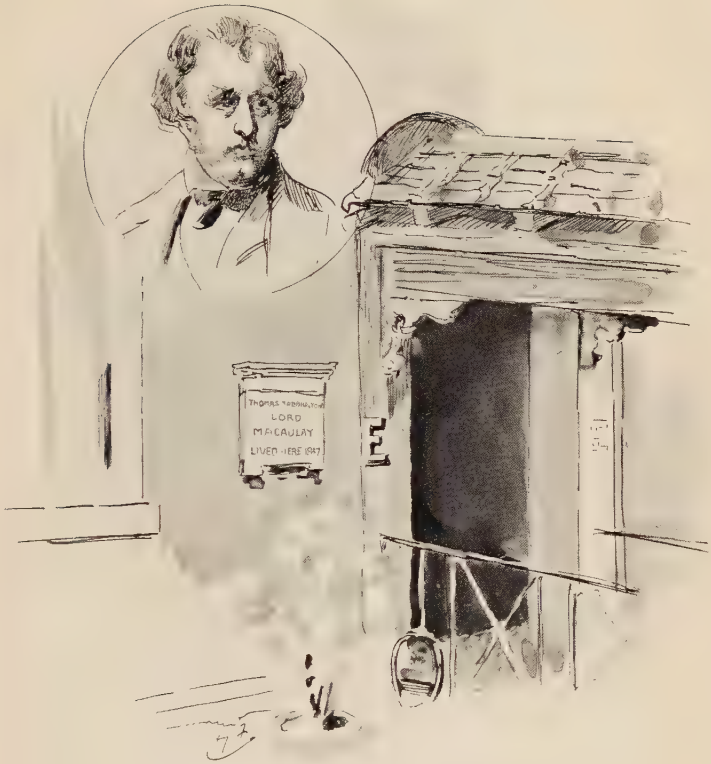
If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six-feet-six people might be angry at the incontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party: and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so forth. Now that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen?

At this period Macaulay was living with the Trevelyans at a house in Great George Street, and, when at the end of the year they moved to Clapham, he took chambers in Albany.

His appearance was commonplace and disappointing; Carlyle summed it up in characteristic fashion: "I noticed the homely Norse features that you find everywhere in the Western Isles, and I thought to myself, 'Well, anyone can see that you are an honest, good sort of fellow, made out of oatmeal.'"

Whether Macaulay was made out of oatmeal, or Windsor soap, or writing paper—there is surely nothing commonplace or disappointing about his historical work written in Albany.

In Dr. Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse's *English Literature*, we find Macaulay and Carlyle contrasted to the credit of the former.



LORD MACAULAY'S CHAMBERS

There have been, no doubt, numerous social gatherings in the rooms of the celebrated occupiers. We get a glimpse now and again. For instance, Lord Carlisle records a breakfast at Macaulay's rooms (February, 1849), when he met the following company: "Van de Weyer, Hallam, Charles Austin, Panizzi, Colonel Mure, and Dicky Milnes," afterwards Lord Houghton, the early associate of Tennyson, Thackeray, and Spedding. Lord Carlisle says nothing of Macaulay's guests, but of his apartments he writes: "His rooms at the top of the Albany are very liveable and studious-looking."

"Dicky Milnes" published, in the 'forties, four volumes of Reflective Lyric Verse which enjoyed considerable popularity, and some of his songs, such as "Strangers Yet" and "The Brookside," are favourites still.

"Lord Houghton was indefatigable in the pursuit of intellectual pleasure, and his sympathies were liberal and enlightened. Perhaps his most signal contribution to literature was the *Life of Keats*, which he published from materials hitherto unexplored."

He had a great reputation as a wit and after-dinner speaker, and I remember in my early days meeting him frequently at public functions connected with art, literature, and the stage. He was then a garrulous old man who more than once went "off the rails" in his always interesting though ceaseless speechifying.

On a very special and important occasion, being the hundredth night of Irving's appearance in *The Merchant of Venice*, when the whole stage with extraordinary dexterity and rapidity was transformed into a magnificent banqueting hall, Lord Houghton, in proposing Irving's

health, ran completely "off the rails," and smashed for ever his career as a wit and postprandial orator. His speech was in execrable taste and aroused fury in the theatrical world.

The Merchant of Venice as presented by Irving was unsurpassed for beauty. Yet on that very spot Lord Houghton sarcastically twitted his host with "this new method of adorning Shakespeare." He compared the productions of his younger days favourably with those of Irving's time; but, worst of all, he congratulated the actors on the improvement in their profession. "So that the tradition of good breeding and high conduct was not confined to special families like the Kembles, or to special individuals like Mr. Irving himself, but was spread over the profession, so that families of condition were ready to allow their children to go on the stage. We put our sons and daughters into it." These last words were deeply resented, and the bad taste of Lord Houghton was condemned universally for many a day afterwards.

Henry Hallam, another guest at that memorable breakfast mentioned by Lord Carlisle, was, like his host—Macaulay—an historian. He devoted his life entirely to historical research. Garnett and Gosse inform us:

His first great production, *A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, was published in 1818, and was the earliest comprehensive survey of modern history which had been attempted. In 1827 Hallam produced his *Constitutional History of England*, bringing the subject down to the reign of George III. In spite of the impartiality of the author, this work was attacked by the Tory Press as "the production of a decided partisan."

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 1ST LORD HOUGHTON

Hallam turned from the thorny paths of political history to *belles-lettres*, and from 1837 to 1839 produced the four ample volumes of his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*. Before this he had suffered the loss of his highly gifted son, Arthur Henry Hallam (1811–33), whose grace and promise are passionately celebrated by Tennyson in *In Memoriam ;* the historian published his son's *Remains*, with a short "Life." . . . Hallam bore repeated domestic sorrow with dignified resignation, and died, full of years and honours, on the 21st of January, 1859.

The northern entrance to Albany, with the curious old-fashioned lamp overhead and the porter's lodge just inside the quaint spiked gates, is familiar to all those who walk along Burlington Gardens. The history of these gates is interesting.

The first Lady Knutsford was a daughter of Sir Charles Trevelyan and a niece of Lord Macaulay. He was very fond of teasing her, and in order to pay him out she sent him an anonymous letter, purporting to come from one of a gang of thieves, saying that Albany would be broken into on the following night. Lord Macaulay took it *au sérieux*. A meeting of the authorities was summoned, iron gates at the Savile Row end were hurriedly erected and watch was kept at night. Lord Macaulay was thrown into a state of great nervousness, and his niece was at last obliged to confess. But the iron gates remain to this day !

CHAPTER VIII

THE MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE—HIS ECCENTRICITY—HIS CARICATURE—THE ABSENTEE LANDLORD—MONTAGU CORRY—LORD BEACONSFIELD VISITS HIM IN ALBANY—THE CHARM OF LORD ROWTON—MORLEY'S "LIFE OF GLADSTONE"

THE notorious Marquess of Clanricarde was one of the greatest personalities of Albany. It is interesting to note that he asserted the name Clanricarde was invariably misspelt. The Marquess was very emphatic on this point, and insisted that the K should be used in place of the C—Clanrikard; though nowhere—not even in the accounts of the Royal wedding—do we find the Marquess's version of his name.

In appearance he was out of keeping with the place, and a contrast to the other inhabitants, though he was an aristocrat—second Marquess and fifteenth Earl of Clanricarde. He was a bachelor and a recluse, a miser, both unsociable and lonely.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in an obituary notice of him, refers to his connection with Albany as follows:

He lived in the Albany—that relic of an ancient day which still hides its dark rooms and its semi-monastic gloom in a passage between Piccadilly and Burlington Gardens. His chambers were small and simple and cheap. The story is told that he once sent a strong remonstrance to his landlord on account of the unhealthy condition

HALLAM

of the chambers, and that when he was told that he could have the alterations made on condition of submitting to an increase of rent, he replied that he would do without the alterations on condition that the rent was reduced. Probably this is a legend, an emanation of a fertile and cynic brain, which is responsible for some of the stories that are told.

As a matter of fact this story is absolutely untrue. Clanricarde lived in peace and quietude at Albany and in the same apartments for many years. Moreover, he was so pleased with them that he never desired a change in all the forty-five years of his residence (1866 to 1911). The rooms were not small and certainly not insanitary, being exactly the same as all the other suites, so this indirect slur on Albany is a malicious invention of, as Mr. O'Connor suggests, a " fertile and cynic brain."

What really happened was as follows: Clanricarde's landlord was very anxious to sell him the freehold of his chambers and tried to induce the Marquess to pay a heavy price. To this the old man flatly refused to agree, and he left Albany—left it with regret. That was all that happened.

" The late Lord Clanricarde," writes the anonymous author of *Things I Shouldn't Tell*, " when a young man was very charming, but he saw in Paris the extravagant conduct of the young Duc de Gramont Caderousse, and in Vienna the still worse extravagance of Prince Trauttmansdorff and Prince Sulkowski. Listening to the advice of a rich sycophantic Russian Jew named Haritoff, whom I knew in Paris, he went to the other extreme, spent nothing on himself or anybody else, lent out his money at usury to usurers, and so led an absolutely

drab-coloured life in his den in the Albany. Indeed, he may be said never to have lived at all; and but for his chance meeting with Lord Lascelles (the fidus Achates of big, handsome, impecunious Lord Northland) intended, I believe, to bequeath his large fortune to found a museum of some kind."

The eccentric peer resided for a certain time every year at the Victoria Hotel in St. Leonards, where I have seen him sitting in solitude at a small table close to the entrance of the dining-room. One might be excused for thinking, after a cursory glance, that here was some poor tramping Bohemian who had managed to scrape together just sufficient money to pay for a decent meal. A conclusion that was strengthened when, dinner finished, he was seen to hold up the almost empty bottle of Seltzer and, finding apparently a spoonful or two remaining, inserted the cork and pocketed the bottle to serve, one presumes, at another meal.

I have actually seen him walking along the sea-front from the fish-market at Hastings with his fingers thrust through the gills of fish that he had bought fresh at the boat-side.

At a closer examination, however, one could not but be struck with the remarkable beauty of his fine classic features, and intelligent eyes. The jewellery he wore, too, was priceless. An exquisite jewelled pin rammed in a faded worn-out cravat, and magnificent rings on the long, bony, grasping fingers.

Sir Leslie Ward of *Vanity Fair* fame, who besides being a caricaturist was also a portrait painter, observed when showing a special correspondent of *The Times* round his studio:

LORD CLANRICARDE
(SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS)

"Sometimes, a man lent himself to caricature. Now here is a picture"—he pointed out an oil-painting of old Lord Clanricarde—"which took me three years. It was extraordinarily difficult. I don't think I could have managed it if I had not studied him for caricature. The caricature helped me to bring out the character in the portrait."

This picture was a commission from Lord Lascelles, and was exhibited by the Royal Society of Portrait Painters in 1919.

Although the Marquess had a handsome head and intellectual and refined features, he was so shabbily dressed and carried such a shocking old gamp of an umbrella that it is not surprising he was refused admission to Clubs and other places which he visited on rare occasions and was therefore unknown to the janitors. It has been said that he was actually stopped at the entrance to the House of Lords as a person of suspicious appearance.

Few of the present generation have any idea of the state of things in Ireland caused by this extraordinary, unrelenting, absentee landlord. One could not but admire to a certain extent his pluck in resisting his tenants' rebellious action.

He alone among the landlords demanded his pound of flesh. Appeal after appeal was made. He was urged to show some sympathy or at least justice to the peasantry. But he held them as he held his cheaply bought herrings at Hastings. He was scrupulously antagonistic, and he would not stoop to show mercy where none was felt. Murder was in consequence rife. "Farm after farm was thrown on the landlord, the tenants were sent by the score to gaol," and the name of Clanricarde became synonymous with the landlords' tyrrany.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor maintains that :

To every appeal, whether for charity or for reproductive work, the late Marquis turned an absolutely deaf ear. He never took the trouble even to answer letters. Nor did he ever visit the estate. It seemed to be to him some accursed and hated spot, the sight of which was contagion and death. One of the grim stories told of him was that he left by the next conveyance after he had consigned the remains of his father to the tomb, and that in the case of the other parent he did not deem it necessary to pay her even the tribute of following her coffin.

He died at the age of eighty-four, and left a tremendous fortune and many art treasures, now happily enjoyed by a Royal Princess and her husband, Clanricarde's grand-nephew and heir.

This strange Marquess of Clanricarde was the nephew of another resident in Albany—the great Canning.

Lord Rowton—when Montagu Corry—lived in Albany. He was famous as secretary, adviser and constant companion of the Earl of Beaconsfield, and subsequently in the same capacity for the successful Rowton Houses scheme. The close relationship between Beaconsfield and his secretary is referred to in one of Disraeli's novels in the following interesting passage :

The relations between a Minister and his secretary are, or at least should be, among the finest that can subsist between two individuals. Except the married state, there is none in which so great a confidence is involved, in which more forbearance ought to be exercised, or more sympathy ought to exist. There is usually in the relations an identity of interest, and that of the highest kind ; and the perpetual difficulties, the

LORD BEACONSFIELD AND MONTY CORRY

alternations of triumph and defeat, develop devotion. A youthful secretary will naturally feel some degree of enthusiasm for his chief, and a wise Minister will never stint his regard for one in whose intelligence and honour he finds he can place confidence.

I saw a good deal of Corry at the Beefsteak Club, where he frequently dined. It might truly be said of him, as Lord Rosebery said of Sir Frank Lockwood, that his presence in company was like a ray of sunshine, a few rays of which I have tried to shed upon my books of reminiscences when referring to that delightful Club.

Mr. G. E. Buckle, in *The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield*, refers to Montagu Corry's meeting with Disraeli as follows:

Of the meeting with Montagu Corry, Disraeli has left no account; but a well-authenticated tradition tells how one wet afternoon the girls of the house-party [at Raby Castle; Disraeli was the guest of the Duke of Cleveland], on the look-out for amusement, seized on a young man with a reputation for gravity, and insisted on his dancing a breakdown, singing a comic song the while. In the midst of the frolic, Disraeli, who was supposed to be letter-writing in his room, looked in at the door, and, to the confusion of the young man caught playing the fool, remained steadily regarding the scene for some minutes. Corry very naturally feared he had forfeited for ever the good opinion of one with whom he particularly wished to stand well, and who had cordially welcomed him the previous day for his father's sake. But Disraeli, though his face had worn its usual mask, had been greatly attracted by the combination of youth, ability, good looks, good nature, and social gifts, and, after dinner that evening, secured the lifelong devotion of a prince among private secretaries with the gracious words, "I think you must be my impresario."

A true bit of Disraelism is here recalled apropos of visiting :

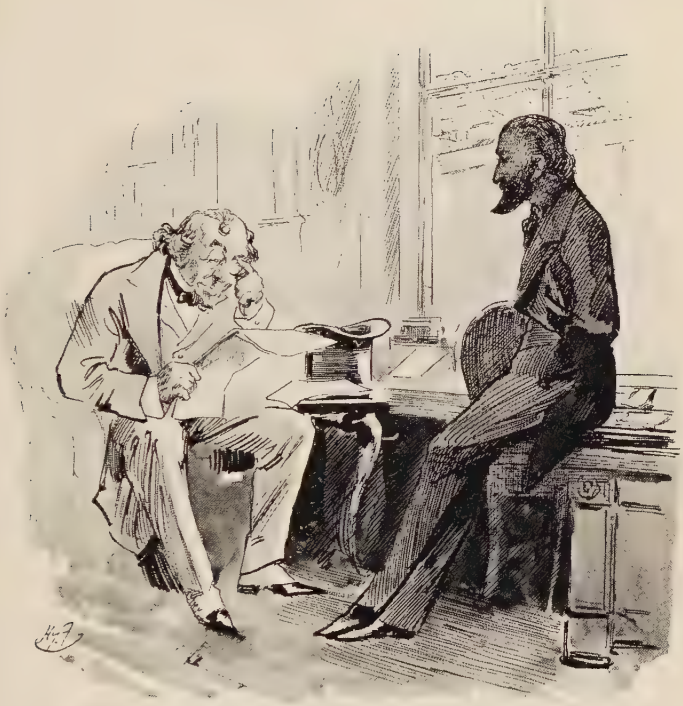
Country-house visiting, as Disraeli explained in one of his letters in 1863 to Mrs. Willyams, was regarded by him as one of the duties of his position. He met thereby, in undress fashion, all the people of distinction in politics and society, and was enabled " to feel the pulse of the ablest on all the questions of the day." But, if he profited, he also suffered. One of his characters in *Lothair* says that life in a country-house is " a series of meals mitigated by the new dresses of the ladies " ; and Mrs. Disraeli confided to Sir William Fraser [an Albany bachelor] that ennui and indigestion often cut short her husband's stay.

So many men of affairs and men about town share the same view of boredom as Disraeli, it is not to be wondered at if they seek sanctuary in the peaceful seclusion of Albany, in which one can live far from the madding crowd of so exacting a society, and yet remain in the centre of Piccadilly.

This fact appealed to Disraeli, for he frequently escaped there (some say as a respite from his over-attentive and devoted wife) to visit the apartments—but a short stroll from his house in Curzon Street—of his secretary.

Montagu Corry lived on the ground floor. He made it his jumping off ground for various places. Writing to a friend, in January, 1868, of a visit to Windsor Castle, Disraeli remarks : " M. Corry is a lucky fellow. He had to come down here yesterday on some business, and Her Majesty, hearing of it, invited him to dine with the household and sleep here ! "

That supreme hostess, Lady St. Helier, who knew every one and has written of many, fully appreciated Corry :



DISRAELI VISITING MONTAGU CORRY (LORD ROWTON) IN ALBANY

Among those who thoroughly appreciated the novelty of a cosmopolitan society was Lord Rowton. He was a clever, capable man, and the most discreet person I ever knew. No one had his finger more on the pulse of everything that was going on than he. He enjoyed the confidence of every one, from the Queen to the youngest girl who had just made her *début*. His sympathy, his sense of fun, and his intensely sweet nature, made everybody love him. He had all the humour and wit of his countrymen, with the real common sense that made him a wise counsellor and a kind friend. He had a great responsibility laid on him, and one which he never would take up—of becoming the biographer of Lord Beaconsfield. He always declared that he had neither the health nor the ability for the task. The material left at his disposal was so enormous that he shrank from undertaking it.

I well remember the irritability expressed by the mass of Lord Beaconsfield's admirers, caused by this supposed procrastination. "Why doesn't Rowton produce it?" "He is evidently too lazy," and so on. Mr. Coningsby Disraeli more than once joined in this natural complaint. Time went on, and it seemed as if we should never have an authentic life of Disraeli, when fortunately W. F. Moneypenny of *The Times* tackled the job.

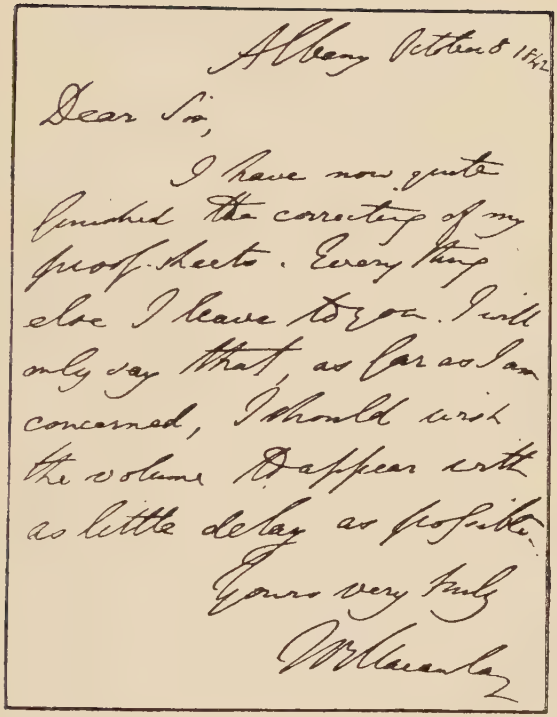
Recalling Rowton's predilection, it is interesting to note that Moneypenny died before it was finished and *The Times's* able ex-Editor, G. E. Buckle, has seen it through and with the greatest ability produced a very fine and interesting "Life" of the most unique personality of our time. It is crisp, unbiased and, as I say, entertaining, somewhat a contrast to the *Life of Gladstone*—from the pen of Lord Morley—able though it is, but so ponderous and much too long and drawn out.

CHAPTER IX

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW"—ALEXANDER JAMES BERESFORD BERESFORD HOPE—JOHN DOUGLAS COOK—PHILIP HARWOOD—"THE GREAT WILSON"—P. S. VENABLES—WALTER POLLOCK—GEORGE SAINTSBURY

THE *Saturday Review*, a great name in English journalism, holds a conspicuous place among the tenants of the rooms in Albany. For forty years the paper was edited at G 1, and during all that period of nearly half a century it was never commonplace nor insignificant. It offended many, as every periodical needs must when it expresses the opinions of men who do not too cautiously measure their words. The views of the paper were not always precisely the same. Like everything which lives for more than a few days in a changing world, it changed. But, as again is true of all personalities, or collectivities, which last, its alterations were of the nature of growth and development guided by an inward force. To put the case in a superficially different way, the *Saturday Review* was the outcome of the combined labours of not a few Englishmen, who wrote with conviction of those things which, as they felt, really mattered. They made it, and therefore we must needs begin by seeing who they were.

The one of them without whose aid the *Saturday Review* would neither have come into existence nor have lasted,



Albany October 8 1842

Dear Sir,

I have now quite finished the correcting of my proof-sheets. Every thing else I leave to you. I will only say that, as far as I am concerned, I should wish the volume to appear with as little delay as possible.

Yours very truly

T. B. Macaulay

AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM LORD MACAULAY

Written to his publisher, Mr. Longman

was Mr. Alexander James Beresford Beresford Hope, a descendant of the famous Amsterdam banking house of Hope, and youngest son of the Thomas Hope who, because he was the author of *Anastasius*, can safely be judged to have had a narrow escape from being a man of positive genius.

Mrs. Hope was the daughter of William Beresford, Lord Decies, Bishop of Tuam. After the death of her first husband she married her cousin, Marshal Beresford, of the Peninsular War, who left his English estates to her son. Mr. Beresford Hope was a Peelite and a High Churchman. The Peelites were Conservatives much influenced by certain Liberal opinions, who in the natural course of things either rejoined Conservatism, or fell into Liberalism. High Church, even when it was, as in the case of Mr. Beresford Hope, of the Cambridge and not of the Oxford shade, is essentially Conservative, and that is why the *Saturday Review* ended by being in the proper sense of a much-abused word, Tory. Before ever the *Saturday Review* was, its creators were working on the *Morning Chronicle* with Mr. John Douglas Cook as their editor.

All evidence and tradition agree that Douglas Cook, though he could write and had written, was emphatically an editor—one who directed the writers. He was also a character who lived in the memory of all who had known him as a figure partly impressive and partly grotesque. In two ways he was eminent. His temper was violent, and so was his language. And then he belonged to a type well-known on the stage, and occasionally to be met off it—to the class of fluent and circumstantial romancers, those who exceed in fictitious autobiography, not

necessarily for the mere lucre of gain, or any base purpose, but out of an uncontrollable exuberance of nature. One who had known him used to tell how, in a fit of rage, he made as if he seriously meant to put the head man of the "chapel" in the office of the printers of the paper on the fire; another used to tell, with great humour, how Cook, at a dinner which he gave to the *Saturday* men at G 1 Albany, poured out a long story of adventures in remote parts, ending by weeping copiously, as he described how some gallant officers he had met in the earlier days of his wanderings were "all dead" when he came back to see them again. Every man at the table knew, and Cook was perfectly well aware that they must know, that there could not be a word of truth in the whole yarn. They were in the habit of meeting him several times a week in London at the very time when he was, so he said, ranging somewhere in the Tropics—or perhaps it was in the Levant. But he poured it all out because he could not help himself; and yet he made an excellent editor. The success of the paper would seem to show that this must have been the case. The reason is not easy to find. He did not, to all seeming, direct in detail. Those who came to discuss business with him often found that he would talk of nothing but the state of his health. Mr. Cotter Morison, an eye and ear witness, could report that Lord, then Mr., Morley once came out of the editorial room all but sick from the nauseous details he had been compelled to hear. "A burly, tall, coarse-looking man, with a bullet head and very red in the face, and not a scrap of hair on his face, and almost totally bald, bearing the traces of a very hard and dissipated

PHILIP HARWOOD

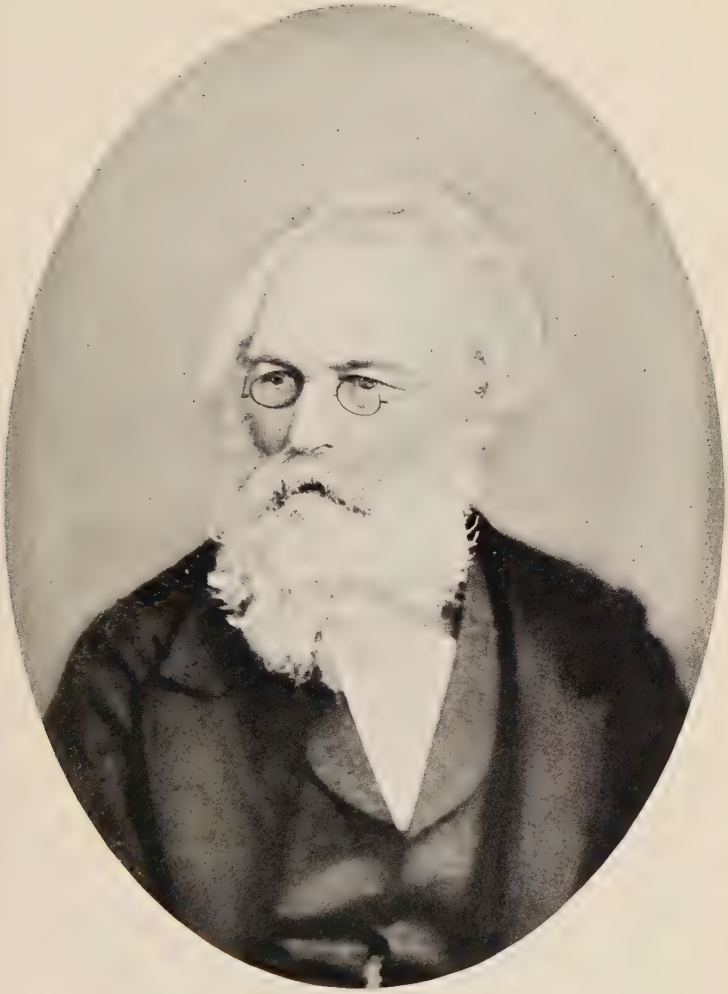
life in early years," is the uninviting picture given of him by a lady of the Hope family. Yet the same witness reports that he was keen on the better education of women, that children loved him, and that he could romp with zest—though not without mischances. Once he upset himself, together with the wife and the daughters of an old friend and valued contributor, W. Scott, in a boat at Maidenhead, and he sprained his ankle dancing reels, to the further injury of his already broken health. During his last years he edited the paper from Tintagel, where he had a house, and where he died in 1868. Tradition in Albany has told how his assistant editor and successor, Mr. Philip Harwood, found it very difficult to "carry on" to the satisfaction of such a chief, who intervened from a distance.

Douglas Cook has become very little more than a vague memory during wellnigh sixty years which have passed since he died. There can hardly be anyone now alive who actually worked with him. But some who know his successor, Mr. Harwood, as editor of the *Saturday Review* still form a goodish handful, though he retired so far back as 1883. There is one memory of him which is common to all of them. He was the most gentle of mankind—and that not only in voice and bearing. There was in his nature a constant reluctance to do, or even only to seem to do, what could be thought to look peremptory or discourteous. He was the very reverse of a stamp of editor at least as well known in our age as at any time, he who has no use for contributors who are "troubled with a conscience." Mr. Harwood had been a Unitarian preacher, had written on German Rationalism, and ranked the possession of a

conscience among the virtues. It would have been impossible for him to meet the writer's, "that is not my opinion, I could not write what you wish," with the answer: "Who cares for your opinion? The public wants the opinion of the paper." Even when he had to point out how desirable it was that copy should be in the hands of the printers by an early hour, he would add "not that you have given any trouble." A right-minded contributor was the more disposed to conform to the wishes of so considerate a chief.

If, to be sure, the contributor was not so disposed, if he was sufficiently misguided to imagine that because Mr. Harwood was gentle he must also be soft, he would soon find how much he had misjudged. Certain offences were unpardonable. One of them was to deal disrespectfully with the *Saturday Review* in print. Mr. Freeman, who had contributed much, and from early days, grew very heated over the war between Russia and Turkey. It was a matter of course that he, all on fire with hatred of the Turks, should detest the policy of opposition to Russia supported by the *Saturday Review*. But he ought not to have shown his feelings publicly. It was disloyalty to his old ship. Therefore Mr. Harwood could not, on his own principles, but decide that Mr. Freeman must "write no more for the paper." He said so in those very words, and so ended an old friendship.

It was not out of compliance with a common custom, or because the proposal was mooted by a busy body, that so many of the contributors, and others having some connections with the paper, united to present him with a testimonial when he retired. The silver salver



COUSIN PHILIP HARWOOD

they joined together to give him, with their names engraved on it (of which the reader can see the portrait in these pages), was a true mark of respect and personal liking. If some of the donors were flattered to see their name in that company, they were surely not guilty of sin.

To PHILIP HARWOOD, Esqre.,

ON HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE EDITORSHIP OF THE

"SATURDAY REVIEW,"

WITH THE KIND REGARDS AND BEST WISHES OF

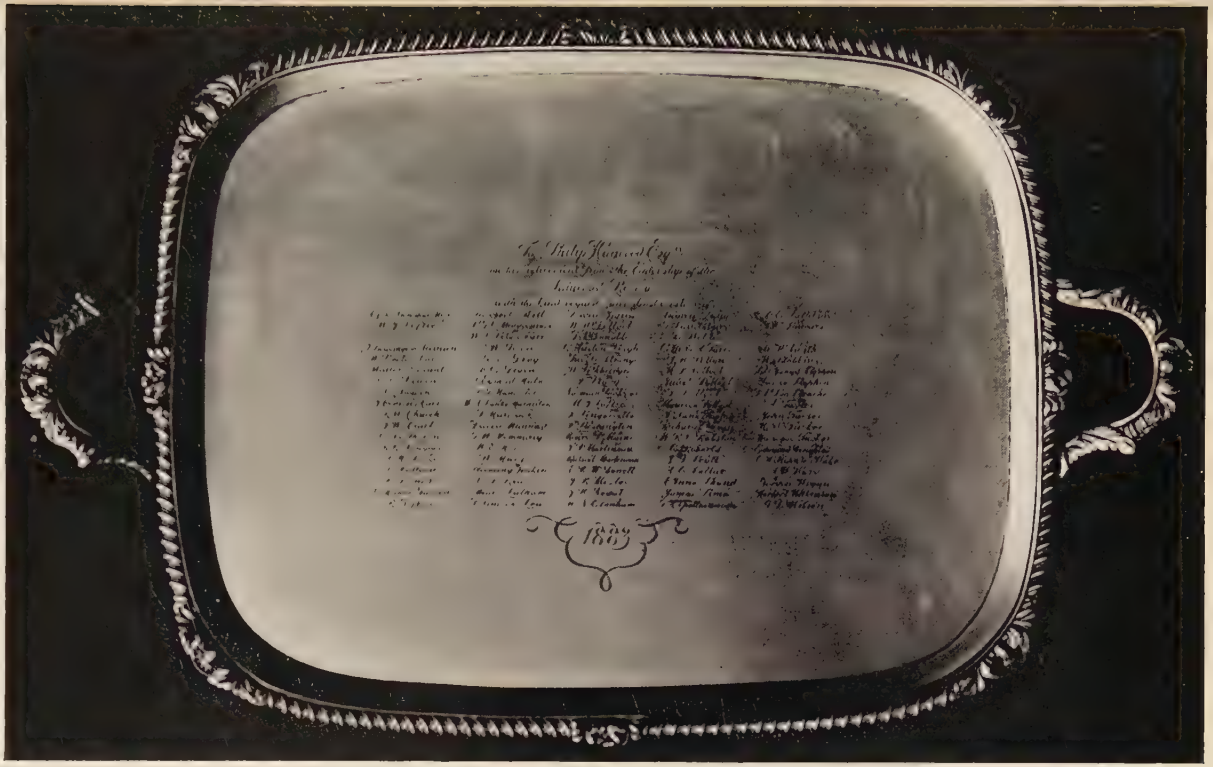
A. J. B. Beresford Hope
W. J. Soflie
J. Beavington Atkinson
W. Proctor Baker
Walter Besant
E. E. Bowen
C. Bowen
J. Comyns Carr
R. W. Church
J. W. Clark
O. De Thoren
R. K. Douglas
F. H. Dyke
R. Fulford
R. Garnett
C. Milnes Gaskell
R. Giffen
Birbeck Hill
S. G. C. Middlemore
W. S. Seton Kerr
E. W. Gosse
Percy Greg
F. C. Grove
A. Egmont Hake
P. G. Hamerton
W. A. Baillie Hamilton
T. Hancock
David Hannay
G. W. Hemming
W. E. Henley
W. Hunt
Fleeming Jenkin
C. F. Keary
Henry Latham
F. Simcox Lea
David Jones
W. H. Pollock
G. S. Venables
C. Austen Leigh
Guy le Strange
W. Lethbridge
T. Lloyd
Norman Lockyer
M. J. Loftie
T. Longueville
F. Lushington
Henry S. Maine
J. P. Martineau

Russell Martineau
* A. R. McDonell
J. R. Mozley
J. H. Nodal
H. N. Oxenham
Andrew Lang
G. Saintsbury
B. Webb
C. Hubert Parry
J. H. Pollen
W. F. Pollock
Juliet Pollock
F. Pollock
Maurice Pollock
S. Lane Poole
Richard Quain
W. R. S. Ralston
C. Roberts
J. G. Scott
A. C. Bellar
A. Innes Shand
Hames Sime
G. A. Spottiswoode
D. C. Lathbury
T. C. Sanders
W. H. Smith
W. Stebbing
FitzJames Stephen
Leslie Stephen
F. St. Loe Strachey
A. Taylor
John Taylor
H. W. Tucker
Morwood Tucker
Edmund Venables
C. H. Middleton Wake
A. W. Word
Gordon Wigan
Herbert Wilkinson
G. B. Wilson

1883

Another *Saturday* man (for he was that in his own way) who must be well remembered by all about G 1 Albany in those days, cannot be ignored. Mr. Wilson, or "the great Wilson," as he was often named with affectionate jocularity, or just "Wilson" for short, was inseparable from the rooms, or the paper, when one thought of them as institutions. What the proper name for his functions may have been, the writer of this chapter does not know—nor has he ever heard it spoken. There probably is none, seeing that there cannot have

* This must be Æneas Ronald McDonell. He did not to my knowledge write, but had something—including signing cheques—to do with the business management. He died several years ago.



THE SILVER SALVER PRESENTED TO PHILIP HARWOOD ON HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE EDITORSHIP OF THE *SATURDAY REVIEW*

been two *Saturdays* in the Albany, nor two Wilsons. He was by the nature of the case unique. In person he was a small man, alert, bright-eyed, clean-shaven. In manner he might be defined as of the type of Sam Weller, but trained, coloured, not improved (for man can no more improve Sam than Napoleon could promote a Marshal of France, as he told the Drum-Major), but shaped, by long service in the best kind of house, in the capacity of butler, or gentleman out of livery, which is another way of saying that his manners were good, equally free from familiarity or servility. He had been there from the beginning, and could tell of the already legendary Douglas Cook. It amused him to record, with a slight mimicry, how when he came into the editor's room bringing important papers, Cook howled: "Shut that b——y door"; how he went up to the table and deposited the papers, then turned solemnly back; how Cook then yelled, "Where the —— are you going?" and how he, Wilson, replied gravely, "I am going to shut the b——y door." And he did not swear at me again, added Wilson. It was "Figaro here and Figaro there" with him at G 1 Albany, where he lived in the little upper room. He opened the door; he introduced visitors; he served lunch in the side room; he went between editor and any contributor who was actually writing in the place; he carried proofs to the printer, and brought them back. It was always "Wilson will know," "Wilson will do," "and how about this, Mr. Wilson?" There came from him, silently but unmistakably, the delivery of an inward and spiritual conviction that he, the rooms, and the paper were all inseparable parts of the same whole. He conveyed

approval or indifference by a manner which was always correct. You came to understand that deep in Wilson's heart was the tacit conviction that he was a foster-father to all the *Saturday* gentlemen. One had no excuse whatever for not being pleased to know that he liked you. How much he knew was a problem not to be solved. It was impossible to associate him with the mere idea of eavesdropping, or prying, and yet there can have been very little about the paper which was quite unknown to him, or not shrewdly guessed at. One summed him up as a kind of modest, journalistic, and peculiar "Eminence Grise"—the friar behind the minister or even the throne, saying little, claiming nothing openly, but perfectly acquainted with all the strings. It would have broken his heart to see the *Saturday* leave Albany, and pass to other hands. God was good to that faithful servant and took him away before the evil day of destiny came. He had and could have no successor like himself.

Douglas Cook was half owner of the paper. The share was presumably part of his reward for editing, and it went, by his will, to Lady Haversham, Mr. Beresford Hope's niece. But at all times Mr. Hope kept his hand on the paper—as a rule by persuasion, and the exercise of good temper, but when necessary, by firmly saying no. He would veto "a laudatory review of Essays and Reviews" by FitzJames Stephen at the expense of making Cook "very naughty for a week." In the last resort the decision rested with Mr. Hope. This is obvious, no doubt because, though he and Cook were joint owners with a right of pre-emption to the survivor, the capital must have been supplied by him.

SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF. 1868

It stands on his written evidence that, but for his constant control, the paper would have gone to "radicalism and un-church." Mr. Hope was therefore the real creator of the *Saturday Review*. It came into existence by his help, and its course was directed by him.

Yet neither Mr. Hope nor Mr. Cook, working jointly or severally, could possibly have made the *Saturday* "out of their own heads." Like all other creators so-called, they produced their creation by putting together already active forces. We can best show our meaning by help of a reminiscence. There was an institution not without renown in its day, known as the "Saturday Review Dinner." It began in 1860, on the 13th of May, and was first held at the Oaklands Hotel. Mr. Hope, strongly backed by Mr. FitzJames Stephen, decided that the dinner would be most satisfactorily eaten among green fields. If Douglas Cook had had the decision, the place chosen would have been Greenwich. In time it was transferred to the home of fish-dinners, and was eaten, as the case might be, at the "Ship" or the "Trafalgar." The "fish dinner" was a feature of English social life which grew, culminated, and declined. And so did the *Saturday's*. When it was in full swing, about the year 1880, it drew together a great company, and that of men who had something to say, and could say it. There was a rule that whoever had contributed even a single article during the year was to be asked. The largest room which could be got was filled by men of science, scholars, churchmen, soldiers, men of letters, lawyers. Sir Richard Owen, General Hamley, Professor Palmer, Mr. Guy Lestrange, Mr. Monkhouse, Mr. Gosse, Mr., now Sir Henry, Dickens, are but a few whom one

remembers, and there were many whose names one did not know. The *Saturday Reviewers* were as political societies, open or secret, or as religious orders have been, divided into outer and inner circles, into "professed" and "converse" and "tertiaries."

The original inner circle had been formed on the *Morning Chronicle*, as we already know. They did not all start off together. But that was the central point. When reconstructed as the *Saturday Review* in 1855, the band included Mr. Philip Harwood, the Reverend William Scott of the *Christian Remembrancer*, Mr. William Harcourt (who suggested the name), Mr. J. FitzJames Stephen, Mr. Henry Maine (all knighted later), Mr. G. S. Venables, Mr. Sanders, lawyer and writer on Roman Law, and many whom they drew about them: Freeman, Froude (those hostile brother historians), Goldwin Smith, Lyon Playfair, Kingsley, Bagehot, Grant Duff, Julian Fane (diplomatist and poet), Max Müller and William Rossetti, Lord Robert Cecil, the Marquess of Salisbury of later days, and the Duke of Newcastle. All were not regular contributors, and many of them passed out to other lines. In 1860, Harcourt, Stephen and Maine separated and set up a standard of their own, to wit the *London Review*—while on their way to other careers, in the law, in administration, and in politics.

There were more reasons than one for the separation, which after all did not prove permanent—or not in all cases. Sir Leslie Stephen, in his life of his brother, Sir James, notes, rather vaguely, that there appear to have been differences of opinion as to how far *Saturday Reviewers* were at liberty to contribute to other

RT. HON. ALEXANDER J. B. BERESFORD HOPE

THIRD SON OF THOMAS HOPE

periodicals. There were, and a faint echo of them was now and then audible to the end. In 1860 Mr. Beresford Hope took a firmer line than was enforced later on. He thought that some of the recalcitrants were unduly eager to make money. On that point there might well be a lack of entire harmony between the heir of a great fortune, which he lavished on the Church, and men who had incomes to make and families to provide for. The pay given by the *Saturday*, £2 or £3 an article, was not high, though at the level of the standard rate of pay for articles on the Press. But, then, except for a very few it was a case of an article a week or less. Of course, there was the honour of the thing. To have contributed even only once was in a way promotion. His malicious friends were given to telling how Mr. J. H. Friswell (who may be faintly remembered as author of *The Gentle Life* and many essays) having received a cheque for the only middle of his ever accepted, went about showing it to all of them he came across. In 1860, too, Thackeray founded the *Cornhill* and drew *Saturday* men to its pages, all the more because many of them were friends. Mr. Beresford Hope was annoyed, and perhaps we have here the origin of the feud, latent or active, which raged between Thackeray and the *Saturday*. Apart from this question it cannot have been acceptable to FitzJames Stephen to have to see his article on "Essays and Reviews" suppressed because it was not in harmony with the High Church line. He was not the man to submit meekly to being muzzled. But neither secessions nor separations broke the tradition of the *Saturday*.

If the question is put, who, next to Mr. Beresford Hope, directed or inspired the course, the answer, which

can be given without hesitation, is Mr. G. S. Venables. He was, without doubt, the particular leader of the *Saturday Reviewers*, who was in Mr. Bagehot's mind when that vigorous economist and critic hit off his rather malicious thumb-nail sketch of the paper. Mr. Venables was a successful Parliamentary lawyer, who had political opinions, and meant to expound them. For years he wrote three leaders a week, and then, when the size of the paper was reduced, two, till his death in 1888.

Mr. Venables will, one may guess, be remembered for ever as the man who broke the bridge of Thackeray's nose, when they were boys together at Charterhouse. It will always be reported that he was the original of Stunning Warrington. That is much less certain. There may well have been no single original for Pendennis's friend. Yet Captain Shandon's description of Warrington's journalistic style does force one to believe that Mr. Venables was in Thackeray's mind when he wrote the passage. *Pendennis* belongs to 1848–50 and is therefore older than the *Saturday*, but Mr. Venables had written before 1855. There was no mistaking his hand. So long as the *Saturday* lasted in Albany, and for some time after, the anonymity of the Press was a very stuff of the conscience. To name the writer of any particular article was a sin against the Holy Ghost. But, when once you had seen his hand, there was no anonymity for Mr. Venables. Nobody else went right along, pouring out those brief sentences, each exactly on the model of the other, all coming down with a swift chopping blow. Sir W. Harcourt was really not far off the truth when he said that reading Venables was like watching a flock of sheep browsing along on the Downs,

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT

and dropping little round "observations" all of the same form and size as they went. As for the matter, Mr. Bagehot was not quite wrong. Nor perhaps was Mr. Arnold, when he said that the leaders in the *Saturday* were all the same. A certain tone of good sense, a dislike of enthusiasm and sentimentality, a true rationalism, all very safe and sober, but apt to be just the voice of the "spirit that denies," a wholesome corrective to nonsense, but negative and nothing else, was "the note" of all Mr. Venables wrote. He belonged to a generation largely moulded by the example of the Duke of Wellington, which shrank with a kind of chastity from wearing its heart on its sleeve: and that was good. What was not so good was that the reticence could be carried to a point, when the thought imposed itself on one that if no heart was visible on the sleeve, the reason was that there was none to show. Mr. Venables was far from cold by nature. He was, for one thing, a strong sympathizer with Italy in her struggle with Austria. And withal, though he gave the tone for long in the leaders, he did not swamp everybody. The hand of Mr. Sanders was easily recognized. He had a peculiar skill in stating the case of the other side with absolute fairness, and then showing that there was nothing in it, with deadly moderation.

Yet to suppose that this was all the *Saturday* would be to go far astray. Many sheer legends floated about concerning the paper and the high line it took. One was that it proudly appeared without a single advertisement. As a matter of fact there were six pages of advertisement in the first number. But on the other hand it is true that it announced its resolution not to

" receive books, prints, etc., gratuitously for review. As the limits of no periodical admit of a proper notice of all new publications, the conductors will provide for themselves the works which they select for criticism." It was a counsel of perfection and met the usual fate of such. When the paper started, its purpose was said by its creators, in the prospectus printed at the head of the advertisements, to be the production of an English equivalent to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. No imitation was meant, of course, and the differences between them were obvious. But the aim was to be identical—the supply once a week of good political matter, telling comments on the doings of humanity, sound literary criticisms, and artistic leaders, middles and reviews. There was no hard and fast line. The matter of one division might be handled in another. Opinions may differ on the point, but it is not absurd to find that, of these three, the " middles " did most to make the *Saturday* so widely read as it was. Whoever, having a complete set of the paper before him on the shelf, takes down an early back number with the expectation that he will find a uniform high level of literary accomplishment, will be often disappointed. There is not a little rough prose in the earlier volumes. Some padding there must needs be in all papers which are to be of a fixed size. Yet nobody could fail to note the excellence of much, and the breadth of the interest. There is no need to go to the file itself to see what was the quality of the *Saturday* " middles." The cult of anonymity was not carried so far that contributors were unable to collect those essays into books under their own names. Therefore, we have *Essays by a Barrister* and *Horæ Sabbaticæ*

SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN, BART. 1857

of Sir James FitzJames Stephen, or *The Girl of the Period and other Social Essays* by Mrs. Lynn Linton, to pick out those two only from a larger collection, to show what the *Saturday* middles were. If anyone is impressed by lamentations over the decadence of the young English girl in our age, he or she may be recommended to turn to Mrs Lynn Linton. There it will be seen that the very same things were being said between 1860 and 1880, in the very high tide of the age of Victoria, and were just as true and as false as they are to-day, or were when Hannah More put similar observations into *Cælebs* in 1809. If the *Saturday* was learned, artistic, archæological and philosophical, it was far from squeamish. Beside Sir J. FitzJames Stephen on Chillingworth or Bossuet, are to be found articles on the Catnach Press—of Seven Dials, and the paper did not shrink from such a savoury theme as the "Birch in the Boudoir." There were purely political middles, and about 1880 in particular they were apt to be fired by animosity against Mr. Gladstone. This was the element of the paper which caused most bitter offence. There was jeer in them, loud, insulting taunt, and a tone of fierce scorn. It offended not only Mr. Gladstone's friends, but such friends of the *Saturday* as R. L. Stevenson, who protested against the too much "jape" which he noted in most parts of the paper, and especially in the "middles." All this was not quite new. The *Saturday* did, perhaps, too much enjoy possessing a Turk's head on which to practise with its tomahawk. Dr. Cumming, who so rashly dated the end of the world, served the turn for long. We all know that Bright, who himself was not mealy-mouthed, talked of the "Saturday Reviler,"

and we know also how angry it made Thackeray, by (the most loyal friend must allow it) what was a piece of bad manners.

The whirligig of time had its way with the *Saturday*, as with all humanity. There was a change in the world, and it reflected on the mirror. The paper came to be written, and read too, of course, by a generation which was only recently born, or as yet unborn, when the first number appeared in 1855. That generation, of which the writers were a part, was perhaps less serious ; it was undeniably less solemn than the men of 1855. Something lighter, materially lighter as well as intellectually, was required. Mr. Beresford Hope, who never gave up his steady control of the paper, though with Mr. Philip Harwood as editor he had no longer to keep the vigilant watch needed by Douglas Cook, was himself brought to acknowledge that the *Saturday* was " dying of dignity." The younger generation came in when Mr. Harwood retired in 1883, and was succeeded by Mr. Walter Pollock, and Mr. George Saintsbury, already an old " Reviewer," took his place beside him. One result of the change was material and visible. It came when the outward form of the paper was altered in or just before 1890. The amount of matter printed was reduced, the type was enlarged, there was, as it were, an easing off. The solid first page of leader was replaced by one of notes on the affairs of the week. Articles became shorter. It was no longer thought necessary to devote two massive columns to a novel.

A difficulty, and one which must be universally recognized, now presents itself. The new generation is still in part with us. And how are you to talk of men

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH. 1857

to their faces, or even to the faces of their families and friends? It must be enough that when the older generation passed away with the death of Mr. Venables in 1888, and the retirement of Mr. Sanders and Mr. Lathbury, the well-known editor of the *Guardian*, their loss was replaced by Mr. Saintsbury, Mr. H. D. Traill, Mr. Lang, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, and others of less note. They did not all come in together, nor did all stay permanently while the *Saturday* was in Albany. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, for instance, contributed only during a part of the interval between his resignation of the *St. James's Gazette* and the foundation of his *Anti-Jacobin*. Those who did remain all along are named above. Apart from the regular staff there were writers of middles and reviews, who also, in some cases, came and went. There was a time when the unmistakable, the hard-hitting fist of Mr. W. E. Henley was to be seen at work. So—and that always—were the deft pen and neat wit of Mr. Gosse.

It was good to be of G 1 Albany in those days; a distinction dwelt on the place. The very brougham which carried proofs and editor and sub-editor to the printers, Messrs. Spottiswoodes, on make-up day, and took them home in dignity, though the theme of some chaff, had its niceness. They were gentlemen on the *Saturday*, and treated one another on that footing. The long room was not an ordinary office, and the little room where the editor and assistant lunched, often with guests, was a jolly social refuge, and there was a weekly meeting—a revival of a regular function held by Douglas Cook, which nothing has replaced for those who had formed a part—even *pars minima*. Mr. Pollock

was a kind and appreciative chief. Mr. Andrew Lang's fantastic wit, and the humour of Mr. Traill, with a glow of latent passion behind it, and (he is asked not to dislike to have it mentioned) Mr. Saintsbury's aptness of word and of swift retort—are not to be forgotten.

Alas, the old Buccaneer chanting his melancholy dirge over the "pleasant Isle of Aves, beside the Spanish Main," has told us "an end of all good things must be." If not "King's Ships," then the nature of things descended on the *Saturday Review*. It went on, but no longer in Albany after 1893, and when its government migrated to the publishing offices in Southampton Street, Strand, the chapter ended, and another with which we are not directly concerned began. The *Saturday* passed into the possession of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, and from him to Mr. Frank Harris, and later to others. But it was entirely disassociated from Albany.

CHAPTER X

THE BODLEY HEAD—AUBREY BEARDSLEY—"LIFE IN A GARRISON TOWN"—ANATOLE FRANCE—PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK—HERBERT JENKINS—FREDERIC CHAPMAN

IN writing this chapter, which deals with the outstanding literary events connected with G 1 subsequent to the days of the *Saturday Review*, I have had the advantage of many interviews with John Lane, some of his authors and many of his friends, to amplify my personal recollections.

On the Editorial Offices of the *Saturday Review* being transferred to Southampton Street in 1893, John Lane, the well-known publisher, took from Mr. Beresford Hope's executors the lease of G 1 Albany on behalf of himself and Edmund Trelawny Backhouse, the present baronet, with a view to a partnership in the Bodley Head Publishing House, on the forthcoming dissolution of Lane's partnership with Elkin Mathews, which took place in that year. Owing to the breakdown of Mr. Backhouse's health this second partnership never matured, but Mr. Lane occupied the rooms until, under the wise architectural advice of his friend, Mr. Wimperis, they were reconstructed and fitted up as a publishing office. What was formerly the window of Lane's dining-room became the present entrance in Vigo Street to the Bodley Head, as under the conditions of the leases

no business office was permitted in Albany—hence the equivocal address, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street.

I first met John Lane in the early seventies in the rooms of my old friend, Hubert John de Burgh, in Great James Street, Bedford Row; Swinburne also had rooms in the same house on the second floor. Mrs. McGill was the landlady. Friends of Swinburne and De Burgh will recall her drunken husband's cruelty to her parrot. The case came into the courts and McGill was bound over to keep the peace. W. Lestocq, the actor-dramatist, and for many years Frohman's agent in London, shared rooms with De Burgh, and on Sunday mornings there was usually a symposium. It was on one of those occasions that I met Lane. At the same time there were present, not only De Burgh and Lestocq, but Willie Wilde, Wallis Mackay, the artist; young Isaac Butt, the son of the Father of Irish Home Rule; Pontet, a composer; Dick Dane, Q.C.; and another Lane, the son of a Dublin brewer. Swinburne, whilst in his cups the night before, had given De Burgh a copy of his *Bothwell*, which had just been published, but that morning sent Mrs. McGill to get the book back as he had only lent it. This, we understood, was a usual proceeding with the poet. Thus you will see that John Lane, who was then just twenty, was already circulating in intellectual Bohemia.

G 1 was let to John Lane in January, 1894.

Up to this period Vigo Street was not a vehicular thoroughfare. There were pillars across the street between the then offices of the Royal Geographical Society and the outer walls of G 1. Mr. Dunthorne

remembers the Westminster City Fathers coming in relays of cabs, smoking large cigars, to superintend the removal of these barriers. When the dismal windows with their frosted glass were also removed and Mr. Wimperis' finely designed doorway, wrought-iron railings, sign and lattice window substituted, the Press immediately remarked upon the dignity and beauty of the transformation.

When in this same year Lane met Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry in Boston, at the house of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the well-known poet, Sir Henry complimented him on the distinguished site of his office. "I only know," said Sir Henry, "of one other position equal to it: the house on the other side of the Burlington Gardens entrance to Albany"—F 1 Albany, then occupied by the late Admiral Close.

Perhaps it should be recorded here that John Lane, whilst a sleeping partner in the original firm of Elkin Mathews, bestowed the sign of the Bodley Head, in lieu of a number, upon their premises directly opposite the present office, but when the partnership was dissolved it was arranged that Mathews should retain the office, and that Lane should retain the sign, when he moved across the street. The plaque of Sir Thomas Bodley was designed by Nelson Dawson, and its wrought-iron framework was by Walter West, the painter.

Up to this period, perhaps, the most daring thing achieved by any modern publisher was the founding of *The Yellow Book*, two volumes of which had been issued during Lane's partnership with Mathews, but the initiation was due almost entirely to Lane, and much of the spade work was done by him in G 1 Albany before it was formally opened as an office.

As soon as Lane settled in G 1 Mr. E. H. New made a drawing of the Bodley Head, which was used on the publisher's catalogue. Whistler had evidently seen this, for one morning at breakfast at the Hogarth Club, Dover Street, where for many months—whilst Whistler was living at Long's Hotel, Bond Street—he and Lane frequently forgathered, Whistler admired the drawing so much that he inquired if he might have a proof. Both men returned to G 1 together, when Whistler, to his great delight, received a copy on Japanese vellum, for he was a very sincere admirer of New's work. He also spoke in terms of great admiration of a drawing by Miss Gertrude Hammond, "The Yellow Book," which Lane had just bought at a recent exhibition.

Sir Frederick Leighton, just before the appearance of *The Yellow Book*, Vol. II, came into G 1 to inquire if he might see the drawings by Beardsley for the forthcoming volume. On his being shown the drawings, Leighton said:

"Ah, what a wonderful line! What a great artist!" —and then *sotto voce*—"if he could only draw!" Lane's retort was, "Sir Frederick, I am tired of seeing the work of men who can *only* draw!" "Oh, yes," said Sir Frederick, "I know what you mean, and you are quite right too."

John Lane's new office rapidly became the centre of the modern movements in literature and art. It was indeed inaugurated by a "smoke" for which Aubrey Beardsley designed a most charming invitation card, which is here reproduced. Among the guests that night were Henry James, Henry Harland, Aubrey Beardsley, Edmund Gosse, Lewis Hind, Wilfrid Meynell, St. Loe

INVITATION CARD DESIGNED BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY FOR THE 'SMOKE' THAT INAUGURATED THE BODLEY HEAD

Strachey, Owen Seaman, E. J. Sullivan, John Davidson, Richard Le Gallienne, Norman Gale, William Watson, Alfred East, J. T. Nettleship, John Swann, Kenneth Grahame, Onslow Ford, Charles Furse, Bertie Crackanthorpe, Dr. Owen Pritchard, Charles Robinson, Walter Crane, Lionel Johnson, Selwyn Image, Arthur Symons, Ernest Dowson, Wilfred Ball, Wilson Steer, Dr. Todhunter, Professor Sylvanus Thompson, Robert Ross, Dr. Scanes Spicer, Dr. Richard Garnett, Cosmo Monkhouse, Raymond Maude, Cyril Maude, Sir Nevill Geary, Lord De Tabley, Clement Shorter, Arthur Thomson, Douglas Sladen, Sir Henry Norman, William Stone, Frederic Chapman, Arthur Machen, James Welch, H. G. Wells, Walter Sickert, William Rothenstein, R. C. Lehmann, Marriott Watson, besides the President and most of the Sette of Odd Volumes.

It seems always to have been a characteristic of the Bodley Head to entertain its authors either at a " smoke " or tea.

Here is a tribute from one thirsty soul which appeared originally in the *Westminster Gazette :*

I

" There's a street that men call Vigo,
Whither scribblers such as I go ;
With a badly written story
On the grab for gold and glory ;
With a ballad or a sonnet
(" Novice " plainly writ upon it),
Or a sketch that isn't finished
(Yet its worth seems undiminished).
Painters, poets, artists many,
Full of genius, ne'er a penny—
Down the street that men call Vigo
All the hearts that hold a sigh go.

II

There's a sign we know as Bodley
  Whither wander folk ungodly ;
All the writers, all the scribblers,
  All the critics, all the quibblers,
Smoking pipes and drinking whisky,
  Telling tales of matter risky—
"This is business, this is commerce,"
Thinks their doughty host, Sir Thomas—
Steers with skill the conversation
  Till to *him* it hath relation.
(An, it please you he's the fellow)
  Owns a certain Book that's Yellow)—
'Neath the sign we know as Bodley
  Business greeteth friendship oddly.

III

There's a room in Number G 1
  Where this publisher can see one ;
Femininity invades it,
  Scent of many flowers pervades it :
Here are violets—and a sonnet
  (Writer wears a witching bonnet) ;
Here's a novel—and a lily
  (One is pure—the other silly) ;
Here's a drawing wrapped in roses
  (Its creator yonder poses) :
'Tis a matter most astounding—
  All these geniuses abounding ;
Over tea and bread and butter
  Many compliments they utter.
"This is pleasure, though it's commerce,"
  Chuckles wicked old Sir Thomas.
Ah! that jolly room in G 1
  Is the place he loves to see one !"

E. S.

In March, 1904, Lieutenant Bilse published his sensational experiences of German military life in his book *Life in a Garrison Town*, and John Lane went to

THE ARREST OF MR. JOHN LANE FOR *LÈSE MAJESTÉ*! FROM A CARICATURE, BY WILFRID JACKSON, WHICH APPEARED IN THE *TATLER* OF MARCH 16TH, 1904, AT THE TIME OF THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATION IN ENGLAND OF *LIFE IN A GARRISON TOWN*

Germany with a view to seeing the author and publishing his book. In this endeavour he was disappointed as Lieutenant Bilse was imprisoned for its publication, but Lane eventually succeeded in making plans for the translation and publication of what proved to be one of the most successful books ever issued from the Bodley Head.

There were many skits and caricatures of his adventure. The witty pencil drawing by Wilfrid Jackson which appeared in the *Tatler* is reproduced here.

After a six months' imprisonment for his exposure of the German Military System, Bilse came to London as the guest of his English publisher and of course met with a fitting reception at G 1, which attracted extraordinary interest because Lieutenant Bilse was the sensation of the hour in London.

Immediately after the Dreyfus Case, when John Lane published Zola's pamphlet, Mr. Roland Strong, who died only in 1923, brought Zola over from Paris, and both were entertained at the Bodley Head. More recently, with the assistance of Sir Thomas Barclay and Mr. Holford Knight, Lane was the means of inducing Anatole France to come from Paris to attend a memorable banquet in his honour, presided over by Lord Redesdale, at the Savoy. He was also entertained by Lane at his house and at G 1. On the latter occasion Monsieur France admired some of the pictures hanging on the walls of the publisher's sanctum, notably one by Gertrude Hammond entitled "The Yellow Book," to which I have already referred. I quote from Mr. Lane's own account of the incident in the *Bodleian*, Vol. XII, 133.

On entering my room he came face to face with his own portrait by Guth, which he greeted as an old

familiar friend. On the opposite wall hung the picture by Miss Gertrude Hammond entitled "The Yellow Book," which he greatly admired, as Whistler had done before him. The picture, which was reproduced in *The Yellow Book* (Vol. VI, July, 1895), represents a young man, Yellow Book in hand, from which he is reading to a blushing girl. I said: "You will observe she is blushing." "Why?" said he; to which I replied: "He is evidently reading your story to her."

Professor Stephen Leacock, perhaps the greatest humorist in the English language to-day, also had a reception in G 1 in June, 1914, at which some 200 guests were miraculously entertained, including:

Sir Edward Boyle, Bt., and Lady Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Barron, Mr. Peter Blundell, Dr. G. Braun, Mr. Bradley Birt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Britain, Mr. J. M. Bulloch, Mr. J. P. Collings, Lady Crosley, Mr. George Clausen, R.A., Mrs. Clausen and Miss Clausen, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Courtney, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Dalton, Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., and Mrs. Dickens, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donald, Sir Thomas Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Osman Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Emanuel, Earl and Countess Ferrers, Miss A. H. Fish, Miss Knowles Foster, Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., and Mrs. Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. Weedon Grossmith, Miss Edith Goodall, Sir F. Carruthers Gould, Mr. C. L. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. Greene, Major Glasfurd, Miss E. M. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. John Hassall, Admiral and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hill, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Horniman, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, Miss Violet Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Key, Mr. E. S. Kennedy, of New York, Mr. John Kettlewell, Mr. Paul G.

MR. JOHN LANE REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF THE COMPANY OF

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TO MEET PROFESSOR AND MRS. STEPHEN LEACOCK AT A BODLEY HEAD TEA ON SATURDAY, JUNE 20TH, FROM 4 TO 6.

R.S.V.P.

PRIVATE ENTRANCE
G I THE ALBANY
BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.

Konody, Sir Arbuthnot and Lady Lane, Mr. J. Laurence Lambe, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop, Mr. and Mrs. Lennox, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, Lady Maxwell Lyte, Mrs. Lounsbery, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Locke, Mr. J. Seymour Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Mann, Colonel St. John Mildmay, Lady Moreton, Mr. and Mrs. John Muirhead, Mr. H. H. Munro, Sir Frank Newnes, Bt., Sir William Osler, Bt., Mr. and Mrs. Louis N. Parker, Mrs. (Alice) Perrin, Mrs. Victor Plarr, Mr. Ezra Pound, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Redford, Miss M. Windeatt Roberts, Mrs. Walter Runciman, Lady St. Helier, Lady Kathleen Skinner, Sir Edward and Lady Strachey, Sir Owen Seaman, Mr. Lloyd Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Shorter, Mr. and Mrs. H. de Vere Stacpoole, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Spence, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Salomons, Mr. William Stone, Lady Tangye, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Townsend, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Mr. W. F. Travers, Mr. W. de Veer, Mr. Edward Wadsworth, Mr. B. W. Willett, Dr. and Mrs. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wimperis.

The invitation card for the occasion was designed by Fish, a reproduction of which appears on the opposite page.

In addition to the guests whose names are given above was Ben Travers, then, and until the outbreak of War, an articled pupil at G 1. Possibly the future author of *The Dippers* was even then rehearsing some of his humorous situations, though it would be difficult to identify the prototypes of Mr. and Mrs. Hank P. Dipper and the unhappy Tallboyes among the distinguished guests who thronged G 1.

But the big crushes have been, after all, not the most

memorable gatherings at the Bodley Head. If walls could speak these would surely re-echo the good talk of those interested in life, art, literature, and politics. Among the many distinguished visitors to the Bodley Head may also be named: The Duke of Teck, now Lord Cambridge, Campbell-Bannerman, Oscar Browning, Dean Beeching, Max Beerbohm, John Buchan, Lord Curzon, Dean Farrar, Cunninghame Graham, Dr. Gordon Hake, Thomas Hardy, R. H. Hutton, Lord Iddesleigh, Aubrey De Vere, W. J. Locke, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell, Lord Redesdale, Francis Thompson, Watts-Dunton, Oscar Wilde, Lord Bryce, Lord Northcliffe, Rudyard Kipling, J. L. Garvin, W. S. Gilbert, Charles Keene, Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Coventry Patmore, and such distinguished foreigners, Americans and others as the American Ambassador, Colonel John Hay, Whitelaw Reid, Colonel Harvey, Maurice Egan, the American Ambassador to Denmark, Underwood Johnson, the American Ambassador to Italy, Abraham Hewitt, W. D. Howells, Whistler, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Paul Verlaine, Emile Zola, Anatole France, André Maurois.

Of Campbell-Bannerman's first visit to the Bodley Head and its sequel, Mr. Lane tells a little story illustrative of C.-B.'s pawky wit. It appears that the publisher, returning from his annual visit to the United States, arrived at his office one Saturday morning to find C.-B. sitting at a table, surrounded by a pile of books which he was inscribing.

"Mr. Lane," he said, "you have published the best novel in English that I have read for twenty-five years. It is worthy of a great French writer—*The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*. Do tell me something of the author."

The interview lasted nearly two hours, and before C.-B. left, Mr. Lane induced him to promise him the publication of a volume of speeches. Some six months later C.-B. became Prime Minister, and at a reception given in his honour by Lord and Lady Portsmouth, in Mansfield Street, they met again, when Lane reminded him of his promise.

"Mr. Lane, my speeches won't do," said the Premier. "They don't sparkle"—and turning to Mrs. Lane—"they are not like Mrs. Lane's champagne."

Three weeks before this meeting Mrs. Lane's witty volume of essays *The Champagne Standard* had appeared.

Byron, though the first, was not the only poet who lived in Albany. In 1895 Lane published a quite remarkable volume of poems, the author of which was a near neighbour; indeed, he lived in an Albany flat nearly opposite G 1, where he occupied the position of valet to an irascible though distinguished Irish general. The poet still flourishes and is to-day much better known than his previous master.

Mr. E. H. New, the well-known Oxford black-and-white artist, who illustrated the classic editions of White's *Selborne* and Walton's *Compleat Angler*, sends the following excerpts from his diary:

1895: 24 July, Wednesday

Dined with Lane and William Watson.

Anning Bell and Crane came in about 10.30 (to the Bodley Head) and left about 1.0. Looking at my Derbyshire drawings for Walton.

25th, Thursday

Introduced to R. Watson Gilder, editor of *Century* Magazine.

Began again drawing front of "Bodley Head" from opposite side of Vigo Street, for Catalogue cover. . . . Tea at 5.0 in Lane's room. Met "Mrs. Devereux" again, Wilfred Ball, James Welch, who told us of the fall of Le Gallienne's mulberry tree at Brentford, Arthur Symons, Dr. and Mrs. . . . (very beautiful), Cunninghame Graham, Pauline Johnson, "Teka-Lionwake," the Canadian-Indian poet, Miss Gertrude Prideaux-Brune, etc. Dined with Lane and William Watson at the "Cheshire Cheese" . . . and then had a lovely walk along the Embankment to Watson's rooms at Westminster, under the Abbey.

26th.

Beardsley to breakfast: brought wonderful design of Venus (proof), T. C. Gotch—very pleasant man. Professor Sylvanus Thompson (delightful person), Mr. Millard, of publishing firm of Chicago, and Laurence Housman dined at the Hogarth Club with us. George Moore, Greiffenhagen, Bell, Professor Raleigh, and H. G. Wells (it was their first meeting) returned with others for smoke and talk. Miss Netta Syrett (Grant Allen's niece) in to tea. At Bodley Head drawing all day . . . Captain Dunne took me to Fly Fishers' Club to see book on Fishes, for "Walton." Couldn't sleep, either of us, so we

27th.

came down at 1.0 and I went on with drawing for cover of Catalogue until 2.0, and finished it before breakfast next day.

Lane off at 11.0 to Wilfrid Ball's wedding. Watson in.

John Lane remembers vividly an evening when he entertained the late Professor Churton Collins and Sir William Watson. After dinner his two guests began to recite; Churton Collins reeled off from memory some dozen of the *Letters of Junius* and William Watson repeated whole books from *Paradise Lost*, and it would

NORTH ENTRANCE TO ALBANY

have been difficult to say which had the better memory. Soon after midnight, however, Watson started to tell ghost stories, which Churton Collins, who was an expert in criminology, capped with murder stories, each more horrible than the last. So hair-raising were these that when Churton Collins left about 4 a.m. and Watson retired to the guest room of G 1—which, by the way, was his address for about twenty-five years—Lane searched every nook and corner before he had the courage to turn in.

Another literary character on Mr. Lane's staff and thus associated with G 1 was Edward Hutton, who has since become an authority on things Italian, and his most important book, *The Life of Boccaccio*, is published by the Bodley Head. It excels all other books in any language whatsoever upon this greatest of all story-tellers.

Cecil Chesterton started his literary career at G 1 as publisher's reader. He it was who first read *The MS. in a Red Box*, an historical novel, and recommended its publication, though it happened to belong to a class of books which he personally disliked. When issued the book achieved immediate success, largely owing to the mystery of its origin and the intriguing preface by the publisher.

The name of Herbert Jenkins was for many years associated with G 1 and he was for part of the period the Manager of the Bodley Head. During the South African War he wrote his first book, a volume of rhymes, *Britons and Boers*, illustrated by Scotson Clark, but modestly published under the pseudonym of Herbert Ives. Lane himself having been detained by illness in America

for nearly a year, it was not until two years later that he discovered Ives and his manager to be one and the same.

Perhaps no figure associated with G I has been more missed than the late Frederic Chapman, the constant friend and literary adviser for over twenty years of John Lane and many of his authors and artists. Mr. Chapman was the author of *Architectural Remains of Old Richmond*, *Ancient Royal Palaces*, and *Proverbs Improved ;* and first editor of the series of translations of the Works of Anatole France.

CHAPTER XI

JOURNALISM IN ALBANY—GRENVILLE MURRAY—AN EXTRAORDINARY CAREER—YATES AND THE "WORLD"—EARL HODGSON—THE "COURIER"

THE quiet residential Albany has been connected in several ways with journalism. I have dealt with the *Saturday Review* and its brilliant contributors in the previous chapter.

The notorious Grenville Murray, one of the most brilliant and at the same time one of the most unscrupulous journalists of the Victorian Era, was also a resident in Albany. It was he who in conjunction with Edmund Yates started the *World*.

Murray was such an extraordinary personality—one of the most versatile men of letters connected with Albany—that it is interesting to see what Yates has to say of him :

Born with a bar sinister, but always understood to be the son of an English nobleman, whose character and surroundings were supposed to be depicted in his novel of *Young Brown*, Grenville Murray received an appointment in the Foreign Office, and was sent out as attaché to Lord Westmorland at Vienna. According to the current story, he had privately obtained Lord Palmerston's permission to act as correspondent for the *Morning Post* in the city to which he was accredited, but his letters having miscarried, the secret was discovered, and, though Mr. Murray was not dismissed, he was, at Lord

Westmorland's indignant protest, recalled from Vienna. He was then appointed attaché to the British Embassy at Constantinople, of which Sir Stratford Canning was the head, and a rumour of the Vienna escapades having, it is supposed, reached that able but irritable martinet, Mr. Murray was sent temporarily to fill the vice-consulship at Mitylene, which was looked upon as quasi-banishment. From this retreat he wrote and sent to *Household Words*, then just established, a series of admirable sketches of Greek and Turkish life and character, called "The Roving Englishman," which were immediately published and eagerly read.

But for a certain limited portion of the public they had another interest, of which Dickens, who liked them greatly, was wholly unaware. Under the title of "Sir Hector Stubble," Murray had drawn a merciless but unmistakable caricature of the head of his embassy, Sir Stratford Canning; so unmistakable was the portrait that the great man's enemies, and naturally all his friends, fearful lest by any chance the arrow aimed at his amour-propre should miss its mark, immediately forwarded him copies of the number containing this article, so that on the arrival of the English mail of that day at Constantinople, the usual bags of the Foreign Office were found supplemented by an enormous number of newspaper sacks, all filled with copies of *Household Words*. Sir Stratford Canning was furious, and when he discovered who was his assailant, his rage knew no bounds. He determined that Mr. Murray should be condemned to perpetual exile to Mitylene; but the vice-consulship was soon after filled up, and it was necessary to find some new duties for the unwelcome attaché. For some time he was employed in carrying despatches between London and Constantinople, but as it was evident at the Foreign Office that the breach between him and Sir Stratford Canning could never be healed, Mr. Murray received an appointment as Consul-General at Odessa.

Thither he proceeded, and there he remained for ten years, jeopardizing his position and rendering himself a nuisance in the eyes of his official superiors in Downing Street by waging a constant warfare with the English merchants in the place in regard to certain fees which he claimed as his due, and the payment of which they resisted. Finally, Lord Derby, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, being appealed to, gave his judgment against the Consul-General's claim, thereby earning the undying hostility of the implacable Murray, who, throwing up his appointment and coming back to England, resumed his journalistic pursuits, in the discharge of which he never lost an opportunity of attacking his foe.

When I met Grenville Murray at Mr. Bellew's table our chat was for the most part on undefined subjects, although I think I mentioned to him the pleasure with which I had read "The Roving Englishman," and told him the story, related to me by Wills, of the arrival of the newspaper sacks of *Household Words* at the Constantinople Embassy, at which Murray laughed much, professing to hear it for the first time. Afterwards, in the course of a gastronomic discussion, he invited Mrs. Yates and myself to an afternoon tea at his chambers in the Albany, where he promised us extra delicious coffee and Neapolitan ice supplied and prepared by his Italian valet. This promise was more than specifically performed.

I saw Mr. Murray half a dozen times after this; but though he was then generally credited with the editorship, and indeed with most of the productions, of the *Queen's Messenger*, a bitterly satirical journal of those days, he never admitted the fact to me. On one or two occasions when the newspaper was named, he spoke of it as though it were the property of a syndicate, for whom he acted as agent. In June, 1869, there appeared in the *Queen's Messenger* an article entitled "Bob Coachington, Lord Jarvey," which was considered by the present Lord

Carrington to cast aspersions on his deceased father. Acting upon the current impression that Grenville Murray was the person responsible for the paper, Lord Carrington waited outside the Conservative Club, of which Mr. Murray was a member, and assaulted him as he emerged.

A charge of assault was preferred against Lord Carrington by Mr. Murray, which was heard on the 7th of July at the Marlborough Street police-court. Here is what appears in reference to the affair in Irving's *Annals of Our Time:* "After much wrangling Mr. Murray denied the authorship of the article, but declined to answer the question relating to his connection with the paper. A number of letters, articles in manuscript, and corrected proofs of articles were shown to him, but he declined to say whether they were in his handwriting. He admitted that he had written some articles in the *Queen's Messenger*, but said he would rather have cut off his right hand than have written others. Lord Carrington was ultimately bound over to keep the peace in reference to one summons, and committed to trial for the second, charging assault. At the close of the proceedings a disgraceful struggle took place between the friends of the contending parties for the possession of a box containing papers belonging to the *Queen's Messenger*, and said to have been improperly transferred to the keeping of Lord Carrington's solicitor, Mr. Newman."

Ten days later Lord Carrington preferred a charge of perjury against Mr. Grenville Murray in connection with his denial of the authorship of certain articles in the *Queen's Messenger*. The case was remanded, Mr. Murray being admitted to bail in heavy recognizances. On the 29th July, the day of remand, Mr. Murray failed to appear, and the police magistrate refusing to give credence to the plea of sudden attack of illness in Paris, whither he was said to have gone to see his son, his recognizances were ordered to be estreated, and a warrant issued for his apprehension.

Grenville Murray never set foot on English shore again. He established himself in Paris, in delightful quarters in the Rue de l'Université in the Faubourg St. Germain, where he carried on, it is believed, a complete literary manufactory, all the work being suggested, supervised, and occasionally retouched by the master hand. Currency is given to this story by the impossibility of all the work credited to him simultaneously springing from one brain and one hand. He was at once novelist, descriptive essayist, leader-writer, and compiler of statistical research in a dozen different quarters. He contributed regularly to the *Daily News*, he sent seven or eight closely printed columns, dealing with all kinds of subjects, every week to the *New York Herald*, of which, at my introduction, he had been appointed Paris correspondent. His sketches of Parisian and French provincial life in the *Pall Mall Gazette* were imbued with special knowledge, and formed most delightful reading. He wrote regularly for *Vanity Fair*. His novel, *The Member for Paris*, had a large circulation ; and when " Young Brown " appeared in the pages of the *Cornhill*, it caused an immediate sensation. Besides his English and American work, he was believed to be a regular contributor to the *Débats*, and an occasional correspondent of the *Figaro* and other Parisian papers.

Such was the man to whom, having always experienced at his hands the greatest courtesy and politeness, with a certain amount of deference, certainly not due from a writer so much older and abler than myself, I one day, in crossing the Place de la Concorde, explained my dreams of " what might have been " had I only possessed a little capital and a little courage. He had been shambling along by my side in his usual common straw hat and shabby shooting-coat—" one comfort," he used to say, " one comfort in living amongst these frogs "—he always spoke of Frenchmen as frogs—" is, that no one cares a rap what kind of clothes you wear "—but when

I ceased speaking he stopped, sat down on the edge of one of the fountain basins, and looking at me with his always keenly bright eyes, rapidly asked me some half-dozen questions, to which I replied. We resumed our walk, and went to his quarters in the Rue de l'Université. There he ran over all I had said, asked whether it would be agreeable to me to take him as a partner in the suggested enterprise, of the success of which he had no doubt, suggested that certain inquiries should be made by me on my return to England, whither I was going the next day, and sent me off in the happiest frame of excited hope. The question of capital he had disposed of in his usual impulsive way: we could each produce some two or three hundred pounds, he said, to make a start, and before that was expended our combined efforts would have speeded our venture far on the high-road to success.

Thus the *World* started. At first it failed to attract, but a lucky libel action which threatened Labouchere, who was responsible for the literary article, brought the paper notoriety and, although it started on a few hundred pounds' capital, eventually brought Yates—when he got the aid of Grenville Murray's partnership—a huge fortune.

Another energetic journalist famous in his day, Earl Hodgson, who occupied the rooms in which Monty Corry was visited by Dizzy. Hodgson was terribly busy at the time the *Daily Mail* was started by Harmsworth, for he, on behalf of the rival publisher, Newnes, worked night and day in Albany so as to get out a rival paper, the *Courier*, before the *Daily Mail* could appear. It was a short-lived venture. Lady Colin Campbell and Lord Mountmorres assisted Earl Hodgson. Earl was his Christian name; they were known, however, as the "Three Members of the Peerage."

CHAPTER XII

STRAY REFERENCES TO SOME RESIDENTS—A HUNDRED YEARS AGO—"GENTLEMAN" JOHN JACKSON, PUGILIST—FARINGTON'S DIARY—OSCAR WILDE—THE HAITIAN MINISTER—THE MAHARAJAH RANA OF JHALAWAR

RESIDENTS of Albany, I find from time to time referred to in all sorts of out-of-the-way places; for instance, in the "Ninety Years Ago" réchauffé of news in the *Sunday Times* of September 3rd, 1922, appears:

Sir Walter Stirling died on Sunday, at his apartments in Albany, at the age of 74. He was formerly the chief partner in the eminent banking firm of Hodsoll and Stirling, in the Strand, and a member of the Royal Society and other learned institutions. He was created a baronet under Pitt's administration in 1809, and by his marriage with Susannah, sole daughter and heiress of George Trenchard Goodenough, Esq., has left issue by her Walter George, the present baronet, and three daughters.

First Baronet (1758–1832), descendant of Sir Walter Stirling, who after a distinguished naval career, was appointed Commander-in-Chief at the Nore.

The next paragraph, strange to say, relates to another resident of Albany—a hundred years ago.

SINGULAR FACT.—The highest situation of the law, that of Lord Chancellor, and the lowest which a gentle-

man can hold (according to Fraser), that of Sergeant-at-Arms to the Court of Exchequer, are held at the same time by Lord Brougham.

In the Farington Diary we read that the prize fighter, Jackson, was a resident, or rather, had a School for Pugilism in Albany. As Smirke, R.A., lived there in the days of Jackson and Farington was also a Royal Academician and frequently visited him, this reference to Jackson is undoubtedly authentic !

October 31st.—At 8 o'clock left Cambridge in the Telegraph Coach and got to Fetter Lane ¼ before 4 o'clock—Jackson the bruiser, was an outside Passenger. He had been to Cambridge to instruct the Marquiss of Tavistock and other young men of rank, who take Him much into their association. He has a room in Albany building, Piccadilly, where He gives lessons in Pugilism, and is supposed to make four or five hundred a year.

In my book on pugilism, *By Ways and Queer Ways of Boxing*, I write of Jackson after some reference to Mr. Gully, the fighter : " Another champion pugilist, who became a gentleman, was John Jackson. It is interesting to note that in the whole history of the Ring he is the only fighter always referred to with the prefix ' Mr.' "

Here is the story of Mr. John Jackson, Champion of England (1788–95), written in his lifetime, and at a period when the prize-ring was more bitterly attacked than at any period of its existence :

Mr. John Jackson, professor of the art of boxing, was born in London, and is, in everything, truly an Englishman ; and that is saying as much as the most elaborate eulogy upon his character could convey. On the 9th

June, 1788, our hero fought his "maiden" battle with one Fewterel, a native of Birmingham, at Smitham Bottom, near Croydon, in Surrey. The contest was of the most terrific character, and lasted above an hour. Jackson was victorious. George the Fourth, the Prince of Wales, was present at this fight.

Jackson next contended with a brewer named George Inglestone, at Ingatestone, in Essex, on the 12th March, 1798. Our hero had very nearly finished his antagonist when he met with an accident by slipping on the stage, which decided the fight in favour of his well-thrashed opponent. The uncommon bravery of Jackson was most strikingly displayed upon this occasion. He had dislocated his ankle, and broken the small bone of his leg, but he begged of his adversary to continue the fight sailor fashion, viz. tied down to a box, but the brewer positively refused.

He next entered the lists with the renowned Daniel Mendoza, for two hundred guineas a side, at Hornchurch, in Essex, on the 15th of April, 1795. The bets were in favour of Mendoza. In the extraordinary short space of ten minutes and a half, the hitherto victorious Dan was glad to call "Hold, enough!"

After this fight Mr. Jackson retired from the ring entirely—at least, as a fighter. It will, therefore, be seen, that it is forty-two years since he left the practical and principal part of pugilism; but since that period he has practised the art as a teacher, amongst the most distinguished of the patricians of our land.

Mr. Jackson is now a man of large fortune, having retired even from giving instructions in the manly science. In manners he is a perfect gentleman; to use the precise language of encomium adopted by the veteran Pierce Egan, upon the character of our hero, "Jackson has practically realized the character of a gentleman; equally respected by the rich and poor, and ever ready to perform a good action." To prove him

a patriot, we only need mention the fact of his procuring a benefit at the Fives Court, in 1811, towards aiding the public subscription for alleviating the sufferings of the Portuguese, whose towns had been destroyed by the French; and also one in aid of his fellow-countrymen, the British prisoners in France, in 1812. The private acts of charity of Mr. Jackson to his fallen brother pugilists are innumerable. Since his retirement from giving lessons in the art, he has introduced the "Phenomenon," Young Dutch Sam, to some of his pupils. Jackson is a good judge; he well knew that no man in the ring was so capable of teaching the young idea how to shoot as Sam, and we certainly are much surprised that he does not open a gymnastic school—a fortune lies at his feet, through Mr. Jackson's introduction alone. Attend to this, you thoughtless, crazy-pated young Dutchman, and do not loiter away your time in idle frivolity. The example of John Jackson, Esquire, points out to you an easy path to honourable independence.

The interesting Farington Diary for June 20th, 1807, contains the following entry which shows that artists were entertained and art matters were discussed in Albany in those days. Here we have, besides Farington, Wilkie Saunders and Haydon:

Thomson (R.A.), to-day sd. that at a dinner at the Hon: Mr. Watson's at Albany Buildings, Mr. A. Phipps under-valued Turner's painting, just, sd. Thomson, what He had from Sir George, saying that He made nothing out; that He had no execution; & that Loutherburgh was superior to Him.—Thomson said He wd. rather have a sketch by Turner than all Loutherburgh had ever done.—Wilkie was present & concurred in giving a preference to Turner.—Saunders, the miniature painter, & Haydon were also there.

Earlier in his Diary Farington writes of calling upon his fellow Academician, Robert Smirke, who lived in Albany :

June 21st.—Robert Smirke I called on at the Albany. He told me Mr. Price took what related to Himself in Mr. Knight's " Principles of Taste " so ill, that it required the intervention of Lady Oxford to make it up.—She told Robert that Mr. Knight wrote a letter of explanation to Her to be shown to Mr. Price. She said she really believed Mr. Knight did not mean to offend Mr. Price, but in His writing, as in His conversation, when He means to assume lightness & vivacity of remark, He becomes satirical. She thinks Knight very learned, but Mr. Price more elegant and agreeable, & that He has a better taste.

According to some reminiscences written by a journalist I came across recently, Oscar Wilde considered Albany the border line of the West-End respectability.

The brilliant wit and author of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, and other masterpieces, is thus described and treated by the young journalist :

The face was clean shaven, and almost leaden coloured, with heavy pouches under the eyes, and thick lips. Indeed, he rather resembled a fat white slug ; and, even to my untutored eye, there was something curiously repulsive and unhealthy in his whole appearance.

" Who on earth is that horrid-looking fellow ? " I inquired.

" Oh," returned my companion, who knew everybody by sight, " that's the great Oscar Wilde. I'm going to speak to him."

" Do you know him, then ? " I asked in astonishment.

" Certainly not," was the reply, " but that doesn't matter. Oscar loves being spoken to by strangers. Listen ! "

Thereupon my friend went up to the other, who was now alongside us, raised his hat, and, adopting a mincing tone, addressed him as follows :

" Pray, sir, would you be so good as to direct me to Curzon Street ? "

Wilde stopped short, and, after running an appraising glance over my friend, raised his hat in turn.

" I am pleased," he said, in a thick oily voice, " that I should be asked to direct you to so eminently desirable an address. Personally, I am unacquainted with any part of London east of Albany. You will find Curzon Street to be the second on your right, and then the first to the left. My compliments to you, sir."

" I am infinitely obliged to you," said my friend. Then, resuming his ordinary manner, he stopped a stranger just in front of us. " Which is the way to Curzon Street, please," he demanded briskly.

" Second to the right, and first to the left."

" Thanks ! " said my companion with a nod.

As we passed on, a look of suppressed fury swept across Wilde's face. Hurrying after us he stopped my friend.

" Look here, sir," he burst out, dropping all his affectation, and for once in his life becoming natural, " a moment ago you asked me the way to Curzon Street, and now you ask somebody else. What the devil do you mean by it ? "

" Oh," was the bland response, " I merely thought I would like to take a second opinion." One up !

There can be, however, no second opinion about the *peculiar taste* of the witty journalist, in taking a rise out of the dull Oscar.

A six-foot gentleman of colour wearing a long ulster, and a very shiny tall hat, was for some years a familiar figure in London, especially in Piccadilly. He always gave Albany as his address, but, in fact, had chambers

in the yard just outside the principal entrance. He was Haitian minister at the Court of St. James's, and attracted much attention at the various Court functions. As regards his connection with Albany, the extraordinary thing was his procrastination in paying his rent, pleading that he had no money to pay. This was eventually settled when the Haitians sent him his allowance, and he invariably paid in gold. His name was Janvier.

Visitors to Albany are often very distinguished persons.

The Macaulay rooms, perhaps, attract more attention than any of the others. This is due, to some extent, to Mr. William Stone having placed a tablet on the building announcing the fact that the great historian once resided there. Among the visitors was His Highness, the Maharajah Rana of Jhalawar, K.C.S.I., who, being a friend of Mr. Stone's, was personally conducted by the chairman and seemed deeply interested in viewing Macaulay's rooms.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME PRESENT RESIDENTS—SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT—LORD LYTTON'S "MONEY"—SIR SQUIRE'S MEMORY—SIR FREDERICK SYKES—SIR ALEXANDER KENNEDY—DOGS—THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL—NOT ON HIS QUARTER-DECK NOW—"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY"

EARLIER in this volume I mention Bulwer Lytton's plays, which are now considered to be out of date and voted old-fashioned and dull, to such an extent that the present generation cannot credit their wonderful popularity of many years. There is a resident, however, in Albany who can assure us that Lytton was one of the most successful dramatists that ever lived. This is Sir Squire Bancroft, the shrewdest of all theatrical managers of our time and one of the most popular and best of actors. It was he who, in conjunction with his wife, Marie Wilton, produced those never-to-be-forgotten Robertson plays: *Society*, *Ours*, *Caste*, *Play*, and *School*, at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre ("The Dust Hole") off Tottenham Court Road, and thereby laid the foundation of a fortune. When Robertson died the difficulty of finding a new dramatic author to take his place proved impossible; so Bancroft with "courage and hope, both teaching him practice," decided to revive Lord Lytton's *Money*.

Many head-shakings and ominous forebodings fol-

lowed the bold announcement of our intention; some of our best friends thought the step a mad one, and that certain failure awaited the temerity of our attack upon what had grown to be known as a "standard work."

Bancroft, who had made a great name on the stage in playing a type of "dandy" in Robertson's plays, changed that of Sir Frederick Blount into a new and amusing character of real life. He also made other changes; to accomplish which he wrote for permission to Lord Lytton, and received this courteous reply:

Dear Sir,

I am obliged for your courteous letter, and have no wish to make frivolous objections to your performance of my comedy. If it suits your convenience to play Act IV without change of scene between one room and another in Evelyn's house, so be it; only let me see first how you would modify lines.

It is not a few verbal cuts here and there on which I should think it worth while to cavil with a management so accomplished and so skilled as yours.

Yours truly,

Lytton.

Lord Lytton was present at the first performance, but modestly slipped out of the theatre at the fall of the curtain to avoid responding to the enthusiastic calls. In a congratulatory letter to the Bancrofts he wrote:

I feel that I ought to thank you, in words not addressed through another, for the gratification afforded me. Had the play been written by a stranger to me, I should have enjoyed extremely such excellent acting—an enjoyment necessarily heightened to an author whose conceptions the acting embodied and adorned.

Money ran for more than two hundred performances, a great triumph in those days. The Bancrofts revived the comedy three years later, and on leaving the Prince of Wales's they opened their remarkable tenure at the Haymarket Theatre with *Money* selected for their first production.

The first night at the Haymarket was a great night, the most critical in the career of the Bancrofts, and according to Sir John Robinson, editor of the *Daily News*, it had a narrow escape of failure.

Sir Squire Bancroft, who is one of the most picturesque and best-known figures in London, occupies the front chambers on the ground floor of Albany situated on the left of the grand entrance. In my sketch of the entrance he is leaving Albany and behind him is one of the windows of his chambers, at which he may be observed every morning feeding his pet canary "Carousa." His apartments are full of mementoes, curios, portraits, pictures, and books relating to his interesting career on the stage, and hosts of friends and admirers. On the wall hangs his admirable portrait by Rivière, a replica of which is in the Garrick Club. Sir Squire divides his day between Albany and the Club, and when he, personally, is absent from one or the other, "B," as he is familiarly called, is still there in paint.

There is hardly ever a Memorial Service for any well-known person that Sir Squire does not attend. He is familiar with every obituary notice; among which he has read, as we all have, obituaries prematurely published.

Which fact reminds me of the American story of a popular man who read his obituary notice in the *Brooklyn*

SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT FEEDING HIS CANARY

Eagle and straightway visited the editor in his den, when the following conversation took place.

VISITOR: "I say, sir, what is the meaning of this? You publish my obituary notice and here I am alive and well."

EDITOR: "I see you are."

VISITOR: "Then please publish that fact right away. Your announcement that I am no more is very annoying and detrimental to me. You must apologize."

EDITOR: "We *never* apologize—never! We have killed you, and therefore to all intents and purposes you are dead."

VISITOR: "Dead, sir! Why, I am talking to you and I'll tell you this. I shall go to my lawyers this very minute and instruct them to bring an action against your paper unless you make an apology and explain your darned mistake."

EDITOR: "No, we *never* apologize. You are dead—we have said so, but" (after a pause) "we all respect and honour you, sir, as a gre-e-e-at public man, and I shall therefore do all I can for you, we will put things right, we will find room for you in to-morrow's issue—in the Births' Column."

Perhaps this is the only case which might puzzle even a Squire Bancroft.

The Births' Column hold for him an almost sacred allegiance; he prides himself on knowing the exact date—even the hour—of the birth of anyone of note. His knowledge is extraordinarily accurate: he knows the age of every one, probably including the date of birth of all the residents in Albany—and it is the hope of all his friends that Albany will know him for many years to come.

One of the most successful and remarkable men of our time, Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes, is a resident in Albany—his record is extraordinary :

Born in 1877, he was commissioned to the 15th Hussars in 1901, after having served with distinction and been seriously wounded in the South African War. He passed the Staff College in 1908–9, and was a general staff officer at the War Office during 1911 and 1912. He qualified in 1911 as a pilot, being among the first officers to do so, and as a member of the Aircraft sub-committee of Imperial Defence he was instructed, in 1912, to raise, equip, organize, and control the Royal Flying Corps, Military Wing, which he commanded up to the time of the War. It is an interesting fact that the organization of the Royal Flying Corps as a mobile unit, as drawn up by Sir Frederick Sykes, and based on the flight, squadron and wing, was the only flying organization logically followed throughout the War. Its organization and training were also a model for foreign air services. For some time during 1914 and 1915 he commanded the Royal Flying Corps in France, and subsequently took charge of the air services at the Dardanelles. In 1916 Sir Frederick was appointed as Assistant Adjutant-General at the War Office, subsequently becoming Brigadier-General and Deputy-Director of Organization. He then became a member of the Staff of the Supreme War Council at Versailles, until, in April, 1918, he was appointed Chief of Air Staff, with the rank of Major-General. It was during his period of office as Chief of the Air Staff that the Independent Air Force, which was the only British force to carry the war into Germany, was formed. He was chief of the Air section in the British delegation to the Peace Congress, and the international rules of the air, then drafted, were adopted by all the Allied representatives and have remained in force, without alteration, up to the present time. In 1919

SIR FREDERICK SYKES

Sir Frederick relinquished the post of Chief of the Air Staff to take up that of Controller-General of Civil Aviation, a post which he resigned in April last. He received the honour of Knight Grand Cross of the Military Division of the Order of the British Empire "for distinguished services to aviation in general, and in particular for invaluable work as former Chief of the Air Staff." Sir Frederick is a late Member of Council of the Royal Aeronautical Society; Lees-Knowles Lecturer, Cambridge University, 1921, and Chairman of the Meteorological Committee, 1920–1922. He has just published a book entitled *Aviation in Peace and War*.

To look at him seated in his study at Albany, one would not take him for a man of such prodigious daring, enterprise, and command; his placid, thoughtful face and well-developed head rather suggest the student—perhaps a student of Law. Well, if a mild joke is pardonable, I might say he is a lover of law—for he married a daughter of that ex-Premier and universally popular and respected politician, the Right Hon. Bonar Law, M.P.

A neighbour of Sir Frederick's in Albany is Sir Alexander Kennedy, LL.D. He is a distinguished engineer and resides at A 7 Albany, and is a member of the Athenæum, Garrick, and Alpine Clubs. When not mountaineering, music is his principal hobby; in fact, he has a weekly musical evening in Albany—a string quartette of accomplished amateurs. He is chairman of the Electric Railway Advisory Committee under the Ministry of Transport, and has a wonderful record in all matters concerning electricity and telegraphy. He is senior partner in the firm Kennedy and Donkin, civil engineers; Professor of Engineering in University College,

and has found time to write a translation of *Reuleaux's Kinematik*, *The Mechanics of Machinery*, *Moore's Alps*, and *Ypres to Verdun*.

Dogs were apparently just as much dogs in the early days as now, and in 1810 the proprietors of Albany were constrained to pass a resolution "that it be recommended to the trustees to address circular letters to the inhabitants of Albany" on the subject of the inconvenience caused by permitting dogs to remain at large in the building. That circular has effect to this day and is strictly adhered to, for which I personally feel grateful. I was making my sketches for these pages when a very charming lady came along the Rope Walk with her pet dog, which she was taking for a stroll in Piccadilly.

"You look very tired, Mr. Furniss," she remarked, "and very uncomfortable on that makeshift of a chair."

"I am, your ladyship; I have travelled up early this morning from my home on the South Coast, and have been working for nearly four hours!"

"Then you must be hungry too. Do come and lunch in my rooms. I have two interesting men coming at one o'clock; you must join us."

I did, and a very enjoyable lunch I had, which but for the dog being kept under control I should have missed.

Lady Wynne—my hostess on that occasion—is the wife of Sir Trevredyn Rashleigh Wynne.

Sir Trevredyn Rashleigh Wynne, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., has had much to do with the railways in India and has been Government Director of Indian Railway Companies at the India Office. He now is Managing Director of several companies, and has taken a great interest in

SIR ALEXANDER KENNEDY

volunteers in India—for twenty-five years he commanded the Bengal-Nagpur Railway Rifles.

There is a general impression that Albany is entirely a residential retreat for men, and that no women reside in it. That it was so at one time may be true, fiction has preserved the original idea. The School for Scandal looks upon it as one of the spots in London worthy of its special attention ; no doubt, if four walls could tell, the four walls of the chambers in Albany would have many startling facts to reveal.

The story of the sudden arrival of Lady Lytton to find her noble lord caressing a fair creature on his knee would be undoubtedly only one of many similar contre-temps to record. Its construction makes it a good setting for such scandals. One I heard of illustrates this nicely. A suspecting wife presented herself at the north gate, situated in Vigo Street, and informed the janitor that she wished to call upon her husband. The vigilant porter happened to know that another lady was paying the lady's husband a visit at the time, so he said that he would inquire if the gentleman was in Albany. This meant a few lines scribbled on a card and thrust under his door, and the quick retreat of lady number one along the Rope Walk and through the principal entrance to Piccadilly.

If bachelors buy their chambers—and many do —it is a freehold, and the purchaser's absolute property. He marries, leaving a widow and, perhaps, children. It becomes her property and she, of course, has a right to live there ; or, should a resident bachelor in his lifetime take unto himself a wife, he takes her to his residence he has purchased in Albany. But, as a

matter of fact, the Albany is largely for bachelors, and one of them told me that that is the reason the domestics remained so long—the housekeepers are longer in the same service in Albany than in any other place in London. Admiral Keppel had his for years, until, in fact, a lady relative turned up to look after him—and then she went.

Albany resembles London itself inasmuch as no one ever troubles about his neighbours. One may live half a century in London in a quiet neighbourhood without changing and yet be ignorant of who lives opposite or on either side, and so it is in Albany. Should one wish to live the life of a hermit there is no place more suitable, one is on his own midden and all are equal, as was demonstrated by a crusty old Admiral who one morning came out of his chambers to the side of the covered way, and shook his fist at a flag-lieutenant standing at his entrance on the opposite side, crying out:

"Damn it, sir, what do you mean by writing all this stuff to the newspapers about the Navy? I tell you, sir, I ——"

"Look here, sir," shouted the flag-lieutenant, "you are not on your damned quarter-deck here! I am as good as you in Albany, so you shut up!"

Although historians of London have practically ignored Albany, references to this interesting retreat crop up in various ways. Sir Arthur Pinero introduces it on to the stage; his great play, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, opens in Aubrey Tanqueray's delightful rooms, No. 2 X in Albany. The stage direction is as follows:

Aubrey Tanqueray's Chambers in Albany—a richly and tastefully decorated room elegantly and luxuriously

furnished: on the right a large pair of doors opening into another room, on the left at the further end of the room a small door leading to a bedchamber. A circular table is laid for a dinner for four persons, which has now reached the stage of dessert and coffee. Everything in the apartment suggests wealth and refinement. The fire is burning brightly.

CHAPTER XIV

THE TRUSTEES OF ALBANY—NOT FOR SALE—MR. WILLIAM STONE—COLONEL SIR ALFRED WELBY—FREDERICK A. V. COPLAND-GRIFFITHS—AND OTHERS—THE SECRETARY

THERE is no doubt that Albany is the most unique place in the world not only in its construction but in its management. Here we have a veritable little town right in the centre of the busiest and most fashionable part of London in absolute isolation, with its own laws and its own rates and its own government, which, by the way, is called its Board of Trustees.

These Trustees, who manage everything, number seven, and are all freeholders in Albany. They are not ordinary freeholders, but each one of them is a man of substance and of great distinction, and, give, a stranger would hardly credit, their services *con amore*.

In this fact lies the success of Albany. It is worked on the same lines as a club. Those who act as a sort of committee are prompted thereto by the pure love of the thing, and unlike a club, which frequently elects its members by favour and rarely by merit, and more often than not those quite unfitted for the job, here in Albany they join in the management by reason of their unquestionably high position. These form, I repeat, as unique a Board—if I may so call it—as could well be imagined.

Of course the ever-expanding American business man has had his eye on Albany. He has made a huge offer. He saw in it a great, prosperous, residential skyscraper, managed on commercial lines. He was astonished when he heard two facts from the Chairman, one that no money could buy Albany, and the other that it was run on business lines by prominent public men who did not receive one penny for their services. This last fact astounded the American, as I am sure it would anyone else.

Albany owes its position to these gentlemen, but in particular to its Chairman, Mr. William Stone, who found, when he was a resident, that it was in anything but a satisfactory state. He undoubtedly put it on its legs and it was he who gathered round him the other distinguished trustees, and it is to his unflagging interest, covering the last thirty years, that Albany owes its present flourishing condition. It may be added that he is the proprietor of no less than sixteen sets of chambers.

It may therefore be of interest to the reader to learn something further of these present trustees, gentlemen of great social position and distinctive careers who can nevertheless find time to further the interests of the inhabitants of Albany—unparalleled as a residential concern in the world.

From *British Sports and Sportsmen* we learn that Mr. William Stone, M.A. (Cambridge), F.L.S., F.C.S., F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., is one of our keenest sportsmen, whose experience of big game-shooting in many parts of the world is both varied and interesting. Mr. Stone lived for many years in Albany, and is now the largest pro-

prietor of chambers there. Born in 1857, he was educated at Clifton College, under the late Dr. Percival, Bishop of Hereford, and St. Peter's College, Cambridge, of which he was both a Scholar and Prizeman, and graduated M.A. with First Class Honours in the Natural Sciences Tripos (1878). During his college day he was devoted to rowing. Mr. Stone commanded the senior company of the Cambridge University Rifle Corps, and won two cups for rifle shooting. After taking his degree Mr. Stone lectured for some time on Botany to the students of Newnham College. Finishing his University career in 1879, Mr. Stone travelled extensively in the East, and in the winter of 1881–2, before the bombardment of Alexandria, visited both Khartoum and Fashoda. It was during his stay in Egypt that the massacre of the Christians occurred in Alexandria, commencing a war which was followed by the murder of General Gordon in Khartoum, and only finished by the able generalship of that distinguished soldier, Lord Kitchener.

On his return to England, Mr. Stone had thoughts of a political career, and contested, in the Conservative interest, the Northern or Cricklade Division of Wiltshire, but was not successful. However, his supporters held a meeting after the election, with Mr. Walter Long, M.P. (afterwards Viscount Long of Wraxall), in the chair, and presented Mr. Stone with a magnificent piece of plate in the shape of a huge silver Monteith punch-bowl.

He is the author of *Shall We Annex Egypt?* It is in shooting Mr. Stone has always found his chief pleasure ; he has spent over twenty winters in Ceylon, India, and the Far East.

Mr. Stone is a keen student of ornithology and

MR. WILLIAM STONE (CHAIRMAN OF ALBANY)

entomology. He is one of the Managers of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, Albemarle Street, W., and is a member of the following clubs: Garrick, Oxford and Cambridge, United Universities, Reform, Albemarle, Burlington Fine Arts, Royal Automobile, Hurlingham, and Bath.

He witnessed the coronation of the Czar Nicholas in the Kremlin, Moscow, in May, 1896, with his friend, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Alfred C. E. Welby, in command of the Royal Scots Greys. Both had positions quite close to the Czar, and it is an interesting fact that both are Trustees of Albany. Mr. Stone is also the Senior Trustee of Albany Board of Trustees.

It is not every one who has even indirectly inspired two dramatists to write plays, but Mr. Stone has been the medium of two London productions and, strange to say, both founded on the same incident; not a very pleasant incident either, for it was nothing less than a dishonest valet who had, in Mr. Stone's absence, not only robbed him but actually passed himself off as his master. The late Weedon Grossmith, a most delightfully droll and clever actor, a very intimate friend of Mr. Stone's, seized upon this incident to write round it, and eventually produce, one of the most laughable farces it has ever been my good fortune to see. He called it *The Night of the Party*, Grossmith playing the valet. In the play Mr. Stone is introduced under the name of "Mr. Frayne"; his delinquent valet in real life was Cross, in the play "Crosbie."

Henry Arthur Jones, the author of many successful plays, and at one time a resident in Albany, and an old friend of Mr. Stone's, also seized upon the same incident

for a play which he called *The Lackey's Carnival*, in which Allan Aynesworth made a great hit as the valet.

Colonel Sir Alfred Welby, K.B.E., another Trustee of Albany, was born in 1849, and gazetted Ensign in the 56th Regiment, 1867. Promoted Lieutenant, he exchanged to the 90th Light Infantry, and was then Captain in the Royal Scots Greys; he unsuccessfully contested Grantham in 1885, and Poplar in 1886 and again in 1892. In that year he was promoted Lieut.-Colonel Commanding the Greys. In 1894 the Emperor of Russia was appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, and authority was given for a deputation to proceed to Russia to congratulate His Imperial Majesty. Colonel Welby, accompanied by Captain, afterwards Sir Harry, Scobell, who distinguished himself greatly in the South African War and died commanding at the Cape, and by the Regimental Sergt.-Major, travelled to St. Petersburg via Berlin in January, 1895. They were received in audience at the Anitchkoff Palace by the Emperor and Empress, when, on behalf of the officers, they presented an oil-painting of their Colonel-in-Chief at the head of the regiment. They were most hospitably entertained by the officers of several Guard Regiments, especially by those of the Red Hussars at Tsarskoe Selo, who, like their own regiment, rode grey horses; they visited Moscow. They had the honour before leaving Russia of dining with the Emperor and Empress, and on the return journey with the Kaiser at the Schloss in Berlin, he having dined with the Greys at Aldershot the previous year. On arriving home Colonel Welby was again commanded by the Queen to stay at Windsor Castle, and thus had the singular good fortune to dine with the

then three greatest monarchs within a few days. When the Czar was about to be crowned in Moscow in 1896, Colonel Welby, who had the previous year been returned unopposed for Taunton Borough, and thus become the last of the Colonels who commanded a regiment and sat in the House of Commons, was invited to attend the ceremony as the representative of the regiment, and was attached to the suite of H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, representing H.M. Queen Victoria. He started in April, accompanied by his friend, Mr. W. Stone, who remained with him in Moscow until after the Coronation had taken place; they travelled to Warsaw, and then to Moscow, in the Grand Duke of Oldenburg's train; Colonel Welby was one of the very limited number of persons who could be accommodated in the Uspenski Cathedral in the Kremlin to stand and witness the Coronation Service, which lasted from 9.30 a.m. till 1 p.m., a most impressive ceremony of singular magnificence. Mr. Stone was given a seat in the great stand next the Red Stairs of the Palace by which Their Imperial Majesties proceeded to, and returned from, the Coronation. In the evening they drove in a Court carriage round the city and saw the beautifully effective illumination of the Kremlin, public buildings, etc., and the dense, orderly, patient crowds of sight-seers through whom their attendant Cossacks roughly made a way for the carriage. Colonel Welby, before returning, attended a Levee, State Banquet and Ball in the Kremlin Palace, a gala performance at the Opera House, the vast popular fête on a plain outside Moscow, where on the Sunday he left he witnessed a review of 30,000 troops. On the Wednesday following he voted in a middle-day

division in the House of Commons. He continued M.P. for Taunton till 1906; from 1907 to 1910 he represented E. Finsbury on the L.C.C. and was Chairman of Higher Education; from 1914 to 1921 he was Secretary of the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation. On the occasion of his first visit to Russia he was decorated with the Order of St. Anne, second class, and after the Coronation with the same, jewelled, his rank not permitting a higher grade. In 1916 he was created a Knight of the Order of the British Empire.

Another Trustee, Mr. Frederick Arthur Vincent Copland-Griffiths, elected a Trustee in 1905, in place of Colonel Henry Ayshford Sanford, appointed in 1884, represents the estate in Albany he and his brothers and sisters inherited from their great-grandfather, Alexander Copland, whose only daughter married Major-General Frederick Charles Griffiths, 10th Hussars. Thus, he is the one member of the Board who by descent carries association back to the earliest days of Albany as a residential property; another part of Alexander Copland's estate passed to his son Alexander, and his heirs in the female line still own it.

Mr. H. Malcolm Hubbard was elected a Trustee of Albany in 1916. He is a director of many Public Companies in Mexico and Barcelona public works.

Sir William Mitchell Acworth, K.C.S.I., has had much to do with Indian railways and was on the Royal Commission of inquiry into the Canadian Railways, South Rhodesian Railways and others, and has also written much on railway affairs.

Captain Van der Byl has successfully hunted big game; one of his chambers in Albany is a veritable museum

CAPTAIN VAN DER BYL AS HE APPEARS IN ALBANY—IN A FRAME!

of his trophies; he has served with distinction in the South African War and in the Great War, and is a Trustee of Albany.

Sir Robert Hobart was appointed a Trustee of Albany in 1897: Sir Robert was M.P. for New Forest Division of Hants from 1906 to 1910; Private Secretary to the Marquess of Hartington (afterwards Duke of Devonshire), 1863–74, and 1880–85; to the Secretaries for Scotland, 1886–87, 1892–95; Secretary to the Earl Marshal for the purposes of the Coronation of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, 1902 (Coronation Medal and thanks of the King), and Gold Stick Officer at the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary (Coronation Medal); Official Verderer of the New Forest from 1906; J.P. and D.L., Middlesex, and J.P., London.

Sir Robert was born in 1836, the elder son of the Hon. and Very Rev. Henry Lewis Hobart, D.D., Dean of Windsor and Wolverhampton. He was made a Companion of the Bath in 1885, a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order in 1902, and created a Baronet in July, 1914. He is a member of the Travellers' Club.

Lieut.-Colonel Edward Hibbert, Grenadier Guards (1827–1901), lived at D 1 for very many years till his death. He belonged to the Prince of Wales's "set" and was often summoned to play cards with him, but his great interest was book collecting. He formed a very valuable library, which was sold by Messrs. Sotheby in April, 1902: it included a first folio of Shakespeare.

Nathaniel William John Strode occupied H 1 from

1845–73. He was a member of a well-known firm of solicitors who acted for Louis Napoleon and his mistress, the famous "Miss Howard," both of whom were frequent visitors in Albany. Miss Howard, whose real name was Elizabeth Ann Haryett, was the daughter of a Brighton livery stable keeper, and it is said she had been the mistress of A. W. Kinglake and Major Mountjoy Martin, of the 2nd Life Guards. It is believed that she obtained a great deal of money from her lovers and this was used by Louis Napoleon in founding the Second Empire. When Louis Napoleon married Eugénie de Montijo in 1853, Miss Howard was created Comtesse de Beauregard. In 1854 she married Mr. Clarence Trelawney, an officer in the Austrian army, youngest son of Mr. Brereton Trelawney, of an old Cornish family, and lived at the Château of Beauregard, near Versailles. Her marriage, however, ended in a divorce. She died in 1865.

The name of Robert Seton Græme will ever be remembered in Albany. On Christmas Eve, 1924, the following appreciation appeared in *The Times*:

Mr. Græme was the only son of Robert Græme, of Well Hall, Lanark, and was born on February 19th, 1849. He went up to Trinity College, Oxford, took his degree, and was called by the Inner Temple. But he had the true spirit of the clubman. For over fifty years he had been a member of the United University Club, and although the Reform and the Wellington and others at various times claimed him as a member, his heart was always with his old University club. For the last twenty-five years he had lived in the Albany, that delightful retreat where, although it is only a few yards from Piccadilly, the roar of traffic never enters, and where the names of Byron and Macaulay can be seen engraved on the walls

of the chambers where they lived and wrote. Every day, of late years, sad to say, with the help of two sticks, Mr. Græme could be seen about 1 p.m. picking his way from the Albany to the United University. His route never altered—Piccadilly, Church Place, across Jermyn Street, into St. James's Square, across the Haymarket, and into Suffolk Street.

For a very long succession of years before the War he had never failed to go to Norway for salmon fishing in the spring and to Monte Carlo for the winter. Yet he never gambled. He never made a bet in his life. He was a lover of the sun. Mr. Græme, in virtue of his ancestry and means, might have figured prominently in what is known as fashionable society. He never did so, and he never wanted to. He hated being entertained, and was only happy in giving to those poorer than himself. He was incapable of doing any action with a view to receiving future benefit from it, and lavished his time and money on those not so fortunate as himself. And when they bear him, the direct descendant of Robert Bruce of Scotland, from his rooms along the silent Rope Walk, through the mansion house where the Duke of York and Albany used to reign, and out into the roar of the Piccadilly which he knew so well, one of the kindest men that ever lived will have left his earthly home for ever, and there will be mourning in the whole of the Albany building.

When Mr. Hemsley resigned the Secretaryship in 1899, Mr. Leopold Stewart, son of the late Major-General Algernon Stewart, R.A., was unanimously chosen by the Board of Trustees to fill that post. Mr. Stewart was educated at Charterhouse School, and is a member of the Junior Carlton Club. He has shown singular and constant devotion to his duties; the work seems to fill him with a love of Albany and its time-honoured associa-

tions, so that it carries with it a pleasure and an inspiration beyond the ordinary. His unvarying courtesy towards residents and those his work brings him in contact with, his tact and firmness in dealing with the many difficulties, large and small, which necessarily arise in the care of so composite a property, have made him universally respected, and highly regarded; it may be said of him that Albany has never had a better servant, nor a greater lover of its history. The proprietors and tenants, on the occasion of his marriage in 1921, presented him with a wedding gift, which was a token of their esteem and an appreciation of the judgment and courtesy shown by him in his care of their interests.

Mr. Stewart is a member of the Westminster City Council. He acted as Assistant Secretary to the Earl Marshal during the Coronation of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, and he was subsequently Gold Stick Officer, receiving the King's Medal.

CHAPTER XV

ALBANY IN FICTION—"THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY"—"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND"—"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY"—SCENE IN ALBANY—"RAFFLES" A LIBEL ON ALBANY

A VERY interesting reference to Albany is contained in a clever book, written by a popular writer of his day, Marmion Savage (1848), entitled *The Bachelor of the Albany*.

There are men in the world, and not unamiable men either, who have no friends. They attach themselves to their wives, their children, to a nephew, perhaps, or a niece; but, out of the domestic circle, they have nobody to take the moiety of a care off their shoulders, or double the enjoyment of an hour's sunshine. Mr. Spread was so far from being one of those isolated men, that, on the contrary, he rejoiced in a plurality of friendships, and plumed himself on being an Achilles with more than one Patroclus to buckle on his armour for the fight, or to relax with after the engagements of business, and the conflicts of the world. But if there was one friend in the troop, who was more decidedly an *alter ego* than the rest, it was a certain Mr. Barker, a man of much worth and more eccentricity, who was now growing grey in a small set of chambers in the Albany, where he led the life of a bachelor and a cynic, attended by a single servant, frequenting society chiefly to pick quarrels with it, and never extending his visits or progresses five miles beyond Piccadilly. . . . He had

few intimate friends and Mr. Spread was at the top of the short list. . . . He might have been seen, one bright frosty forenoon, proceeding from his lodgings in Suffolk Street . . . and thence to his friend's chambers, healthy in mind and body, handsome and well-dressed, his decent corpulence attired in an ample blue body-coat, with gilt buttons, his waistcoat buff, his trousers grey, his boots brilliant, compelled to exercise his ponderous eye-glass, but losing little that was to be seen with its assistance, whether a political friend dropping down to Brookes's, a caricature of Lord Brougham in a shop-window, or, peradventure, a pretty woman, on her wicked way to expend her husband's dear-earned cash in shawls and ribbons at Swan and Edgar's.

You know the Albany—the haunt of bachelors, or of married men who try to lead bachelors' lives—the dread of suspicious wives, the retreat of superannuated fops, the hospital for incurable oddities, a cluster of solitudes for social hermits, the home of homeless gentlemen, the diner-out and the diner-in, the place for the fashionable thrifty, the luxurious lonely, and the modish morose, the votaries of melancholy, and lovers of mutton-chops. He knoweth not western London who is a stranger to the narrow arcade of chambers that forms a sort of private thoroughfare between Piccadilly and Burlington Gardens, guarded at each extremity by a fierce porter, or man-mastiff, whose duty it is to receive letters, cards, and parcels, and repulse intrusive wives, disagreeable fathers, and importunate tradesmen. Here it was that Mr. Barker had long established his residence, or, as Mr. Spread called it, his tub. It was a small, but complete suite of rooms, sufficient for the Cynic himself, and Reynolds his man, and arranged and furnished with a precision and taste originally baccalaurean.

In *Our Mutual Friend* Charles Dickens introduced Albany. The detestable Fledgeby, the fascinating

Fledgeby, moneylender, dandified man about town, occupied a set of rooms. To which he invited Fanny Cleaver (Jenny Wren) the tiny crippled dressmaker, in order to question her about her friend, Lizzie Hexam.

She was on the alert next morning, and drove to Bond Street, and set down the two ladies punctually [two dolls she had dressed], and then directed her equipage [her crutch] to conduct her to the Albany. Arrived at the doorway of the house in Mr. Fledgeby's chambers, she found a lady standing there in a travelling dress, holding in her hand—of all things in the world—a gentleman's hat.

"You want some one?" said the lady in a stern manner.

"I am going upstairs to Mr. Fledgeby's."

"You cannot do that at this moment, there is a gentleman with him. I am waiting for the gentleman. His business with Mr. Fledgeby will very soon be transacted, and then you can go up. Until the gentleman comes down, you must wait here."

The gentleman's "business" was to administer Fledgeby a terrible thrashing. Jenny heard a kind of spluttering, and some one beating a carpet, and some odd noises.

Soon afterwards, came a slamming and banging of doors; and then came running downstairs a gentleman with whiskers, and out of breath, who seemed to be red-hot.

"Is your business done, Alfred?" inquired the lady.

"Very thoroughly done," replied the gentleman, as he took his hat from her.

"You can go up to Mr. Fledgeby as soon as you like," said the lady, moving haughtily away.

"Oh! And you can take these three pieces of stick with you," added the gentleman, politely, "and say, if you please, that they come from Mr. Alfred Lammle,

with his compliments, on leaving England. Mr. Alfred Lammle. Be so good as not to forget the name."

The three pieces of stick were three broken and frayed fragments of a stout lithe cane. Miss Jenny taking them wonderingly goes up the Albany stairs. She took the liberty of opening an inner door, and then beheld the extraordinary spectacle of Mr. Fledgeby in his shirt, a pair of Turkish trousers, and a Turkish cap, rolling over and over on his own carpet, and spluttering wonderfully.

Mr. William J. Locke, in his delightful novel, *Simon the Jester*, refers to Albany in Chapter II: "I went out and walked down the restful covered way of the Albany to the Piccadilly entrance, and began my taking of the air." Mr. Locke himself often uses this restful covered way on his way to and from the publishing offices of Mr. Lane.

Besant and Rice introduce Albany into *The Golden Butterfly*, a story which obtained great popularity some years ago. As usual with writers, Albany is selected as the abode of the wealthy bachelor and, as usual, the woman appears and scandal follows.

In Pinero's play I have just alluded to, Tanqueray's wife that-is-to-be turns up at his chambers, quite late and quite unexpectedly; and in *The Golden Butterfly* Colquhoun's wife that-used-to-be walks into his chambers also quite late in the evening. Albany, it seems, has this inevitable attraction for the majority of fiction writers.

The scene referred to in *The Golden Butterfly* is the most effective and dramatic in the whole of the book. I here quote it in full:

He walked so slowly that it was half-past nine when

NORTH ENTRANCE—EVENING

he let himself into his chambers in the Albany. His servant was out, and the rooms looked dismal and lonely. They were not dismal, being on the second floor, where it is light and airy, and being furnished as mediæval bachelorhood with plenty of money alone understands furniture. But he was nervous to-night, and grim stories came into his mind of spectres and strange visitors to lonely men in chambers. Such things happen mostly, he remembered, on twilight evenings in midsummer. He was quite right. The only ghost I ever saw myself was in one of the Inns of Court, in chambers, at nine o'clock on a June evening.

He made haste to light a lamp—no such abomination as gas was permitted in Lawrence Colquhoun's chambers ; it was one of the silver reading-lamps, good for small tables, and provided with a green shade, so that the light might fall in a bright circle, beyond which was Cimmerian blackness shading off into the sepia of twilight. It was his habit, too, to have lighted candles on the mantelshelf and on a table ; but to-night he forgot them, so that, except for the light cast upwards by the gas in the court and an opposite window illuminated, and for the half-darkness of the June evening, the room was dark. It was very quiet too. There were no footsteps in the court below, and no voices or steps in the room near him. His nearest neighbour, young Lord Orlebar, would certainly not be home much before one or two, when he might return with a few friends connected with the twin services of the army and the ballet for a little cheerful supper. Below him was old Sir Richard de Counterpane, who was by this time certainly in bed, and perhaps sound asleep. Very quiet—he had never known it more quiet ; and he began to feel as if it would be a relief to his nerves were something or somebody to make a little noise.

He took a novel, one that he had begun a week ago. Whether the novel of the day is inferior to the novel

of Colquhoun's youth, or whether he was a bad reader of fiction, certainly he had been more than a week over the first volume alone.

Now it interested him less than ever.

He threw it away and lit a cigar. And then his thoughts went back to Victoria. What was the devil which possessed the woman that she could not rest quiet? What was the meaning of this madness upon her?

"A cold—an Arctic woman," Lawrence murmured. "Cold when I told her how much I loved her; cold when she engaged herself to me; cold in her crime; and yet she follows me about as if she was devoured by the ardour of love, like another Sappho."

It was not that, Lawrence Colquhoun; it was the *spretæ injuria formæ*, the jealousy and hatred caused by the lost power.

"I wish," he said, starting to his feet, and walking like the Polar bear across his den and back again, "I wish to Heaven I had gone on living in Empire City with my pair of villainous Chinamen. At least I was free from her over there. And when I saw her marriage, by gad, I thought it was a finisher. Then I came home again."

He stopped in his retrospection, because he heard a foot upon the stairs.

A woman's foot; a light step and a quick step.

"May be De Counterpane's nurse. Too early for one of young Orlebar's friends. Can't be anybody for me."

But it was; and a woman stopped at his doorway, and seeing him alone stepped in.

She had a hooded cloak thrown about an evening-dress; the hood was drawn completely over her face, so that you could see nothing of it in the dim light. And she came in without a word.

Then Colquhoun, who was no coward, felt his blood run cold, because he knew by her figure and by her step that it was Victoria Cassilis.

She threw back the hood with a gesture almost theatrical, and stood before him with parted lips and flashing eyes.

His spirts rallied a little then, because he saw that her face was white, and that she was in a royal rage. Lawrence Colquhoun could tackle a woman in a rage. That is indeed elementary, and nothing at all to be proud of. The really difficult thing is to tackle a woman in tears and distress. The stoutest heart quails before such an enterprise.

"What is this?" she began, with a rush as of the liberated whirlwind. "What does this letter mean, Lawrence?"

"Exactly what it says, Mrs. Cassilis. May I ask, is it customary for married ladies to visit single gentlemen in their chambers, and at night?"

"It is not usual for—married—ladies—to visit—single—gentlemen, Lawrence. Do not ask foolish questions. Tell me what this means, I say."

"It means that my visits to your house have been too frequent, and that they will be discontinued. In other words, Mrs. Cassilis, the thing has gone too far, and I shall cease to be seen with you. I suppose you know that people will talk."

"Let them talk. What do I care how people talk? Lawrence, if you think that I am going to let you go like this, you are mistaken."

"I believe this poor lady has gone mad," said Lawrence quietly. It was not the best way to quiet and soothe her, but he could not help himself.

"You think you are going to play fast and loose with me twice in my life, and you are mistaken. You shall not. Years ago you showed me what you are—cold, treacherous, and crafty——"

"Go on, Victoria; I like that kind of thing, because now I know that you are not mad. Quite in your best style."

"And I forgave you when you returned, and allowed you once more to visit me. What other woman would have acted so to such a man?"

"Yet she must be mad," said Lawrence. "How else could she talk such frightful rubbish?"

"Once more we have been friends. Again you have drawn me on, until I have learned to look to you, for the second time, for the appreciation denied to me by my—by Mr. Cassilis. No, sir; this second desertion must not and shall not be."

"One would think," said Lawrence helplessly, "that we had not quarrelled every time we met. Now, Mrs. Cassilis, you have my resolution. What you please, in your sweet romantic way, to call second desertion must be and shall be."

"Then I will know the reason why."

"I have told you the reason why. Don't be a fool, Mrs. Cassilis. Ask yourself what you want. Do you want me to run away with you? I am a lazy man, I know, and I generally do what people ask me to do; but as for that thing, I am damned if I do it!"

"Insult me, Lawrence!" she cried, sinking into a chair. "Swear at me, as you will."

"Do you wish me to philander about your house like a ridiculous tame cat, till all the world cries out?"

She started to her feet.

"No!" she cried. "I care nothing about your coming and going. But I know why—Oh, I know why!—you make up this lame excuse about my good name—*my* good name! As if you ever cared about that!"

"More than you cared about it yourself," he retorted. "But pray go on."

"It is Phillis Fleming; I saw it from the very first. You began by taking her away from me, and placing her with your cousin, where you could have her completely under your own influence. You let Jack Dunquerque hang about her at first, just to show the ignorant

creature what was meant by flirtation, and then you send him about his business. Lawrence, you are more wicked than I thought you."

"Jealousy, by gad!" he cried. "Did ever mortal man hear of such a thing? Jealousy! And after all that she has done——"

"I warn you. You may do a good many things. You may deceive and insult me in any way except one. But you shall never, never marry Phillis Fleming!"

Colquhoun was about to reply that he never thought of marrying Phillis Fleming, but it occurred to him that there was no reason for making that assertion. So he replied nothing.

"I escaped," she said, "under pretence of being ill. And I made them fetch me a cab to come away in. My cab is at the Burlington Gardens end of the court now. Before I go you shall make me a promise, Lawrence—you used to keep your promises—to act as if this miserable letter had not been written."

"I shall promise nothing of the kind."

"Then remember, Lawrence—you *shall never marry Phillis Fleming!* Not if I have to stop it by proclaiming my own disgrace—you shall not marry that girl, or any other girl. I have that power over you, at any rate. Now I shall go."

"There is some one on the stairs," said Lawrence quietly. "Perhaps he is coming here. You had better not be seen. Best go into the other room and wait."

There was only one objection to her waiting in the other room, and that was that the door was on the opposite side; that the outer oak was wide open; that the step upon the stairs was already the step upon the landing; and that the owner of the step was already entering the room.

Mrs. Cassilis instinctively shrank back into the darkest corner—that near the window. The curtains were of some light-coloured stuff. She drew them closely round

her and cowered down, covering her head with the hood, like Guinevere before her injured lord. For the late caller was no other than her own husband, Gabriel Cassilis.

As he stood in the doorway the light of the reading-lamp—Mrs. Cassilis in one of her gestures had tilted up the shade—fell upon his pale face and stooping form. Colquhoun noticed that he stooped more than usual, and that his grave face bore an anxious look—such a look as one sees sometimes in the faces of men who have long suffered grievous bodily pain. He hesitated for a moment, tapping his knuckles with his double eye-glasses, his habitual gesture.

"I came up this evening, Colquhoun. Are you quite alone?"

"As you see, Mr. Cassilis," said Colquhoun. He looked hastily round the room. In the corner he saw the dim outline of the crouching form. He adjusted the shade, and turned the lamp a little lower. The gas in the chambers on the other side of the narrow court was put out, and the room was almost dark. "As you see, Mr. Cassilis. And what gives me the pleasure of this late call from you?"

"I thought I would come—I came to say——" he stopped helplessly, and threw himself into a chair. It was a chair standing near the corner in which his wife was crouching; and he pushed it back until he might have heard her breathing close to his ear, and, if he had put forth his hand, might have touched her.

"Glad to see you always, Mr. Cassilis. You came to speak about some money matters? I have an engagement in five minutes; but we shall have time, I dare say."

"An engagement? Ah! a lady perhaps." This with a forced laugh, because he was thinking of his wife.

"A lady? Yes—yes, a lady."

"Young men—young men——" said Gabriel Cassilis.

"Well, I will not keep you. I came here to speak to you about—about my wife."

"O Lord!" cried Lawrence. "I beg your pardon—about Mrs. Cassilis?"

"Yes; it is a very stupid business. You have known her for a long time."

"I have, Mr. Cassilis; for nearly eight years."

"Ah, old friends; and once, I believe, people thought——"

"Once, Mr. Cassilis, I myself thought—I cannot tell you what I thought Victoria Pengelley might be to me. But that is over long since."

"One for her," thought Lawrence, whose nerves were steady in danger. His two listeners trembled and shook, but from different causes.

"Over long since," repeated Gabriel Cassilis. "There was nothing in it, then?"

"We were two persons entirely dissimilar in disposition, Mr. Cassilis," Lawrence replied evasively. "Perhaps I was not worthy of her—her calm, clear judgment."

"Another for her," he thought, with a chuckle. The situation would have pleased him but that he felt sorry for the poor man.

"Victoria is outwardly cold, yet capable of the deepest emotions. It is on her account, Colquhoun, that I come here. Foolish gossip has been at work, connecting your names. I think the best thing, without saying anything to Victoria, who must never suspect——"

"Never suspect," echoed Colquhoun.

"That I ever heard this absurdity. But we must guard her from calumny, Colquhoun. Cæsar's wife, you know; and—and—I think that, perhaps, if you were to be a little less frequent in your calls—and——"

"I quite understand, Mr. Cassilis; and I am not in the least offended. I assure you most sincerely—I wish Mrs. Cassilis were here to listen—that I am deeply sorry

for having innocently put you to the pain of saying this. However, the world shall have no further cause of gossip."

No motion or sign from the dark corner where the hiding woman crouched.

Mr. Cassilis rose and tapped his knuckles with his glasses. "Thank you, Colquhoun. It is good of you to take this most unusual request so kindly. With such a wife as mine jealousy would be absurd. But I have to keep her name from even a breath—even a breath."

"Quite right, Mr. Cassilis."

He looked now round the room.

"Snug quarters for a bachelor—ah, I lived in lodgings always myself. I thought I heard a woman's voice as I came upstairs."

"From Sir Richard de Counterpane's rooms downstairs, perhaps. His nurses, I suppose. The poor old man is getting infirm."

"Ay—ay; and your bedroom is there, I suppose?"

Lawrence took the lamp and opened the door. It was a bare, badly furnished room, with a little camp-bedstead, and nothing else hardly. For Lawrence kept his luxurious habits for the day.

Was it pure curiosity that made Gabriel Cassilis look all round the room?

"Ah, hermit-like. Now, I like a large bed. However, I am very glad I came. One word, Colquhoun, is better than a thousand letters; and you are sure you do not misunderstand me?"

"Quite," said Lawrence, taking his hat. "I am going out too."

"No jealousy at all," said Gabriel Cassilis, going down the stairs.

"Certainly not."

"Nothing but a desire to—to——"

"I understand perfectly," said Lawrence.

As they descended, Lawrence heard steps on the

stairs behind them. They were not yet, then, out of danger.

"Very odd," said Mr. Cassilis. "Coming up I heard a woman's voice. Now it seems as if there were a woman's feet."

"Nerves, perhaps," said Colquhoun. The steps above them stopped. "I hear nothing."

"Nor do I. Nerves—ah, yes—nerves."

Mr. Cassilis turned to the left, Colquhoun with him. Behind them he saw the cloaked and hooded figure of Victoria Cassilis. At the Burlington Gardens end a cab was waiting. Near the horse's head stood a woman's figure which Lawrence thought he knew. As they passed her this woman, whoever she was, covered her face with a handkerchief. And at the same moment the cab drove by rapidly. Gabriel Cassilis saw neither woman nor cab."

If the bogus letter (see page 75) so scared Macaulay, I wonder, had he lived in our time and read the popular book, *Raffles*, what effect it would have had upon the great historian.

In that much read and dramatized and cinematographed romantic history of an amateur cracksman, Albany is described as the home of burglars. Raffles occupies rooms in the oldest portion of the building facing the courtyard. He is a gentleman by birth and education, but a skilful and daring burglar by trade; his confederate is another young man, an old school chum, and these two commit all kinds of wonderful robberies which Raffles's chum narrates.

In one of their daring exploits in a country-house they tumble across a rough professional burglar named Crawshay—an old lag on the same job and in the mix-up. Raffles and his biographer escape, and Crawshay is caught

and sent to Dartmoor. Raffles and his accomplice return to Albany, and read that Crawshay has escaped from prison. Knowing he will assuredly turn up in London the same evening, Raffles informs the porter at the entrance of Albany that he is to say he is out of town; and when he enters his apartments he takes the precaution to bolt his outer door. Notwithstanding this the old convict appears through the window! He managed to climb up to the top story on the outside of the building without being observed. What follows in Albany is well worth giving as written. The italics are mine:

Raffles got his overcoat, a long, light, driving coat, I remember, and even as he put it on our fugitive was dozing in the chair; we left him murmuring incoherently, with the lights out, and his bare feet toasting.

"Not such a bad chap, that professor," said Raffles on the stairs; "a real genius in his way, too, though his methods are a little elementary for my taste. But technique isn't everything; to get out of Dartmoor and into the Albany in the same twenty-four hours is a whole that justifies its parts. Good Lord!"

We had passed a man in the foggy courtyard, and Raffles had nipped my arm.

"Who was it?"

"The last man we want to see! I hope to heaven he didn't hear me!"

"But who is it, Raffles?"

"Our old friend, Mackenzie, from the Yard!"

I stood still with horror.

"Do you think he's on Crawshay's track?"

"I don't know. I'll find out."

And before I could remonstrate he had wheeled me round; when I found my voice he merely laughed, and whispered that the bold course was the safe one every time.

"But it's madness——"

"Not it. Shut up! Is that you, Mr. Mackenzie?"

The detective turned about and scrutinized us keenly; and through the gaslit mist I noticed that his hair was grizzled at the temples, and his face still cadaverous, from the wound that had nearly been his death.

"Ye have the advantage o' me, sirs," said he.

"I hope you're fit again," said my companion. "My name is Raffles, and we met at Milchester last year."

"Is that a fact?" cried the Scotchman, with quite a start. "Yes, now I remember your face, and yours too, sir. Ay, yon was a bad business, but it ended vera well, an' that's the main thing."

His native caution had returned to him. Raffles pinched my arm.

"Yes, it ended splendidly, but for you," said he. "But what about this escape of the leader of the gang, that fellow Crawshay? What do you think of that, eh?"

"I havena the parteeculars," replied the Scot.

"Good!" cried Raffles. "I was only afraid you might be on his tracks once more!"

Mackenzie shook his head with a dry smile, and wished us good evening, as an invisible window was thrown up and a whistle blown softly through the fog.

"We must see this out," whispered Raffles. "Nothing more natural than a little curiosity on our part. After him, quick!"

And he followed the detective *into another entrance on the same side as that from which we had emerged, the left-hand side on one's way to Piccadilly;* quite openly we followed him, and at the foot of the stairs met one of the porters of the place. Raffles asked him what was wrong.

"Nothing, sir," said the fellow glibly.

"Rot!" said Raffles. "That was Mackenzie, the detective. I've just been speaking to him. What's he

here for? Come on, my good fellow; we won't give you away, if you've instructions not to tell."

The man looked quaintly wistful, the temptation of an audience hot upon him; a door shut upstairs, and he fell.

"It's like this," he whispered. "This afternoon a gen'leman comes arfter rooms, and I sent him to the orfice; *one of the clurks, 'e goes round with 'im an' shows 'im the empties*, an' the gen'leman's partic'ly struck on the set the coppers is up in now. So he sends the clurk to fetch the manager, as there was one or two things he wished to speak about; an' when they come back, blowed if the gent isn't gone! Beg your pardon, sir, but he's clean disappeared off the face o' the premises!" And the porter looked at us with shining eyes.

"Well?" said Raffles.

"Well, sir, they looked about, an' at larst they give him up for a bad job; thought he'd changed his mind an' didn't want to tip the clurk; so they shut up the place and come away. An' that's all till about 'alf an hour ago, when I takes the manager his extry-speshul *Star;* in about ten minutes he comes running out with a note an' sends me with it to Scotland Yard in a hansom. An' that's all I know, sir—straight. The coppers is up there now, and the tec. and the manager, and they think their gent is about the place somewhere still. Least, I reckon that's their idea; but who he is, or what they want him for, I dunno."

"Jolly interesting!" said Raffles. "I'm going up to inquire. Come on, Bunny; there should be some fun."

"Beg yer pardon, Mr. Raffles, but you won't say nothing about me?"

"Not I; you're a good fellow. I won't forget it if this leads to sport. Sport!" he whispered, as we reached the landing. "It looks like precious poor sport for you and me, Bunny!"

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. There's no time to think. This, to start with."

And he thundered on the shut door; a policeman opened it. Raffles strode past him with the air of a chief commissioner, and I followed before the man had recovered from his astonishment. The bare boards rang under us; in the bedroom we found a knot of officers stooping over the window-ledge with a constable's lantern. Mackenzie was the first to stand upright, and he greeted us with a glare.

"May I ask what you gentlemen want?" said he.

"We want to lend a hand," said Raffles briskly. "We lent one once before, and it was my friend here who took over from you the fellow who split on all the rest and held him tight. Surely that entitles him, at all events, to see any fun that's going? As for myself, well it's true I only helped to carry you to the house; but for old acquaintance I do hope, my dear Mr. Mackenzie, that you will permit us to share such sport as there may be. I myself can only stop a few minutes, in any case."

"Then ye'll not see much," growled the detective, "for he's not up here. Constable, go you and stand at the foot o' the stairs, and let no other body come up on any consideration; these gentlemen may be able to help us after all."

"That's kind of you, Mackenzie!" cried Raffles warmly. "But what is it all? I questioned a porter I met coming down, but could get nothing out of him, except that somebody had been to see these rooms and not since been seen himself."

"He's a man we want," said Mackenzie. "He's concealed himself somewhere about these premises, or I'm vera much mistaken. D'ye reside in the Albany, Mr. Raffles?"

"I do."

"Will your rooms be near these?"

"On the next staircase but one."

"Ye'll just have left them?"

"Just."

"Been in all the afternoon, likely?"

"Not all."

"Then I may have to search your rooms, sir. I am prepared to search every room in the Albany! Our man seems to have gone for the leads; but unless he's left more marks outside than in, or we find him up there, I shall have the entire building to ransack."

"I will leave you my key," said Raffles at once. "I am dining out, but I'll leave it with the officer down below. . . ."

Mackenzie was still busy at his window, and I remained at mine, a prey to mingled fear and wrath, for all my knowledge of Raffles and of his infinite resource. By this time I felt that I knew more or less what he would do in any given emergency; at least I could conjecture a characteristic course of equal cunning and audacity. He would return to his rooms, put Crawshay on his guard, and—stow him away? No—there were such things as windows. Then why was Raffles going to desert us all? I thought of many things—lastly of a cab. These bedroom windows *looked into a narrow side-street; they were not very high; from them a man might drop on to the roof of a cab—even as it passed—and be driven away—even under the noses of the police!* I pictured Raffles driving that cab, unrecognizable in the foggy night; the vision came to me as he passed under the window, tucking up the collar of his great driving-coat on the way to his rooms; it was still with me when he passed again on his way back, and stopped to hand the constable his key.

"We're on his track," said a voice behind me. "He's got up on the leads, sure enough, though how he managed it from yon window is a myst'ry to me. We're going to lock up here and try what like it is from the attics. So you'd better come with us if you've a mind."

The top floor at the Albany, as elsewhere, is devoted to the servants—a congeries of little kitchens and cubicles, used by many as lumber-rooms—by Raffles among the many. The annexe in this case was, of course, empty as the rooms below; and that was lucky, for we filled it, what with the manager, who now joined us, and another tenant whom he brought with him to Mackenzie's undisguised annoyance.

"Better let in all Piccadilly at a crown a head," said he. "Here, my man, out you go on the roof to make one less, and have your truncheon handy."

We crowded to the little window, which Mackenzie took care to fill; and a minute yielded no sound but the crunch and slither of constabulary boots upon sooty slates. Then came a shout.

"What now?" cried Mackenzie.

"A rope," we heard, "hanging from the spout by a hook!"

"Sirs," purred Mackenzie, "yon's how he got up from below! He would do it with one o' they telescope sticks, an' I never thocht o't! How long a rope, my lad?"

"Quite short. I've got it."

"Did it hang over a window? Ask him that!" cried the manager. "He can see by leaning over the parapet."

The question was repeated by Mackenzie; a pause, then, "Yes, it did."

"Ask him how many windows along!" shouted the manager in high excitement.

"Six, he says," said Mackenzie the next minute; and he drew in his head and shoulders. "I should just like to see those rooms, six windows along."

"Mr. Raffles's," announced the manager after a mental calculation.

"Is that a fact?" cried Mackenzie. "Then we shall have no difficulty at all. He's left me his key down below."

The words had a dry, speculative intonation, which even then I found time to dislike; it was as though the coincidence had already struck the Scotchman as something more.

"Where is Mr. Raffles?" asked the manager, as we all filed downstairs.

"He's gone out to his dinner," said Mackenzie.

"Are you sure?"

"I saw him go," said I. My heart was beating horribly. I would not trust myself to speak again. But I wormed my way to a front place in the little procession, and was, in fact, the second man to cross the threshold that had been the Rubicon of my life. As I did so I uttered a cry of pain, for Mackenzie had trod back heavily on my toes; in another second I saw the reason, and saw it with another and a louder cry.

A man was lying at full length before the fire, on his back, with a little wound in the white forehead, and the blood draining into his eyes. And the man was Raffles himself!

"Suicide," said Mackenzie calmly. "No—here's the poker—looks more like murder." He went on his knees and shook his head quite cheerfully. "An' it's not even murder," said he, with a shade of disgust in his matter-of-fact voice. "Yon's no more than a flesh wound, and I have my doubts whether it felled him; but, sirs, he just stinks o' chloryform!"

He got up and fixed his keen grey eyes upon me; my own were full of tears, but they faced him unashamed.

"I understood ye to say ye saw him go out?" said he sternly.

"I saw that long driving-coat; of course I thought he was inside it."

"And I could ha' sworn it was the same gent when he gave me the key!"

It was the disconsolate voice of the constable in the background; on him turned Mackenzie, white to the lips.

"You'd think anything, some of you damned policemen," said he. "What's your number, you rotter? P 34? You'll be hearing more of this, Mr. P 34! If that gentleman was dead—instead of coming to himself while I'm talking—do you know what you'd be? Guilty of his manslaughter, you stuck pig in buttons! Do you know who you've let slip, butter-fingers? Crawshay—no less—him that broke Dartmoor yesterday. By the God that made ye, P 34, if I lose him I'll hound ye from the forrce!"

Working face—shaking fist—a calm man on fire. It was a new side of Mackenzie, and one to mark and to digest. Next moment he had flounced from our midst.

. . . . . .

"Difficult thing to break your own head," said Raffles later; "infinitely easier to cut your own throat. Chloroform's another matter; when you've used it on others, you know the dose to a nicety. So you thought I was really gone? Poor old Bunny! But I hope Mackenzie saw your face?"

"He did," said I. I would not tell him all Mackenzie must have seen, however.

"That's all right. I wouldn't have had him miss it for worlds; and you mustn't think me a brute, old boy, for I fear that man; and, you know, we sink or swim together."

"And now we sink or swim with Crawshay too," said I dolefully.

"Not we!" cried Raffles with conviction. "Old Crawshay's a true sportsman, and he'll do by us as we've done by him; besides, this makes us quits; and I don't think, Bunny, that we'll take on the professors again!"

Although this is fiction, the author, E. W. Hornung, brother-in-law of Sir A. Conan Doyle of Sherlock Holmes fame, makes much of his Raffles being a resident of

Albany. If such romancers settle upon an actual place for their heroes the least one might expect is that what they describe should be possible. But this is all impossible and could never have occurred in Albany. To begin with, Albany is secure, it is guarded back and front and no one can enter without he or she is known to the sturdy janitors or can give some reasonable excuse for calling.

To obtain chambers it is necessary to write to the Secretary and await one's opportunity. To send a stray caller to the "orfice" and that "one of the clurks, 'e goes round with 'im an' shows 'im the empties," as if Albany was a common lodging-house, shows ignorance on the author's part, who was also ignorant of the buildings and the situation they occupy. There is no narrow side-street with traffic adjoining Albany and no low window from which one could drop on to the roof of a passing cab "under the noses of the police." One can only conjecture that the author adopted the name of Albany but had some other buildings in his mind all the time.

In a still later work of fiction, *The Watcher by the Threshold*, we have Mr. John Buchan's reference to Albany:

"Isn't he very rich?" she asked. "And I suppose he lives very plainly?"

"Rich as Crœsus, and he sticks in his ugly rooms in the Albany because he never thinks enough about the thing to change. I've been in them once, and you never saw such a place. He's a maniac for fresh air, so they're large enough, but they're littered like a stable with odds and ends of belongings. He must have several thousand books, and yet he hasn't a decent binding among them. He hasn't a photograph of a single soul, and only one picture, which, I believe, was his father. But you never

saw such a collection of whips and spurs and bits. It smells like a harness-room, and there you find Maitland, when by any chance he is at home, working half the night and up to the eyes in papers. I don't think the man has any expenses except food and rent, for he wears the same clothes for years. And he has given up horses."

Thus showing some eccentric people have lived in Albany—at least in the imagination of brilliant authors.

Coming later still, readers of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street* are sure to remember a delightful passage describing Michael Fane's visit to his dead father's old friend, Prescott, a soldier-bachelor who had chambers in Albany :

On the night before he went up Michael dined with Prescott at his rooms in the Albany. He enjoyed the evening very much. He enjoyed the darkness of the room whose life seemed to radiate from the gleaming table in its centre. He enjoyed the ghostly notions of the soldier-servant and the half-obscured vision of stern old prints on the walls of the great square room, and he enjoyed the intense silence that brooded outside the heavily-curtained windows. Here in the Albany, Michael was immeasurably aware of the life of London that was surging such a little distance away ; but in this modish cloister he felt that the life he was aware of could never be dated, as if indeed were he to emerge into Piccadilly and behold suddenly crinolines or even powdered wigs they would not greatly surprise him. The Albany seemed to have wrung the spirit from the noisy years that swept on their course outside, to have snatched from each its heart and in the museum of this decorous glass arcade to have preserved it immortally, exhibiting the frozen palpitations to a sensitive observer.

The very essence of Albany is surely contained in this brief paragraph.

CHAPTER XVI

APPENDIX AND LIST OF RESIDENTS—A WORD ABOUT "PARADISE"

IT may be that some of my readers take an interest in the place apart from the people whom I have briefly described in these pages. Albany is certainly one of the last old-world spots in the West End of London and it has existed—for over a century.

In the first place I would ask the stranger to observe the lamps. These lamps have been swinging there for nearly one hundred and fifty years. They were, of course, first lighted with oil. When I was making my sketches for this volume a very young man from the Gas Company was going his daily round attending to the incandescent lights. I was sketching one of the old lamps and happened to remark: "When that lamp was put up the oil man and his boy had more work than you have to do, it was years before gas." "Goodness me, sir," he said, "to think you are old enough to have remembered seeing them!"

Progress in the matter of a gas installation, however, was not made until 1818, and a minute, dated March 13th, records that "the trustees, having taken into their consideration the propriety of lighting Albany with gas, resolved that the same be carried into effect, and that the proposal of John Lawton for laying on the main

THE FAMOUS COVERED WAY—"THE ROPE WALK"

and other pipes for the sum of £186 7s. be accepted, and that a contract be entered into with the Gas Light Company for lighting the same. Resolved that one or more rates be made on the proprietors for raising the before-mentioned sum of £186 7s."

There is also a note to the effect that at this meeting it was "ordered that the 'patrole' be discontinued from the 25th March."

The stately porter—ex-Guardsman—six feet one and much bemedalled, is the first person to accost you. He wears a beautiful tall hat, with a wide band of gold and a very curved broad brim edged with gold braid, a tight fitting cut-away brown cloth coat, and dark trousers.

On referring to the year when Trafalgar was fought I find a minute recorded:

At the next meeting of trustees on January 17th, 1805, it was stated that the cost of "a plain round hat" each for the porters at the front and back gates would cost 8s. apiece. The livery was put at £2 12s. for a "coat with scarlet cuffs and collar with white buttons," and 19s. 6d. for "a scarlet waistcoat," and £1 5s. 6d. for "a pair of velveteen breeches with leather linings," while a livery greatcoat with two rows of buttons, pockets behind and scarlet collar, was priced at £3 6s.

Later, it is to be noted, the porters were ordered to be provided with "round hats with a gold edging and gold lace band."

A porter is stationed both night and day at each entrance, north and south of Albany.

Unfortunately, we have no pictorial records of these picturesque personages—no drawings of the porters of the old day, but judging from those attached to other

public places there must have been many curious "characters" (as we artists would call them) among them who could, no doubt, reveal many queer stories, and throw light on much that was mystifying concerning the residents of those times—especially the night-porters. The latter persons were described as "pumpers," indicating pretty clearly that no water was laid on; and that their office was in consequence no sinecure is shown by a record of a minute, dated June 24th, 1820:

Granting James Eaton a month's leave of absence to go into the country and recruit his health, a deputy to take his place being appointed and paid by the trustees.

Two years previously we have a minute referring to a protest from the porter at the other end:

The porter at the front gate having stated "that he was incapable, through ill-health, to attend to the night duty as well as the day," the trustees now appointed "an assistant porter to officiate for him from 12 at night till 6 o'clock in the morning from Lady Day to Michælmas, and from 12 o'clock till 7 from Michælmas to Lady Day, at 12s. per week, and that he do 'patrole' the courtyard occasionally during those hours."

Porters have strict injunctions about the admittance of strangers dating back to May, 1805, which runs:

It was resolved "that the porters admit no person to Albany on any pretence whatever except such as reside there or have business with the inhabitants," and "that no porter do leave his station on any account whatever or take in any letter, messages, or undertake any charge or business for any person except for the proprietors or inhabitants of the house, and of the chambers in the new buildings. Servants are to go

AN ALBANY PORTER

through the sunk passages under the house and not through the house."

The historical mansion fronting the courtyard that can be seen from Piccadilly, and originally known as Piccadilly House, was erected from the beautiful designs of the famous architect, Sir William Chambers.

The rooms in it are large, lofty, and beautifully proportioned and in the centre of them there was a magnificent ball-room. All this central space, hall and ball-room, was sacrificed to provide a staircase to the mansion when the rooms were divided into separate apartments, and replaced by numerous steps, plain iron railings and intersecting corridors, transforming the once beautiful ball-room into something that can be likened only to a penitentiary or a convict prison.

Albany may be a "joy for ever," a paradise to those who want peace and quietude, but, with the exception of the mansion, it is most certainly not "a thing of beauty." The two long rows of houses at the back are linked by the covered way which extends from the Piccadilly entrance to Burlington Gardens. This walk is more than five hundred feet in length, and is, architecturally speaking, extremely plain, not to say ugly, and most uninteresting.

Visitors are always impressed with this sheltered path which the wags at one time dubbed "the rope-walk." This is rather an unwarranted indignity, although, of course, the description is not inapt. But surely the stout hempen cables of Britain's famous wooden walls of the old days—the days when Albany was built—were never made under such substantial slates, or such massive timber.

One becomes increasingly grateful to Copland and

his colleagues that, between them, they suffered nothing which could be calculated to interfere with the reposeful dignity of the mansion forming Albany's Piccadilly front to-day, and always.

Their watchfulness was not confined merely to the external appearance of Sir William Chambers' fine handiwork: they took the same care to see that the internal beauties of the Mansion House were not marred. So much is evident by the preservation of the ball-room ceiling and other decorations.

Little doubt exists that Cipriani's exquisite art was employed on the paintings of the former, although any proof that he was actually commissioned by Chambers to do this work is not available. But the impression that the brothers Adam exercised any influence, much less took part in any of the decorative schemes, ought to be removed if only out of respect to Sir William's memory and the strong feelings he entertained on this point.

There are people less seriously concerned than architects and other art lovers who may urge that this is a quibble unworthy of consideration, but Sir William was clearly upset by the preface to a book entitled *Works of Robert and James Adam*, which was brought out in 1773. It ran: "We have not trod in the paths of others, nor derived aid from their labours. In the works which we have had the honour to execute, we have not only met with the approbation of our employers, but even with the imitation of other artists, to such a degree as in some measure to have brought about, in this country, a kind of revolution in the whole system of this useful and elegant art."

ALBANY COURTYARD, 1790

(THE BUILDING IS EXACTLY THE SAME TO-DAY)

Evidence of Sir William's perturbation—I think that is the right word for it—is contained in the following letter which he wrote, under date August 13th, 1773, to Lord Grantham, the British Ambassador to the Court of Spain:

Messieurs Adam have lately published a book of their ornaments, with a preface rather presumptuous, as I am told, for I have not yet read the book, in which they boast of having first brought the true style of Decoration into England, and that all the Architects of the present day are only servile copyers of their excellence. I do not agree with them in the first of these positions, and can produce proofs against the last—among others, Melbourne House, decorated in a manner almost diametrically opposite to theirs, and more, as I flatter myself, in the true Style, as approaching nearer to the most approved Style of the Ancients.

Those who are privileged, therefore, at any time, to see the internal decorations of the fourteen suites of apartments in which Melbourne (originally Piccadilly) House (to-day the Mansion House, or front of Albany) has been transformed should not fall into the common error, which many undoubtedly do, of ascribing them to Robert or James Adam. Quibble, or no quibble, it is not kind to Sir William when the true facts are known.

It may be appropriate at this juncture to remark that Cipriani, whose handiwork in the ball-room ceiling none can fail to admire, should not be confused with Fontana's pupil, Sebastiano, of Norcia. This Cipriani was of earlier date, and after the earthquake of 1703 designed the Antonelli palace at Aquila. Records also point to the fact that he was, in all probability, the same Sebastiano Cipriani who engraved the catafalque of

Cardinal Bolognetti, built the great chapel of the Church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli at Rome, from a design by Maratti, and erected the catafalque for the burial ceremony of John III (Sobieski) of Poland (1696) engraved by Bartoli.

The other Cipriani—Giovanni Battista—whose genius Sir William Chambers so readily recognized, was born in Florence in 1727, and may be counted an historical painter and engraver of note. In his early twenties he found his way to Rome, and then, in 1755, reached London.

Like other talented men he had to work hard for recognition, and his first years in the metropolis were not without their struggles. He taught drawing and gradually obtained quite a number of pupils, his circle widening and his prosperity increasing as his reputation became established. The foundation of the Royal Academy—it was called The Exhibition in those days and the first formal meeting was in Pall Mall, on December 14th, 1768—saw his election as a R.A., and each succeeding year almost up to the time of his death in 1785 found him an exhibitor.

About a year younger than Sir William Chambers, Cipriani was lucky enough to enjoy Sir William's personal friendship practically from the date of the foundation of the Academy, if not before. Chambers (then Mr.) was the first treasurer, and drew up the plan or " Instrument " for the Academy which King George III, with his own hand, signed and ordered to be put into execution. It was Cipriani who designed the diploma of the Royal Academy—no doubt with Chambers not far away to comment and advise—and thereafter throughout the

THE DUTCH GARDEN

years the great architect and the painter supplemented each other's work.

One of the most notable examples of Cipriani's handicraft under Chambers' direction is the ceiling of the Registrar's Room at Somerset House, but many other instances of the collaboration of these two famous men might be given. For example, the original drawing of a fine design for a ceiling by Sir William, with decorations by Cipriani, is to-day in the possession of Mr. A. E. Richardson, the well-known architect and professor of University College.

In a fine work—*London Houses from* 1660 *to* 1820—that has become a classic in the architectural world, compiled by Mr. A. E. Richardson and his partner, Mr. C. Lovett Gill, the Piccadilly part of Albany is alluded to as follows :

This fine example of Sir William Chambers' capability as an architect was originally called Piccadilly House, and afterwards Melbourne House. It presents a charming composition with introductory motifs composed of stable and office buildings.

The Dutch Garden on the right of the steps as one enters the Rope Walk appears—to the casual glance—the oldest portion of Albany, though in reality it is the newest. Between the mansion and the blocks of houses there was—until recently—a most unsightly corner. This happy transformation was effected by Sir George Hastings, who was prompted no doubt by his connection with Ranelagh. His palatial chambers on the ground-floor were overlooking this quaint and pretty garden.

The covered way, if ugly, is redeemed by its utility. It is delightfully shaded in the hottest weather, and absolutely dry in the wettest. The curious charm of this peculiar feature—and indeed one might claim it for the whole Albany—is its quaint antiquity.

At this time few clubs existed as we know them in London to-day. Hotels were taverns "in the little village." It was the age of "taverns," but the tavern keepers frequently aspired to be called hotel keepers.

Thus we find in the minutes of the meetings of the Albany proprietors a portion of the main building sometimes referred to as a "Tavern" and at other times the "Hotel."

Originally it was intended to convert the fine basement rooms of the Mansion House of Albany into baths, "but it having been considered that the expense of maintaining this part of the establishment would exceed the advantages that might be expected to be derived from it," the idea was abandoned.

It was thought a better idea to convert this portion into a tavern open to the public and called the "Hotel." It is interesting to refer to Albany archives and discover how the idea worked.

Up till this time—1804—Mr. Copland had "taken upon himself the charge of the hotel part of the establishment," and had "been at the expense of watchmen, porters, and other servants belonging to the establishment, but having signified his desire and intention of discontinuing the same as soon as it may be convenient to the proprietors, the trustees have agreed with Mr. John Mollard to let the hotel for the term of one year."

SIR GEORGE HASTINGS
(AN APARTMENT IN ALBANY)

In the agreement Mr. Mollard is described as of Dover Street, Piccadilly, and the trustees undertook to let him

the dining-rooms, kitchen, cellars, and other apartments at Albany now occupied by Mr. Manglon, for a term of one year from June 24th, 1804, at the rent of £22 per annum. The said John Mollard agrees to pay all rates, assessments, taxes, and water rate; to keep the rooms open for the accommodation of the proprietors, inhabitants, and subscribers, well supplied with good wines and provisions at a fair and reasonable price.

The said John Mollard agrees to provide laundresses to be employed and paid by the inhabitants, and is to take care of such of the chambers as are committed to his care by any of the proprietors, or inhabitants; also to keep the staircases and passages in the house clean and in good order. All the servants employed by him are to be first approved of by the trustees or the major part of them, and liable to be removed upon complaint from them.

The said John Mollard is to keep the premises agreed to be let to him in repair during the said term, and insured from fire in the Globe Insurance Office in the sum of £5,000 in the name of four of the trustees. . . . The trustees are induced to enter into this agreement at a low rent as from the present infancy of the undertaking and while many of the apartments remain uninhabited it was not possible to find an eligible tenant who would risk giving such a rent as the trustees think may be expected when the apartments shall be fully inhabited.

At the proprietors' sixth meeting on December 6th, 1810, the following report of the trustees respecting the tavern, dated December 4th, 1810, was read:

That part of Albany which has been converted into dining-room, kitchen, cellars and appropriate apartments and offices for the use and occupation of a *maître d'hôtel* is vested in the trustees upon trust, that they may let the same to any eligible tenant, or tenants for such term, at such rent, and subject to such covenants, conditions and agreements as the trustees shall think proper. . . .

In June, 1804, Mr. Copland relinquished the management of the hotel, having lost nearly £600 exclusive of the interest and wear and tear of the furniture by the undertaking.

In June, 1804, the trustees let the hotel to Mr. John Mollard for one year at the rent of £22 per annum under an agreement reported to the proprietors at their general meeting, July 10th, 1804.

At the expiration of the year Mr. John Mollard quitted the possession of the hotel as he stated with a loss of about £500. It was then let to Mr. Henry Cross for one year at the rent of £100 per annum. He continued a tenant until August, 1806, when he became a bankrupt.

Evidently Cross did his best to push the business, for the following advertisement appeared in the public papers :

Albany Tavern and Coffee Room (late York House), Piccadilly. H. Cross most respectfully invites the nobility and gentry to the inspection of the above tavern and coffee room, fitted up in a most superior style of elegance for their accommodation, hopes for their patronage and support by reasonable charges and wines of superior vintage.

Dinners. Turtles dressed and sent out on the shortest notice.

A CORNER OF THE COURTYARD

This appeal failing to attract the public, Cross made overtures to the Albanyites themselves :

Several gentlemen of Albany having expressed a wish to have a public dinner in the office room, I have to request your patronage and support upon the occasion. Such favours conferred will be gratefully acknowledged.

The failure of a " tavern " in so quiet a retreat and merely a few yards from the pavement of Piccadilly seems inexplicable. To-day no doubt it would have vied with the popular Prince's Restaurant opposite. Still that would not have been in keeping with " paradise." A swimming bath on the same lines as we have in the Automobile Club in Pall Mall would certainly add to its attractions, particularly during the hot weather, when one has ceased to " pad the weary hoof " in Piccadilly.

Alas in those good old days there was not " Water, water everywhere," so that Albany Trustees could not entertain the idea of baths, as is shown by the following quaint letter from the Secretary of the New River Company :

The Directors of the New River Company beg to return you (the trustees) their thanks for the support they have hitherto received from you. They have persevered for some years past under every discouragement of increasing expenses and decreasing receipts in maintaining their works for the supply of water to the western quarters of the town remote from the New River Head.

The diminution during that time in the number of houses supplied by the Company, the great, and they

can truly say, with reference to their own concern, the unreasonable reduction of Water Rates, must be matters of sufficient notoriety to the inhabitants.

The necessity, now become urgent, of changing their extensive wooden works into iron throughout the district, has left the Company no option but that of receding, or venturing upon a further ruinous sacrifice of capital without any prospect of an adequate return, or any security against depression without bounds.

Under these circumstances, it is with regret that the Directors have found themselves obliged to relinquish from Christmas last the supply of the district in which your house is situated.

Further matters of interest concerning Albany could be added. However, I think I have included sufficient to satisfy my readers that this work deals with a hitherto little known feature of wonderful London.

RESIDENTS

The following authentic lists of residents is compiled by the Secretary. As the record is only of those who have either bought their chambers or rent them, it is not complete. Many residents have re-let their rooms, of which, of course, no official record exists.

Gentlemen who during the first thirty years of Albany's existence were residents—invariably in their own freeholds—included :

General Bude
Lord Brooke
Sir Wm. Ingilby
Hon. W. Lygon
General Samuel Bradshaw
Lord Desart
Sir Andrew Francis Barnard
Sir Marmaduke Warren Peacock
John Gladstone (father of W. E. Gladstone)

Charles Foley Wilmot
Major-General Sir James Stevenson Barnes
Wyndham Quin
Henry Angelo
Earl of Lichfield
Thomas Calverley
Colonel Felix Calvert
Michael Lambton
Lord Charles Manners
Hon. George Pomeroy
Nicholas Fazakerley
Henry Luttrell
Peter Rainier
Edmund Fitz-Moore
Admiral Sotheby
Lord Kinnaird
Major Frederick Johnstone
Sir John Brooke Pechell
Lord Minto
Hon. Thomas Brand
Gerrard Noel Noel
Sir George Pownall
Admiral J. W. Spranger
Viscount Anson
Lord Webb Seymour
Henry Sanford
Matthew Gregory ("Monk"), Lewis (author of *Ambrosio, or the Monk*, who mentioned in his will that his chambers, K 1, cost him £600)
Robert Smirke
Sir Thomas Neave
Peter Norton
Wilbore Ellis
Francis James Nugee

Among the more modern residents must be included :

Hon. Sir Wm. Barrington (Minister at Stockholm)
Lord Kilcoursie (now Earl Cavan)
Admiral Sir Henry Keppel
Marquess of Clanricarde
Sir Alexander Kennedy (the well-known consulting electrical engineer, whose private orchestra frequently charms the residents with delightful music)
General Sir Luther Vaughan (a famous Indian Mutiny veteran)
Captain Gilbert Blaine
Captain Philip Van der Byl
Frank Hadow, the big game hunter
Sir George Hastings
Sir Trevredyn Rashleigh Wynne
Sir Thomas Beecham
Henry Arthur Jones

Edward Knoblock (playwright)
Cosmo Hamilton (playwright)
Claude Lowther, M.P.
Sir Vincent Caillard
John Buckingham Pope (colliery owner)
Lord Kenyon
Archibald Hanbury
John Lane (publisher)
Admiral Sir Guy Gaunt, M.P.

List of Tenants

as assessed on the
Rate Books of
St. James's Piccadilly (Church Ward)

(1804–1900)

to the close of the Vestry Books, Lady Day 1901

Extracted by W. H. Manchée

THE Albany comprises a courtyard and three blocks of buildings.

The courtyard, entered from Piccadilly by a roadway between two shops built on the frontage of the old mansion, consists of five separate tenements of two floors each.

Facing the courtyard, and fronting the Piccadilly line, is the main block A, of three floors, originally divided into 12 sets of chambers, and now consisting of 15.

Passing through its central hall, the back faces a covered walk leading through into Burlington Gardens, with a block of buildings, also of three floors, left and right.

To the left, with separate entrances suitably lettered on each side of the doorway, are the sets of chambers B to F, and to the right those of L to G.

Attached to the Burlington Gardens entrance are two shops at F and G, a porter's lodge governing this entrance as well as the one at A to maintain the privacy of the enclosure, and preserve it from becoming a public right of way.

These latter blocks, B to L, consist of six sets of chambers each with the exception of F and G, which in both cases consist of three only.

The years given are those in which the names appear on the Rate Book and are therefore inclusive. In some cases the tenancy does not extend over the whole year, as for example in the case of Lord Byron, who is given for three quarters only. The spelling of the names is as in the books, and cannot be said to be reliable in some cases.

The Rate Books themselves furnish many puzzles. Fair copies, signed by the Justices, each book is altered in both ink and pencil, where alteration in tenancies occur. As a rule, the name pencilled in appears in ink on the next year's book as the tenant, and this, coupled with a note in the margin of the old year's book, enables the new name to be taken as correct. In other cases, although rates are paid, no name at all is given, and where the original name reappears it is assumed the tenancy was not broken. The surname alone often appears for years, and where the Christian name appears later, it is assumed to attach to the first entry. In the same way, the final rank of officers, as appearing on the books, is given, as also those of peers, and other titled personages.

Confusion is also caused by the change of lettering. In 1806 the letter " K " was omitted, the final lettering running " I, L, M," the original order being reverted

to in 1867, so that *during the years* 1806–67 *L should be read as the modern K* and M as L.

The Vestry Books close at Lady Day, 1901, to which date the list is given, and this year does not therefore signify the close of a tenancy, but merely the year to which the searches have been made.

In that year (1901) the control of the Vestry ceased and passed into the hands of the Westminster City Corporation.

It may be of interest to add that the first lady's name to appear on the list was that of Mrs. Inez E. Crawley in 1883, evidently the widow of a previous tenant, although there is a lapse of two years, the first of which is occupied by Mr. Robert Milnes Newton, the magistrate at Vine Street whose unfortunate connection with the case of a respectable woman arrested as a "street-walker" may be within the recollection of many readers, together with the outcry at the time at his accepting police evidence against the civilian testimony produced in favour of the accused. A comparison of the list with Burke's Peerage and Landed Gentry will show how many of the earlier tenants seem to have intermarried, a curious fact throwing a light upon the friendships formed and cemented in those olden-days.

f.t. = for tenants. Presumably the owner of the chambers, those being of freehold tenure.

Ackland T. P.	C 2	1811–25
Acton, Sir John	H 4	1865
Acworth, Nathaniel Brindley	H 1	1846–47
Agar-Ellis, Leopold George	A 12	1881–84
„ Hon. M. P.	I 4	1861–64

Ainslie, Sir Robert, Bt.	G 3	1814–23
Aladro, H. E. Don Juan Pedro	E 1	1891–96
Aldrich, Major Edwd.	I 3	1848–51
Allen, William J.	M 1	1847
Althorpe, Lord. *See* Earl Spencer		
Anderdon, John Edmund	B 3	1859–60
Anderson, Captain John Henry	C 2	1871–01
„ „ „ „	B 2	1884
Angelo, ( )	1 Albany Courtyard	1808–9
Annesley, Dr. James	H 6	1839–41
„ „	„	1843–44
„ Sir James	„	1845–47
„ Major-General Hugh	„	1842
Anson, Viscount (Litchfield 1854)	C 5	1851
„ „	A 11	1853–4
Antrobus, Sir Edmund	D 5	1865–66
Arbuthnot, Maj.-Genl. Hugh	H 5	1836–68 (d. 1868
„ General	A 14	1847–48
Archdall, Captain, M.P.	A 12	1850–52
Arden, Percy	A 7 & 13	1901
Arkwright, Captain	I 1	1859–61
„ Major Frederick	A 8	1867–69
„ Ferdinand	B 1	1879–91
„ George	D 2	1846–55
Armstrong, Sir Alexander	D 2	1876–96
Arnold, Augustus Walter	A 3	1868–72
Arthur, John	I 6	1818–24
Atkins, A.	A 10	1814–27
Atkinson, James	B 4	1860–69
Bacon, Walter Charles	A 14	1878–83
Bailie, William Hunter	I 4	1834

Baker, Henry	F 3	1857–63
Baldwin, Captain Geo. Walter	L 2	1871–85
„ Lt.-Col. Richard Horsmunden	I 3	1865–70
„ Major Wm. John Atkinson	L 2	1886–94
Baring, Thomas Douglas	A 14	1833–35
Barnard, Edward George	E 1	1863–65
Barnes, Sir James Stevenson	B 2	1836–37
„ „ „	A 10	1838–39
Barnett, William	I 1	1843–45
Barrington, Hon. Wm. Augustus	A 1	1898–01
Bateson, George	M 6	1857–62
Bayliss, Edward Alexander	L 6	1877–92
Beard, Charles	B 5	1807–09
„ Richard Rideout	D 6	1886–90
„ „ „	G 2	1891
Beauclerk, Lord Frederick	E 2	1807–11
Beckitt, John	M 5	1807–09
Bell, John	M 3	1849
Benkhausen, George	B 5	1825
Bennett, Edward	Shop (East)	1883–87
„ Edwin	„ „	1888–01
Benson, J. (Thomas in 1875)	E 2	1872–76
„ Exors. of	„	1877–78
Bentley, Frederick	C 1	1860–62
Bernard, Julian	A 4	1856–60
Besevi, ( )	G 1	1822–26
Besville, Colonel Hon. James	C 5	1857–59
Bingham, Lord	D 4	1826–30
Bird, William	E 6	1867–70
Birnie, ( )	M 6	1820
Birt, Lewis	A 6	1825–29
Bishop, Major Luke	E 2	1893–01
Blackburn, John	I 3	1811–17
Blackett, Sir E.	L 6	1830–31

Blake, Hon. Anthony Richard	B 4	1845–47
„ „ „ „	A 4	1849
Blanchard, Richard	L 1	1867–70
Blane, David Anderson	G 1	1854–55
Blennerhasset, Sir Rowland	L 4	1865–66
Bligh, Edmund	A 9	1857–66
Blount, John	H 4	1866–83
Bolton, Thomas Dalling	C 6	1890–92
Booth, Revd. John Brian	E 4	1898–01
Borras, Charles	K 2	1872–76
Borthwic, Lord Archibald Thomas	G 2	1891–98
Boncicault, Dion	G 3	1883–84
Boulcott, ( )	H 1	1839–40
Bourke, General John Jocelyn	E 3	1879–95
Bourne, William Sturges	I 6	1807–08
Bouverie, Hon Edward	M 1	1841–43
Bowles, Charles	A 12	1812–13
Bradshaw, Maj.-Genl.	C 1	1813
Brand, Thomas	L 6	1807–20
Brandram, Thomas	E 5	1818–31
Brandt, James	L 4	1826
Breadalbane, Earl of	A 14	1870–72
„ „	B 4	1870–71
Brereton, Maj.-Genl. Hy.	E 3	1856–61
„ Maj.-Genl. Sir William, K.C.B.	„	1862–64
Brettle, Edward	A 14	1851–67 (d. 1867)
„ George	A 1	1848–50
Brewer ( )	3 Albany Courtyard	1809
Bridger, William Milton	L 3	1828–37
Brigston, ( )	L 4	1811
Briscoe, ( )	A 13	1819–23
„ Captain Arthur	4 Albany Courtyard	1858–59
Bristowe, R.	A 4	1804–08
Broadhurst, John	C 4	1853–58

Broadbent, George. (*See* Tyrrell, Lewis & Co.)			
Broadwood, ( )	A 2	1818	
„ Henry	A 1	1822–36	
Brook, Lord	M 2	1807–08	
Brougham, James	C 3	1807–15	
Brown, Henry Francis	A 14	1884–87	
„ Richard Hy.	A 6	1860	
„ Robert James	A 6	1865–67	
Browning, Charles	A 9	1879–81	
„ Henry	A 10	1828–29	
Brownlow, Revd. E.	M 2	1832	
Bruce, Andrew Hamilton	K 4	1877–78	
„ „ „	„	1881	
Bryant, George	4 Albany Courtyard	1861–72	
Buckle, George	A 8	1832–36	
„ John	„	1837–46	
Bucknill, Dr. E.	E 2	1881–87	
Budd, Edward	M 1	1850–51	
Bude, General	A 12	1804	
Buller, Sir James East	B 4	1872–78	(d.1878)
Bulpet, George	L 3	1841–52	
Bulwer, ( )	H 6	1826	
„ ( )	L 6	1827	
„ Edward Lytton	A 2	1836–37	
Burdett, Colonel	A 9	1833	
„ Sir Robert	G 2	1867–80	
„ „ „	G 3	1867–80	
„ „ „	A 14	1868–69	
Burke, Colonel	A 13	1812	
„ Viscount	C 5	1866–70	
Burn, M. O.	K 5	1806	
Burnard, Sir A. F.	M 2	1825–31	
Burney, Col. Hugh Somerville Sawyer	H 6	1886–89	
Burroughs, Sir William	E 1	1825	

Bushe, John	A 13	1855–69
Butt, Charles Parker	F 3	1876–79
*Byron, Lord	A 2	1815
„ Arthur William	A 1	1894–97
Caillard, Esmond C.	K 3	1894–01
Call, ( )	A 8	1806–07
Callender, Major Alexr. James	D 5	1834–46
Calverley, ( )	A 1	1813–15
Cameron, Colonel	B 2	1848–49
Cammell, Charles	E 6	1883–86
Campbell, Edward Arthur	A 3	1873–82 (d.1882)
„ „ „	A 6	1882
„ ( )	H 1	1814–31
„ Harold Fielden	B 5	1890–96
„ General Patrick Jno.	D 4	1888–01
Cane, Edward	A 8	1850–51
„ „	B 4	1851–54
Cargill, William Walter	M 3	1847
Carlton, Capt. William	I 6	1857–74 (d.1874)
Carnegie, Captn. Hon. Swynford	I 1	1856–58
Cartwright, Clement	M 4	1806–28
„ John	A 5	1847–48
Cattermole, George	A 2	1838–39
Causfield, Gerard Wm.	F 1	1874–77
Cavendish, Henry	C 1	1812
Champion, Guy	B 3	1817–31
Charteris, Colonel Hon. Richard	A 11	1855–58
Church, ( )	I 4	1811–12
Clanricarde, Marquess of	C 5	1875–01
Clarke, Patrick	L 2	1826–28
Clavering, William	M 2	1844
Clifton, Lt.-Col. Thomas Hy.	C 1	1856–59

Close, Admiral Francis Arden	F 1	1880–01
Cobb, Captain Henry	C 2	1829–38
Cobbe, Captain	D 5	1825
Cochrane, Alexander Baillie	F 1	1839–44
Cockburn, Revd. William	B 5	1806
Cohen, ( )	I 1	1820–30
Colborne, General Sir Francis	D 3	1890–95
„ „ „ (Exors. of)	„	1896
Colchester, Bishop of. (See Frank Henry)		
Colebrook, ( )	L 4	1816–21
Coles, Bickerton C. Cowper	A 2	1878–83
Collie, William	E 6	1876–80
Collins, Captn. Rigby	I 1	1831
Colville, Colonel Robert	B 4	1848–51
Compton, Henry	D 1	1806
Cook, Arthur Bott	B 2	1870–73 & 1881
„ „ „	A 14	1874–77
„ Charles William	H 5	1880–87
„ John Douglas	G 1	1856–68
„ „ „ Exors. of	„	1869–79
Cooper, Charles Adams	F 2	1806–20
„ Edward Spencer	I 3	1807–08
„ Ernest	B 5	1886–88
Cope, Sir John C.	D 6	1811–14
Copeland, Alexander	L 3	1808–17
„ „	H 3	1809–20
„ „	I 3	1809–10
„ „	D 2	1810–16
„ „	L 1	1810
„ „	H 2	1811–13
Coote, Captn. Chidley	C 4	1860–69
Corbet, Athelstane John Soden	I 3	1871–72
Corry, Montagu (Lord Rowton)	D 2	1871–73
Courtenay, Rear-Admi. G.	E 1	1856–62

Courtenay, Captn. G.	D 3	1850–52
Coventry, St. John Holford	L 5	1891–96
Cox, Gordon	B 6	1885–87
Cranstown, Lord	A 2	1845–62
Craven, Hon. Keppel	M 1	1811–17
„ „	E 1	1815–20
Crawley, George Abraham	K 5	1891–96
„ George B.	„	1879–80
„ Mrs. Inez E. (See Pringle)	„	1883–91
Crease, Edward Smith	C 2	1848–49
Crofts, Richard	A 8	1804–10
Cruise, ( )	M 2	1824
Cumming, Captn. A.	D 5	1853–54
„ John	G 3	1837–39
Cunliffe, Henry	A 5	1857–63
„ Sir Robert	B 3	1869
Currie, J.	A 8	1820–21
„	H 4	1828–30
Curwein, Captain	H 3	1806
D'Aeth, George William	H 3	1859–62
D'Aguilar, Colonel Hy.	G 1	1848–52
„ Henry	E 1	1854
Dalbiac, Sir James Chas.	A 13	1839–43
„ „	A 7	1839–47
Dalton, Captain	C 2	1826
Dalyrmple, Captn. John	L 2	1843–44
Dangar, Frank R.	I 2	1871–73
Darthez, Theodore	C 6	1865–89
Dashwood, Maitland	A 5	1874–76
Davidson, John	A 8	1812–15
„ Wm. Francis	E 6	1826–29
„ Robert E.	„	1865
„ „	D 1	1868–71
„ Septimus	„	1867
Davies, Col. Richard Percival	K 1	1895–1901

Davis, Israel Samuel	H 2	1884–89
Dawney, Hon. Marmaduke	D 6	1810
Dawson, John	Shop (E. side)	1806
Day, Charles	B 2	1813
d'Azeglio, Marquis Taperelli	F 3	1868–76
de Beger, Alexander	F 5	1846
de Burgh, Henry Hugo Patrick	B 6	1892–99
Delmé, Frederick Peter	A 10	1808
Denham, Major	L 1	1826–27
Dennis, James	I 1	1832–37
de Salis, Count Francis	L 3	1838–39
Desart, Earl	A 14	1813–16
de Winton, Capt. Walter	M 6	1863–64
de Worms, Baron Hy.	H 2	1879–83
de Zucco, Syka	3 Albany Courtyard	1871–72
Dickenson, Revd. Hy.	M 2	1850–52
Dickson, J. B.	D 5	1866–68
Digby, ( )	M 1	1822–24
Dillon, John Henry	K (L) 5	1850–77
Dimond, James	Shop (W. side)	1806
Douce, ( )	D 2	1820
Douglas, William	I 1	1814–16
„ W. R.	A 5	1818–21
Dove, James	1 Albany Courtyard	1815
Doyle, Lehunt	C 2	1871
Duff, Robt. William Abercromby	C 1	1863–66
Duncan, Lord	B 4	1836–38
Duncombe, Thomas Slingsby	F 4	1845–49
Eade, William Aisdale	I 1	1846–53
Easthorpe, John	H 3	1832
Edlmann, Herbert	B 3	1872–74

Edlmann, J.	A 6	1871–72
Edmunds, Admiral Charles	H 1	1874–79
Elliot, F. Boileau	D 6	1866–68
Elliott, James Lettson	C 3	1859–63
„ „ „	C 4	1876–1900
Ellis, Hon, Agar, M.P.	I 4	1861–64
„ Leopold George	A 12	1881–84
„ Charles	A 5	1808–11
„ Chas. Cydwelyn	4 Albany Courtyard	1875–81
„ Captn. David Thos.	C 3	1856–58
„ Edward	A 9	1806–07
„ Wilbore	E 2	1833–70
„ William	„	1819–32
Elphinstone, Mountstewart	A 14	1834–35
„ „	A 4	1836–47
English, Percy James	A 11	1895–97
Ernest, George Paul	A 2	1894–01
Ernst, ( )	B 4	1814–15
Erskine, Rear-Adml. John Elphinstone	L 1	1853–54
„ „ „	„ (latet L)	1858–87
Errington, Sir George	I 6	1875–86
Eskell, Henry	I 3	1819
Este, Henry	C 1	1827–35
„ Henry Lambton	3 Albany Courtyard	1837
„ Michael Lambton	C 1	1836–55
Fairlie, William	I 3	1827–34
Fane, Colonel Henry	L 2	1851–54
Farnie, H. B.	G 3	1886–87
Faulkner, George	C 2	1850–64 (d.1864)
Fazakerley, Nicholas	A 10	1811–13
„ „	E 4	1814–24
Fergusson, Sir James	A 2	1887–89
Ferguson, R. Cutler	B 2	1877–80
Fermor, Hon. Frederick	L 4	1858–60

Fiennes, Hon. Twisleton	D 1	1836–43
„ „ „	A 11	1838
Finnie, Lieut. Robert	H 3	1883–90
Fisher, Morton C.	H 3	1871–76
„ R. L.	M 1	1836
Fitzclarence, Captn. Hon. George	L 4	1863–64
FitzGerald, J.	I 5	1809–13
FitzMoore, Edward	A 9	1840–44
„ Edmund	L 2	1845–48
Fitzpatrick, James Coleman	L 3	1855
Foley, Maj.-Genl. St. George	C 5	1861–66
Fonnereau, Thomas Geo.	A 11	1837 & 1839
Forbes, Captn. Lackland	K 3	1877–78
„ Captn. Chas. Stuart	K 3	1867–76
Forman, William Henry	E 5	1836–46
Forster, K.	A 11	1804–12
Fox, Robert	D 5	1832
Framptor, William Hammond	B 4	1842
Frankland, Lieut.-Col.	A 3	1810–16
Franklyn, William	A 3	1808
Frankum, Richard	F 1	1848–61 (d. 1861)
Fraser, Sir William Augustus	B 2	1885–88
„ „ „	C 1	1885–88
„ „ „	A 3 & A 6	1888–97
„ „ „	(Exors.)	1897–1901
„ „ „	A 7 & 13	1892–93
„ Captn. Hugh Croft Keith	B 2	1900–01
Fredericks, Charles	L 6	1894–95
„ „	H 5	1895–96
„ Justin Wm.	D 5	1860–61
Freeland, W. H.	B 3	1849–53
Fuller, John	L 4	1827–36
Gaball, Henry	Shop, F 5	1850–82
Gaisford, Captn. Thomas	B 4	1854–59

Gambier, ( )	H 6	1833
„ Col. Gloucester	H 2	1867–72
Gardner, Captain	D 2	1830–32
Garlike, Benjamin	B 3	1814–15
„ „	B 6	1810–15
„ „ (Exors. of)	„	1816
Gascoigne, Maj.-Genl. Charles	A 8	1856–66
Geary, Francis	D 2	1835–40
„ „	D 1	1844–45
Gelle ( )	I 2	1812–16
„ Sir William	A 12	1814–17
Gibbs, Colonel George	C 2	1834–37
Giles, Daniel	A 8	1808
„ D.	C 6	1809–21
„ „	„	1823–31
Gillett, William	M 6	1865–70
„ „	C 4	1870–75
Girdlestone, James	3 Albany Courtyard	1871–88
Gladstone, Cecil Thomas	D 6	1882–85
„ Charles	M 2	1834
„ John	A 6	1830–31
„ Thomas G.	„	1832–36
„ Wm. Ewart	M 2	1835–41
„ Wm. Kenrick	H 5	1869–70
Glenelg, Baron Coureson	H 4	1845–64
Glyn, Richard	C 3	1825–26
Goff, Captn. Richard	D 6	1876–81
Goodson, Thomas	D 3	1853–63
„ „	F 2	1864–93
Gordon, James Richard	B 3	1854–58
Gould, Revd. Jas. Aubrey	L 4	1875–80
Gower, Arthur Holford	H 6	1897–98
Graeff, Edward	3 Albany Courtyard	1838
Graham, ( )	G 2	1887–90
„ Rear-Admi. Charles	M 5	1856–58

Graham, Capt. George	L 1	1848–52
„ Lt.-Gen. Hope	D 2	1874–75
„ Sir James	D 5	1855–58
„ William	E 4	1888–89
„ Capt. Wm. Dashwood	M 1	1848
Grant, Jas. William	E 5	1862–71
„ Major Robert	A 12	1871–75
„ Col. Wm. Francis	M 2	1863–70
„ „ „	L 6	1871–76
„ Capt. Wm. Lewis	M 2	1853–63
Gray, Revd. F.	L 6	1830–32
Green, William	H 3	1845–46
Grey, Revd. F.	M 3	1839
Gregg, Thomas	B 5	1810–20
„ „	H 4	1830–39
Griffiths, Arthur E. Copeland	D 2	1896–1901
„ „ „ (Owner for tenants)	H 3	1898–1901
Gumbleton, J.	G 2	1809–11
Gundry, Daniel	A 3	1838–41
Gunn, Alexander Hamilton	H 2	1895
Hailstone, Revd. John	E 5	1806–14
Haliburton, Arthur	K 6	1876–78
Halkett, James	E 4	1811
„ „	A 5	1812–16
„ John	A 7 & 13	1849–53
Hall, John	B 6	1828–31
„ Samuel, Q.C.	K 4	1881–95
Hallett, John	A 10	1830–36
Halliday, George	D 1	1818–31
„ Gen. Wm. R.	2 Albany Courtyard	1873–74
Hamilton, ( )	A 11	1820–24
Hamley, Col. Edwd. B.	C 2	1866–71
Hanbury, Archibald	E 5	1887–99

Hanbury, Archibald	D 3	1897–1901
„ Revd. Barnard	3 Albany Courtyard	1828
„ „ „	„	1831–33
„ Philip	I 5	1830–45
„ Robert Wm.	E 2	1880
Hand, Admi. George Sumner	I 4	1874–83
Hanken, A. H. Trulock	K 3	1882–88
Hanmer, Major Wm.	I 2	1874–81
Hansler, Sir John	H 3	1859–67
„ Capt. Robert	I 1	1867–68
Harding, Benjamin	A 10	1840
Hardwicke, John	L 5	1826–49
Hare, Francis	G 3	1812–13
„ „	D 5	1817–24
„ J.	„	1827–30
Harman, Henry	A 9	1834–39
Harpur, ( )	D 2	1817–19
Harris, Henry Joseph	Shop (W.)	1891–93
Harrison, John	1 Albany Courtyard	1844–48
Hart, Charles	C 1	1840–41
„ Marmaduke	„	1842
Hastings, Francis Theophilus Henry	E 1	1897
Haviland, Henry James	A 9	1854–56
Hawkins, George	B 2	1839–47
„ Col. Hy.	„	1852–56
Hayes, Francis Brown	I 5 & 6	1893
Haygarth, Colonel	A 11	1859
Heath, ( )	I 4	1825–33
„ Benjamin Robert	H 6	1835–36
„ George Crauford	I 4	1837–46
„ „ „	„	1852–53
„ John	C 6	1838–64
Heatley, Grant Tod	4 Albany Courtyard	1854–57
f.t. Hemsley, Alexander	L 5	1898–1901

	Hemsley & Hemsley	4 Albany Courtyard	1882–1901
	Hemmings, Captn.	G 1	1815–21
	Henderson, Alexander	G 2	1881–83
	Henley, J.	D 1	1832
	Henniker, Sir Fredk.	3 Albany Courtyard	1825
	Henry, Frank, Bishop of Colchester	B 1	1898–99
	Henshaw, Frazer B.	E 5	1859–61
	Hepburn, John G.	H 2	1863–67
	Herbert, Sir Thomas	A 5	1844–46
	„ Captain	I 2	1819–25
	Hewit, Dr.	3 Albany Courtyard	1826–27
f.t.	Hewitt, J. A.	H 2	1896–1901
	Hibbert, Lt.-Col. Edward George	D 1	1872–1901
	„ George	M 4	1830–38
	„ „	„	1843–50
	Hichins, Colonel	H 4	1888–90
	Hicks, Arthur Power	A 6	1873–74
	Higford, John	A 7 & 13	1826–31
	Hill, James Gossett	I 1	1854–55
	Hires, Alfred	H 3	1854–55
	Hoare, Hugh Edwin	A 8	1885–86
	Hobart, Robert Henry	L 2	1895
f.t.	„ „ „		1898–1901
	Hodgson, George Arthur	A 2	1875–76
	„ Richard	F 3	1864–67
	Holback, Albert H.	F 5	1847–49
	Holford, Henry Shaw	A 6	1854–56
	Holland, Henry	D 4	1809–26
	Hone, Captn. Thomas	K 2	1891–92
	Hope, Alexander Jas. Beresford	F 3	1880–87
	„ Philip B. Beresford	G 1	1888–93

Hope, Genl. Sir James	B 6	1832–42
Hopkins, Mrs. Sarah	Shop (E. side)	1824–66
„ Mrs. Georgiana	„ „	1866–83
Horsley, Thomas Plummer	E 3	1838–40
Horton, Wilmot	M 3	1836–38
„ Robt. Wilmot	C 3	1839–43
Hosman, Edward	G 1	1837–43
Howard, Hon. H. G.	D 6	1869–75
„ Hon. James	D 2	1841–45
Hughes, Henry	H 2	1820–58
„ William Edward	H 3	1848–53
Hulbert, E.	K 5	1882
Hulton, Edward Horne	H 4	1842–44
„ Henry George	„	1841
Hunter, Colonel	H 6	1884–85
„ Alexander	L 6	1836–38
Ingilby, Sir William	M 2	1809–20
Ireland, John Charles	I 2	1831–39
„ „ „	„	1852
Ives, George Cecil	E 4	1895–97
Jackson, Pedro José	A 1	1864–68
James, Captain	B 1	1804
Jameson, Captain	J 1	1866
„ Frank Bellingham	K 2	1893–96
„ John A.	„	1880–90
„ Thomas Montgomery	H 1	1891–1901
Jarman, E.	G 3	1826–33
Jefferson, Captain	A 3	1863
Jerdein, Edward	B 5	1878–80
Johnson, ( )	1 Albany Courtyard	1820
„ ( )	3 „ „	1824
„ Col. Chardin	I 4	1869–73
„ Edmund Charles	C 3	1864–66

Johnstone, Lt.-Genl. Frederick	A 10	1841–82
„ Henry Alexr. Butler	A 2	1863–67
Jones, ( )	L 5	1807–09
„ ( )	A 8	1830
„ Henry Arthur	G 3	1898–01
„ Captn. Olliver	I 5	1857–64
„ Richard	H 4	1806–08
Jourdan	L 2	1818–20
Justin, James Edward	A 4	1898–01
Keate, J.	E 1	1809–11
Kelsor, Charles	I 1	1812–13
Kemp, T. R.	M 5	1806
Keogh, Thomas	M 3	1840–45
Keppel, Admiral Sir Henry	A 8	1891–01
f.t. Kernot, Mrs. & others	B 5	1898–01
Kerr, George	„	1869–70
„ Robert	B 5	1868–69
Kesteven, Lord	B 1	1877–79
Kibble, Thomas	M 1	1844–46
„ „	M 3	1861–94
Kidd, Charles Robert	E 5	1856
„ Col. John McMahon	E 3	1864–69
Kilcoursie, Lord	A 13 & 7	1895–1900
King, Benjamin Giles	B 5	1826–42
„ Sir Richard Duckworth	E 4	1848–53
„ William Joseph	I 5	1865–69
Kinnaird, Lord	A 5	1827–34
„	A 14	1832–34
„ Hon Arthur	A 5	1835–43
„ „	A 14	1835–38
„ Lord (Douglas)	A 7	1832–38
Kinnear, David	I 6	1831–35
Kirkpatrick, John	I 5	1854–55
Kitchener	C 2	1828
„	C 3	1829

Knox, Colonel George	M 4	1863–69
Kraftmeier, Edward	A 11	1884–89
Krehmer, George	I 4	1847–50
„ „	M 4	1851–56
Labouchere, Henry, M.P.	C 2	1866
Lacy, Maj.-Genl. Richard William	A 9	1875–78
Lambert, Colonel Samuel	A 11	1834–36
„ „ „	A 6	1837–41
Lambton, Michael	C 1	1855
Lamont, James	E 1	1866–68
Lancaster, George Granville	A 5	1895–1900
„ „ „	I 5	1900–01
Lane, John	G 1	1894–1901
Laurie, Peter	C 3	1866–67
Laurillard, Edward	L 1	1894–96
Lawton, Frederick Wm.	B 1	1867–69
„ William Fredk.	L 1	1866–67
Learmouth, T. Young	B 1	1825–66
Lee, Revd. F.	A 11	1825–26
Lees, Colonel	A 13	1875
Leigh, Chandos	A 2	1816–17
„ „	1 Albany Courtyard	1817, 1819
Lever, Ashton	I 4	1886–89
Levy, Montagu	Shop (W.)	1895
Lewis & Co., Messrs. Tyrrell	Albany Courtyard	
„ „ „ „	No. 1	from 1849
„ „ „ „	No. 2	from 1880
„ „ „ „	No. 3	from 1889–1901
„ ( )	E 4	1825–33
„ Charles	3 Albany Courtyard	1840–44
„ „	1 „ „	1849–62 (d. 1864)
„ „ & Edmund Tyrrell	„ „	1862–

Lewis, Charles		A 6	1862–64
„	Somers	2 Albany Courtyard	1880–
„	Somers & Tyrrell	3 Albany Courtyard	1889–91
„	Somers & George Broadbent	„	1891–
„	Sir John Hy.	E 4	1835–45
„	M. G.	L 1	1810–20
Louth, Lord		B 2	1875–76
Low, Andrew Mark		F 1	1806–28
Lowther, Lord		A 14	1830–33
Lucan, Lord		G 1	1826–33
„	„	I 4	1860–61
Lugard, Sir Edward		E 3	1870–78
„	Maj.-Genl. Sir Hy.	„	1871
Luttrell, Hy.		B 3	1804–13
„	„	I 5	1814–24
„	„	I 6	1825–30
„	„	H 5	1822–24
Lyall, Henry W.		A 10	1888–1901
„	„	A 15	1894–1901
„	„	L 1	1900–01
f.t. Lygon, Wm. Beauchamp		A 12	1806–11
Lyster, Colonel		D 4	1831–38
Lyttleton, Lord		M 1	1839–40
Maberley, John		E 1	1813
Macaulay, Thomas Babington		„	1842–47
„	„ „	F 3	1850–56
Macilvain, George		3 Albany Courtyard	1845–70
Mackay, Admiral		L 4	1839
„	„	A 11	1845–51
„	Hon. Donald Hugh	L 4	1840–41

Mackenzie, Shaw	I 4	1853–59
Mackinnon, Genl. George Henry	L 6	1871–75
Maclew, Andrew	F 1	1845–47
Macnutt, Frederick Brodie	C 4	1901
Madocks, Col. John Edward	B 1	1870–76
Majoribanks (see Malcolm)		
„ Samuel	G 3	1825
„ „	A 4	1826
„ Stewart M.	E 4	1812–13
„ „	A 4	1827–32
„ „	E 5	1832–34
„ „	F 1	1835–36
„ „	B 4	1840–41
f.t. Malcolm, Wm. Rolfe f.t. Majoribanks, George John	L 3	1897–1901
Maltby, Edward Harvey	G 3	1844–67
Manners, Lord H. Charles	E 3	1841–55
„ Somerset Lord John (*See* Sutton)	C 4	1840–50
Mansel, George	B 3	1845–48
Marks, Percy Falcke	H 3	1897
Martin, John Biddulph	B 6	1873–84
„ Colonel John	E 1	1849–53
Maryatt, ( )	I 3	1820
Mathew, John	E 4	1834
Mathie, John Charles	D 4	1853
„ „ „	L 2	1856–57
Maunsell, Captn. Robt.	L 6	1839–46
Mawby, ( )	L 4	1861–62
Mayne, Major	A 8	1804
Mayo, Dr.	L 2	1810–12
McArthur, John	A 9	1828–32
McDonah, Owen	2 Albany Courtyard	1808
McDonald, Hon. Dudley	C 5	1810–40
„ Maj.-Genl. Hon. James	„	1848–50

McDonald, Maj.-Genl. Hon. James	C 5	1852–56
McKenzie, Mark	D 3	1811–13
McKenna, Gerald	F 3	1881–83
McMichael, Dr.	3 Albany Courtyard	1823
McTaggart, ( )	A 6	1822–24
Meikleham, R. S.	A 8	1817–19
Meinertzhagen, Daniel	A 6	1870
„ „	L 4	1873
„ „	L 4	1899–1900
Menteath, J. C.	I 3	1825–26
Merton, Sidney	H 2	1875–78
Mesnell, Charles	2 Albany Courtyard	1809
Methold, Captn. Jno.	E 3	1835–36
Miller, Walter	Shop (W.)	1809
Mills, ( )	A 6	1820
Minchin, Lt.-Col. Frederick	M 5	1859–66
Mint, Sir William	E 6	1873–75
Mitchell, George	I 2	1829–30
„ J. R.	I 4	1899–1900
„ Thomas Alexander	B 6	1847–51
Moffat, William	L 1	1806
Molyneux, Edward	L 5	1881–84
Montagu, Lord Wm. Hay	B 5	1870–77
Morland, Austen	2 Albany Courtyard	1810–11
Morley, Edward	L 1	1853
„ J.	E 3	1828–31
Morpugo, Julius	A 6	1868–69
Morris, Frederick B.	H 6	1865
Morse, Charles	I 2	1853
Morshead, Walter	A 12	1891–98
„ „	D 5	1892–1901
„ Sir Warwick Charles	A 12	1854–56

	Mortimer, Thomas Hill	4 Albany Courtyard	1813–52
	Morton, C. Fisher	H 3	1871–76
	Moseley, Dr. Benjamin	3 Albany Courtyard	1811–12
	„ „	„ „	1814–20
	„ „	A 1	1806–12
	„ George	D 4	1840–49
	Mozley, Revd. Thomas	E 5	1856–57
	Mure, Samuel	C 4	1810–15
	Murray, Alexander	A 2	1840–44
	„ Adml. Hon. Anthony	D 4	1854–66
	Musgrave, J. H.	D 2	1828
	Neale, G.	I 6	1809
	Neave, ( )	A 9	1821–26
	„ Sheffield	A 9	1896–98
f.t.			1898–1901
	Nelson, Archibald or Neilson	D 1	1807–11
	Newman, Sir Lidston	B 5	1857–66
	Newton, Robt. Milnes	K 5	1881
	Nicoll, Donald	B 2	1851
	„ „	A 1	1852–55
	„ Henry John	H 5	1850–53
	Noehden, Dr.	H 2	1814–19
	Noel, Col. Cockburn	I 4	1807–10
	„ „	I 6	1810–15
	Nolloth, Rear-Adml. Matthew Stainton	A 12	1876–80
	North, Hon. Frederick	C 3	1868–01
f.t.	„ „	E 2	1901
	Nugee, Francis J.	2 Albany Courtyard	1835–38
	Nugent, Christopher	A 11	1813–19
	„ John	H 6	1827–32
	Nugente, Michael	„	1808–13

Nugente, Nicholas	H 6	1814–25
„ ( )	„	1827–31
Okeover, H. T.	G 1	1806–14
„ „	„	1836 (d. 1836)
O'Dowd, James Cornelius	E 6	1870–72
Ogilvy, ( )	B 6	1817–26
O'Hagan, Henry Osborn	A 14	1887–1901
Oliphant, ( )	I 1	1817
Oliver, Richard Silver	D 3	1845–49
Osgoode, William	A 4	1810–25
Oxenham, Mrs. Susannah	A 11	1900–01
Palmer, Colonel	G 2	1813–24
„ Charles M.	C 1	1867
Park, Lt.-Col.	C 1	1810–11
Parker, ( )	Shop (E.)	1823–37
„ Francis	I 3	1891–94
„ William	I 2	1844–52
Parratt, Edward	L 1	1825
Parrott ( )	M 6	1832
Parsons, ( )	L 4	1823–35
„ John	A 14	1824–25
„ „	A 7	1811–25
„ William	B 6	1806–09
Paterson, J. Hay	K 4	1871–76
Pattison, James	E 6	1809–25
„ John	A 14	1826–29
Paulet, Maj.-Genl. Lord Frederick	D 2	1856–70
„ Rear-Admi. Lord George	L 4	1838
„ „ „	D 1	1845–62
„ Maj.-Genl. Lord William	L 6	1849–57
„ „ „	B 2	1857–66
Pavey, George	L 3	1825

Payler, Maj.-Genl. James	A 9	1846–54
Peach, ( )	L 4	1812–15
„ General	F 1	1829–30
Pearce, William	C 6	1807–08
Pearts, ( )	L 1	1824
Pechell, Sir James	A 11	1827–30
Peel, ( )	E 4	1847
Pemberton, Seaton Blanchard	A 4	1894–01
Penleaze, ( )	I 4	1814–20
Peers (or Pares), Captain	E 3	1820–21
Pellat, Count Eugene	H 3	1877–82
Penrhyn, ( )	M 6	1822–24
Pepys, Edward	L 3	1860–66
Perry, Erskine	A 8	1831
Petre, Hon. Alfred Hy.	G 4	1881–83
Phillipps, Hy. Cranmer	B 3	1835–38
„ John Stanley	H 6	1892–96
„ Mary Catherine	E 3	1897
„ R.	B 3	1832–34
„ Revd. Thomas Lloyd	F 3	1891–1900
Pincoffs, Frederick A.	H 5	1872–73
Pinto (or Pinton), J. T.	C 3	1816–23
Platt, William Wright	H 6	1859–64
Plumer, John Zachariah	H 3	1836–42
„ „ „	M 5	1848–53
Pollard, Edward Hutchinson	I 5	1856
Ponsonby, Lord	I 1	1861–66
„ Captn. Hon. Ashley	A 5	1856
Popham, ( )	A 8	1847–48
Porter, Arthur Dover	A 11	1875–79
Posen, Edward M.	D 6	1887–91
f.t. „ Mrs. Hilda	„	1895–1901
Pownall, Sir George	B 2	1810–12
„ Sir John	H 2	1806–09
Price, John	M 1	1825–32
„ Thomas	A 1	1872–87

Price, Thomas	A 5	1888–92
Prince, ( )	H 5	1825
Princeps, H. S.	H 5	1826–27
Pringle, Captn. John Elliot	K 6	1891–1901
„ Mrs. Inez E. (*See* Crawley)	K 5	1888–91
„ (Mrs. Inez Crawley)	K 6	1891
Proctor, ( )	A 8	1822–24
Prgvand, Andrew	B 5	1883–85
Pulley, Chas. Thornton	G 3	1889–91
Puny, Thomas	L 3	1826–27
Raikes, Col. George Whittington	L 4	1867–70
Rains, Ernest John	Shop (W.)	1895–97
Ramsay, Lord	A 5	1877
„ Maj. James Alexander	L 4	1882–97
„ Wm. Leslie	I 1	1869–95
Ramsbotham, ( )	G 3	1824
„ John	F 1	1830–34
„ „	A 14	1844–45
Randolph, Revd. George	A 6	1875–79
Ranier, Dr. John	M 5	1810–25
„ Dr. Peter	„	1825–37
Rapp, John	I 3	1851–64
Redwood, Captn.	D 3	1809–10
Renny, Charles	H 6	1867–73
Revell, Reade	H 5	1910–11
Rhodocankis, Prince	I 3	1874
Ricardo, Percy	H 1	1881–87
Rice, Hon. Wm. Spring	L 5	1867–80
Richards, John B.	B 4	1810–13
Riley or Ripley ( )	E 3	1823–27
Ritchie, Thomas	A 8	1810–11
Robinson, Charles R.	H 5	1832–34
„ Thomas	„	1828–32

	Roche, Colonel	A 12	1867–70
	Roe, Col. Peter Burton	2 Albany Courtyard	1875
	Rollo, Lord	F 3	1856
	Rooke, Captn. George	E 1	1836–39
	Rookwood, George	L 1	1828–32
	Rickwood, James	L 1	1831
	Rosamund, William	H 2	1873–74
	Rose, William	E 3	1807–09
	„ W. S.	A 6	1818–19
	Rosingburgh, Captn.	I 4	1851
	Rossiter, James Easterbrook	F 5	1840–44
	Rothmar, Richard Wellesley	B 4	1839
	„ „ „	A 6	1844–46
	Roupell, Robert Priolo	A 5	1867–70
	„ „ „	I 4	1870–86
	Rowley, Sir Josias S.	B 4	1818–20
	„ Sir R. P.	„	1823–27
	Rowton, Lord (*See* Corry)		
	Rush, George Wm.	A 8	1851–54
	Russell, W. J.	A 13	1874
	„ Sir Wm., Bart.	A 3	1861–63
	Rutter, Kingsley	H 6	1900–01
	Sadlier, John, M.P.	D 4	1850–52
	St. Asaph, Viscount	A 9	1870–74
	Salvador, Jacob	C 4	1817–39
	Salamans, Eustace A.	H 6	1899
	Samuel, Edward	E 6	1806–08
	Sanford, George	B 1	1806–08
	„ Henry	F 3	1812–37
f.t.	„ Col. Hy.	„	1901
	„ Richard	F 2	1823
	Sands, Captn. R. W.	M 1	1855–57
	„ „ „	L 2	1858–62
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	„ Leonard	„	1888–91

Savile, Captn. Hy.	A 12	1858–66
Saxton, Sir Charles	C 1	1814–26
Schaaf, Henry	A 5	1826–27
Scott, James	M 3	1811–13
Scott-Murray, Captn. Basil	H 4	1891–1901
Seaman, Robert	D 1	1863
Seaton, Lord	D 3	1864–89
Seligsen, George Paul	A 2	1891–93
Seton, Sir Bruce Maxwell	E 5	1872–86
Sewell, Benjamin	H 6	1837
Seymour, Lord Webb	D 5	1807–16
Shakespeare, L.	M 1	1818–21
„ L. M.	E 1	1826–31
„ „	E 3	1832–34
Shand, Hans George Leslie	E 5	1900–01
„ Sir Charles F.	D 4	1881
Sheddon, Colonel	L 1	1837–39
Sherwood, William	I 5	1806–08
Shortt, Judge John	K 4	1896–98
Sibthorpe, Col. Walter	C 3	1832–35
Sidebotham, Humphrey	L 3	1856–59
Simmons, Richard	L 5	1813–21
Simpson, Charles John	G 1	1844–47 (d. 1847)
„ J. B.	A 12	1818–25
„ Thomas Bridgman	E 6	1830–37
„ Thomas Butterfield	„	1838–57 (d. 1857)
Sims, James	B 2	1814–34
Simson, G.	M 3	1822–29
Singleton, ( )	A 10	1809
Skirrow, ( )	C 5	1807–08
Skrine, Henry	M 3	1810
Slade, Gerald	I 4	1891–01
Slaney, William Hy.	I 6	1836–51
Smirke, Robert	H 1	1808–11
„ „	A 14	1812–18
„ „	„	1820
Smith, Forbes Lugard	F 4	1897–1901

Smith, George	D 2	1806–09
„ G.	E 5	1816–17
„ Hy. Gordon	G 2	1884–86
„ John	B 4	1828–32
„ „	A 11	1833
„ „	B 3	1839–41
„ „	B 5	1842
„ Percy	E 6	1858–64
„ Genl. Philip	B 1	1892–95
„ Samuel	L 1	1841–43
„ Thomas	D 1	1813–17
„ „	M 6	1818–19
„ „	D 1	1825–31
Soames, Frederick Larkin	H 6	1874–82
Sotheby, Admiral	M 6	1810–16
„ Thomas	E 4	1806
„ William Hamilton	E 4	1854
Spartali, D.	K 2	1877–78
Spencer, Earl. (Succeeding 1835)	A 2	1806–14
„ „	„	1822–35
Spurrier, ( )	M 3	1815
Stables, J. W.	L 6	1828–29
Stacpoole, Capt. Wm.	L 6	1857–70
Stanley, Lord Edwd. Henry	M 2	1851–55
„ John	D 5	1831
Steele, Maj.-Genl. Augustus Frederick	C 1	1868–84
Steiner, Fitz James	D 5	1864–65
Stephenson, ( )	M 3	1816
„ Captn. H. F.	A 9	1888–93
Steuart, Maj.-Genl. Charles	F 1	1862–73 (d. 1873)
Stevenson, Major Hy. Halford	D 1	1864–66
Stewart, John	D 3	1833–37
„ „	„	1840–44
„ „	F 3	1838–44
„ „	F 2	1845–49

	Stewart, McKenzie	D 3	1814–21
	Stirling, Sir Walter	2 Albany Courtyard	1830–33
	Stone, William	D 6	1893–1901
f.t.	„ „	L 6	1901
	„ „	E 1	1901
	Stopford, Major Hon. Frederick William	H 5	1890–94
	Storer, Alexander	B 2	1881–83
	Storks, Major-Genl. Sir Henry	A 6	1857–59
	„ „ „ „	A 11	1867–74
	Strode, Nathaniel Wm.	H 1	1848–72
	Strong, Lt.-Col. Clement William	A 11	1860–66
	Stuart, Col. Wm. Thom.	B 2	1898–99
	Styan, Henry Smith	A 4 & 15	1876–87
	Sullivan, Lieut.-Col. William	I 6	1853–56
	Sutherland, Henry	H 3	1868–70
	Sutton, Charles	M 4	1857–61
	„ Lord John Jas. Manners	C 4	1851
	„ John Henry Manners	A 6	1847–53
	Swaine, ( )	I 1	1807
	„ Charles	„	1810–11
	Swinburne, James	E 1	1870
	Talbot, Henry Fox	A 8	1826–29
	Talvery, ( )	C 2	1827
	Tanner, ( )	3 Albany Courtyard	1821–22
	Teed, John Godfrey	A 3	1865–68
	Temple, Henry	3 Albany Courtyard	1839
	Templeton, Lord	F 2	1851–63
	Thompson, A.	A 9	1811–20

Thoms, Morton Anthony	B 4	1897—1901
Thomson, A. Garraway	B 3	1875–94
„ Charles	A 8	1825
„ Henry	E 5	1848–54
„ L.	E 5	1835
Thorowgood, William	L 1	1807–09
Throckmorton, Sir Nicholas,	I 4	1865–68
„ „ „ Bt.	L 4	1870–72
„ „ „	H 5	1879
Tighe, Edward Kendrick Bunbury	H 3	1891–95
Timmins, Captain	M 6	1806–09
Titt, R.	M 3	1818–21
Tomlin, George Taddy	H 3	1856–58
Townley, George	E 1	1806–08
„ „	L 5	1823–25
„ „	M 6	1825–31
„ „	M 5	1838–46
„ „	A 6	1847–54
„ James	„	1855
Trafford, Major Lyall	I 6	1890
f.t. Tristram, Ursdale Walter	B 6	1900–01
Tucker, Stephen J.	A 3 & 6	1883–87
„ „	A 10	1884–87
Turnbull, William	L 2	1832–42
„ „	„	1846–48
Turner, Francis	B 3	1869–72
„ John Fielding	H 1	1841–43
„ „ „	H 3	1844
„ Robert Samuel	A 5	1878–86
Twiss, Travers	B 5 & 6	1853–54
Twissleton, Hon. Edwd.	B 6	1852
Tyler, Captain Charles William	K 4	1898–1901
Underwood, George	Shop (W.)	1884–91
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Upton, General Arthur	G 2	1854–66
„ Colonel Arthur	C 3	1850–53
Vallitort, Lord	C 4	1859
Valloton, Charles Howell	2 Albany Courtyard	1839–41
Vandeleur, Col. John Ormsby Moore	I 2	1882–99
Vaughan, Hon. John Luther	G 2	1899–1900
„ Captn. Geo. Augustus	C 6	1899–1900
Vernon, Grenville Harcourt	C 2	1846–47
Vickers, Edward Jas.	E 1	1840–41
Vincent, General John	M 6	1833–46
Vyse, Henry	A 5	1849–54
Walker, ( )	B 2	1838
„ R. B.	1 Albany Courtyard	1825–31
„ Russell Donnithorne	A 6	1871–84
Ward, Colonel	C 6	1833
„ Captn. Henry William	L 1	1854–63
„ Robert	E 2	1813–18
„ „	A 3	1819–45
„ Swinburne	G 1	1853
„ William	A 3	1847–60 (d. 1860)
Waring, Charles	D 5	1859
„ „	B 6	1860–72
Warre, ( )	B 1	1809–23
Watkins, General	B 3	1861–64
Watson, ( )	H 3	1825–27
„ Lt.-Col.	D 5	1862–63
„ George	G 3	1809
Webb, Henry	1 Albany Courtyard	1832–43
„ W. F.	H 5	1806–20
„ William Fredk.	L 2	1855

Webster, Sir Augustus	A 1	1858–62
Weems, Robert	I 5	1847–53
Weld, Samuel	D 2	1824–27
Welstead, Captn.	E 3	1810–19
„ George	I 2	1826–28
Wenderburn, ( )	L 6	1823–26
Wertheimer, Edward	I 3	1899–1901
West, Captain	D 2	1829
Western, Col. S. R.	I 2	1856–66
Wetherall, Thomas Frederick	D 4	1867–86
Wharton, Gerard	D 6	1815–33
„ Gerard Bluson	„	1833–65 (d. 1865)
Whisted, Wm. Augustus	2 Albany Courtyard	1876–79
Whitbread, William	L 3	1818–24
White, ( )	A 9	1804
„ James Kemp		1891–92
„ John	H 6	1849–58
„ Richard	A 8	1808–10
Wigram, Captn. Godfrey	L 2	1863–68
„ Percy	A 9	1882–86
Wild, John	2 Albany Courtyard	1825–30
Wilder, J. Russell	B 4	1879–94
Willett ( )	L 2	1814–15
„ Henry Ralph	L 4	1842–57
Williams, ( )	C 3	1826–27
Wilmot, Charles Foley	A 1	1841–47
„ Sir Eardley	„	1837–40
Wilshere, William	I 3	1840–43
Wilson, Major	B 4	1833–34
„ Sidney	E 6	1866
„ „	D 1	1867
Wilstead, ( )	H 3	1807–08
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Wingfield, Maj.-Genl. John Hope	I 3	1876–89

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Wolff, Sir Henry D.	A 5	1864–66
Wollaston, Adml. Charles	A 12	1826–49
Wood, Col. Sir James Mark	H 4	1809–29
Woodruff, Francis Hy.	F 3	1884–91
Worley, Hy. Thomas	M 4	1839–43
Worms, A. B.	I 1	1838–39
„ Gabriel Benedict	I 1	1842
„ „ „	B 2	1867–69
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„ Maurice Benedict	L 1	1840–41
Wright, Edward	A 15	1856–76
Wyatt, ( )	D 5	1826
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